

MUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1904.

San Francisco.
Expensive ex-
penses in San Fran-
cisco without taking
any of them.ENTS
al Berkeley
ay Route
iversity of California.A Bay ride on the
Electric Train
district.

T DOLLAR

United States of America
FEDERAL RESERVE BANK OF NEW YORK
FRIDAY

ILE RIDE

to the nation's
bank notes
and coins

of San Fran-

CLOTHESLINE

New York, New York

ATMOSPHERE

dries

play this week,
make with others,DE IS THE LAD
SATISFACTORY.Dainty
Hand MirrorsA new arrival of the most
extensive and varied line
of hand mirrors we have
displayed. Every piece of
our sample taste may be
grated into a good, clear
and brilliant mirror, of
quality, color and price.A large number of very
handsome triple mirrors
many with nickel trim-

50c to \$15.00

Rare Perfumes

The finest collection of rare
perfumes, at prices never
imitated, including
Liquors & Collecs., Paine,
Piver's, Ed. Pissard's, Hause,
Colgate's, London,
Wright's, Lakin's, LeGrand
and other fine imports.
Our imports display
our price.

E & SON

This is the ideal lo-

cation for fine homes
and for fine homes
only.If you are at all
interested in prop-erty of the highest
class, the County
Club Terrace will
meet your very
highest expecta-

tions.

Plain
Facts

not beyond the Com-

munity Club on the north

side of Pico.

Lots two or three

not above grade give

a beautiful terrace

site.

Five foot terrace

walls with seven foot

ravelled park way.

LEADER DEAD.

Chapin, Sixty-five Years in Il-

lustrating Profession, Passes

Away in Africa.

He has just received by

the city of the death of

Chapin of Buffalo, N. Y.

at 60 years. Mr. Chapin

had been ill for

several years and had

been confined to his bed

for some time.

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1911.

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HANLEY IS THE WINNER.

Republicans by Hundreds to Scratch Werdin.

Are Waiting for His Reply to Serious Accusations.

Many Abuses Alleged in the Street Department.

Party lines have been almost obliterated in the municipal campaign for Street Superintendent. Despite the fact that E. R. Werdin won the nomination in the Republican city convention by a plurality of three to one, a great many business men who in national politics are staunch Republicans have already announced their intention of voting for James Hanley, the Democratic nominee.

So great has become this defection from the Republican ranks, that, in face of a Republican city plurality of almost thirteen thousand in the State and national election, odds of 10 to 1 on Hanley are offered, and there are no takers.

Hanley's nomination for the office was a staggering blow to the Democratic machine manipulators who had programmed another candidate to win.

Hanley owes his nomination largely to the efforts of the men which he made while Supervisor of Los Angeles county through two administrations.

All through the San Fernando Valley are improved roads which have stood the test of time and have worn so well that they have become monuments to the honesty and technical knowledge of their builder. And those made are the ones that are referred to as "Hanley Roads" because Jim Hanley superintended their construction.

Honesty, economy and efficiency were the characteristics of Hanley's Supervision of the public works department which the taxpayers of Los Angeles desire to see in the administration of the Street Department.

In the San Fernando Valley the Democratic City Convention, Hanley was opposed by practically every professional politician in the Democratic ranks. But in the state of policy by which the Mayor placed himself he left lots at the primaries scores of business men as delegates in order that they might present a strong contrast to the Kern-Tyson ticket.

Tickets, packed that convention with independent voters who refused to be programmed and who nominated "Hon. Jim Hanley" as their candidate. Hanley had already been named and they desired that the campaign should be a clean-cut issue between machine politics and extravagance on one hand and economy and efficiency on the other.

Months before the city conventions were held the Council, moved to investigation by charge of "excess" and extravagance in certain municipal departments made a request of the Municipal League to expel the members of all city departments.

INVESTIGATION STARTED.

This request was partly the outgrowth of a controversy between City Accountant Bostwick and the Street Superintendent over the astonishing increase in cost of maintenance of the street department. Bostwick then submitted to the Council a statement showing that the street department was exceeding its budget in order to avoid the increased expense of maintaining department investigations were discontinued.

When the experts of the Municipal League reached the street department they encountered an obstacle in the person of the Street Superintendent. After meticulous reports were taken as to what happened, the result was that all the investigating of the street department was done outside the Street Department.

In its final report to the Council the Municipal League made the following charges against Street Superintendent E. R. Werdin:

Extravagance and waste; lack of good business system; opposition to civil service methods; bad manners and bad business policies through his office; getting poor results.

Supporting the charge of extravagance and waste, the Municipal League asserted that the following figure showing the expense of maintenance of the department during the last four years:

For 1909-10, general expenses, \$82,393.90; sprinkling (water), \$66,971.62; sweeping, \$31,443.61; total, \$170,661.53.

For 1910-11, general expenses, \$109,772.68; sprinkling (water), \$63,576.42; sweeping, \$34,942.77; total, \$168,291.87.

For 1911-12, general expenses, \$106,818.90; sprinkling (water), \$64,945.61; sweeping, \$32,774.61; total, \$164,533.

For 1912-13, general expenses, \$104,652; sprinkling (water), \$61,875.44; sweeping, \$36,631.83; total, \$142,168.85.

Comparing these figures the Municipal League in its latest report said: "This comparison will be if anything advantageous to the incumbents because it shows that the expenses are economical managers. When John Drain was running the department the highest sum ever it was reached was \$147,000, and when the city was about two-thirds in present day. Note the terrific increase of the total from \$100,000 four years ago to \$142,000 at the present time."

Figures were submitted in the Municipal League report showing that the average cost of the care of the streets in other cities were considerably less than Los Angeles, approximating that of Los Angeles averaged about \$167,000 a year or 11 per cent. of the whole cost of the respective cities and towns. The cost of Werdin's administration of the local street department is over 20 per cent. of the whole cost of the city government.

Concerning the charge of lack of good business system, the Municipal League report recites that "deposits to cover damages to streets during Werdin's administration have been over \$100,000 have been kept by the Street Superintendent on deposit in a private bank and no report of the receipt or expenditure of these funds has been made to the City Auditor."

This matter of the deposits to cover damages to streets was taken up by the grand jury a week ago, and at the request of the grand jury, Werdin drew the money then on deposit from the banks and turned it over to the City Treasurer.

The report also calls attention to the

fact that 60 per cent. of the laborers in the street department have discounted their warrants monthly through George Arnold. This matter was brought to the attention of the Council several weeks ago and under its direction a system of paying laborers by the week was devised for the express purpose of rescuing them from the clutches of the money lenders.

EXTRAVAGANCE AS TO SUPPLIES.

The report also charges that, "In the purchase of supplies we find numerous instances of extravagance and indefensible charges made and paid." This abuse has also been reformed by the action of the Council in the establishment of a purchasing agency. It is evident that frequent charges have been made that the street department, through the use of emergency regulations, has paid handsome premiums in the purchase of supplies.

Werdin is further charged with "opposition to Civil Service methods." In this particular the investigating committee is referred to the Civil Service Commission. Claim is made that Werdin opposed the civil-service system in every way possible, and was instrumental in causing the commission to ignore the commission. The worst cases of neglect of duty that have come to us in our last two years of investigation have been committed by Werdin.

"Werdin is a man and had temper," are charged. The evidence consists chiefly of instances of alleged discourteous treatment of members of the league by Werdin. The League is asked to call to the fact that "Werdin has quarreled with the City Engineer, the City Auditor, the Mayor, the Chief of Police, the City Attorney, the City Clerk and the assertion is made that, in a number of instances, he has made use of his office to work out personal grudges."

DOING POLITICS.

The Municipal League also expels charges that "There is no other department in the city where the deputies put so large a part of their time doing politics in behalf of their chief."

As the election approaches he increases his political power in the City Hall to great that he has through the whole term held the Council in subjection as far as the election of members of the League of the city is concerned.

As the sole remnant of the spoils system lies in his 400 laborers, the Councilmen are allowed certain men on his pay roll, and these are his supporters.

Mr. David C. Werdin, son of Mr. David C. Werdin, is his chief supporter.

Chiffon Messaline and new Punjib silk are much sought after this season. Lend themselves readily to the making of simple gowns, either shirred at the waist, or with draped waist line, and a full line of colors. Reasonable at \$1.00 and \$1.25 yd.

Pland silks are in great demand, since they are "the" novelty; though scarce, we were fortunate enough to secure many kinds. Among them the new Scottish Clan Plaids in all conceivable designs and colorings, both light and dark effects. Something for every one at the moderate price of \$1.00 yd.

Chiffon Vests, pure silk messaline finish, soft and beautifully adapted for present mode of evening and reception gowns. Colorings include: New Mahonia, onion skin, roses, brown, etc.

Monoines and Chameleons effects for silks waist suits: an unlimited variety ranging from \$1.00 to \$1.50 yd.



VILLE de PARIS.
A. FUSENOT CO.



221-223 S. Broadway

SPANGLED ROBES

Ladies contemplating the purchase of a new evening gown will find it decidedly to their advantage to inspect our elegant assortment of Robes. Without question, they are this season's most desirable styles for reception and evening wear. We offer you the latest designs and best qualities at a lower figure than you can obtain them elsewhere. Some are made with the new "extra wide" flare skirt, others have double flounces with an underfence; exceedingly chic; also shown in one, two and three flounce effect, beautifully trimmed. Waist and sleeves to match perfectly in the newest style obtainable. We place on sale, Monday, our entire stock at reduced prices, as follows:

\$40.00 Cut to \$27.50
\$45.00 Cut to \$30.00

\$55 Cut to \$37.50



SILKS

Chiffon Messaline and new Punjib silk are much sought after this season. Lend themselves readily to the making of simple gowns, either shirred at the waist, or with draped waist line, and a full line of colors. Reasonable at \$1.00 and \$1.25 yd.

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DRESS GOODS

Our Imported Broadcloth, in 54 inches wide, sponged and shrunken, ready for use. Your consideration is requested, since we offer you a large variety of these cloths, in black and colors, of a superior quality, at the uniform price of \$1.50 yd.

Mohair Suitings are used more than ever. We show them in both plain and figured in new stylish patterns and colorings, both light and dark effects. Something for every one at the moderate price of \$1.00 yd.

Silk's Waist Suitings in silk and wool, fine texture, neat and pretty colorings appropriate for street wear. Price \$1.50 yd.

Rain-proof Suitings, plain and black effects, desirable and correct for tailored gowns, the fashionable "Tourist Coat" and the useful "Storm Coat" prices from \$1.25 to \$2.50 yd.

French Flannels, numerous designs, including the ever popular Persians. One price 75c yd.

Elegant Costumes Enticingly Priced

Truly beautiful creations of rich crepe de chine at \$60.00. Distinctively new in design, and their make-up shows the work of rare genius—everything about them fully up to the standard of the \$60 to \$75 costumes sold about All silk lined and exquisitely trimmed.

Tourist Coats With a wide variety at each price step between \$7.50 to \$20.00 will suit the tastes of every woman who knows what's what in coat styles.

A descriptive card of one of the coats:

Three-quarter length coats of fine crepe clothes and smart in stripes w/ satin with close piping, wide shoulder cape and belt. Except coal warm at \$17.50.

Or a short coat of a smart crepe and rayon mixture to be belted back and velvet on the back. \$15.00 each.

\$12.50 to \$15.00
Suits \$7.50

No exaggeration about it—suits of like value can't be found anywhere else in town under \$12.50 to \$15.

Plain and fancy suitings, cut in late styles and thoroughly well made.

Sitting at half and less because we bought that way. No hopes of being able to get more so if you want to profit by this streak of luck you'll need to hurry.

Graceful Rain Coats Rain coats are not necessarily dress affairs. The ones sold here at \$12.50 are light, graceful, stylish garments that don't show their lines in the wet.

Although you can almost see through them they will stand a duck's back—all because of some cheeze moment the cloths have been put through.

Callis & Cooper 523 S. Broadway

"THE DAYLIGHT STORE"
Jacob's
331-333-335

Voile Skin

We carry the largest line of voile skins. Our 44.5 to 49.5 grade are plain, with tafta silk. Those at 44.5 are beautiful styles trimmed with high.

\$0.50 Walking Skirts

This is a new lot of walking skirts for women. Colors, also in hosts of mixed effects, trimmed with straps and buttons.

Sample

Here's a sample line of some of the finest feather in alligator, with double frame, fitted with up to \$15. November Induc-

Women's Sample Values Up-to-date.

A nice sample line of women's fashions in pink and colors, made with buckles. All sizes in the line. Women's Sample Values Up-to-date.

IT FIESTA OR NO FIESTA!

ANSWER WILL BE GIVEN ON TUESDAY NIGHT.

Home Vaults Just the thing for paper, vases, jewelry, etc. Prices as low as \$0.

R. D. BRONSON DESK CO.

Phones 1636. 431 S. Main

Regular Price \$185

20% Discount will be allowed from regular selling price on any desk or office table purchased this week.

you are not in need of a desk you can interest you in our fine and complete line.

Anti-Saloon Gains Just the thing for paper, vases, jewelry, etc. Prices as low as \$0.

R. D. BRONSON DESK CO.

Phones 1636. 431 S. Main

But two more days remain in which public-spirited citizens may declare themselves for La Fiesta de los Flores.

The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association will meet for final action on the matter, and if it is evident that money cannot be raised for a sure celebration, the project will be shelved.

Three encouraging contributions were reported yesterday afternoon by Secular Zionists, the Knights of Columbus, and Fisher's Palace restaurant, pledged \$200, \$250, and \$250 respectively.

The promoters say that if the rest come in as the business firms have done, the massive celebration will be held next May.

It is the purpose of Los Angeles' chief commercial organization to have its little show, with poor attendance, which has become time-worn, and which did but little to the reputation of the city and its wonders.

If there is a Fiesta at all, it will be a great one.

There will be a parade such as has never been seen with Elks' magnum band marching at its head. There will be musical performances of the varied arts and industries of the city in conjunction with a musical fandango.

Contractor is about to begin work on the building of the hall, which will be a hall in which the various arts and industries of the city will be exhibited.

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EMBER 13.

Costumes

Priced

de chines at \$25 to
their make-up shows
about them fully up to
names sold about town.

variety at each price
\$7.50 to \$25 we can
of every woman
in coat styles
one of the \$7.50

of gas covers
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not necessarily clean
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gracious, stylish-looking
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though they will stand
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528 S.
Brody

er

Removal to South Spring Street The Furniture Event of the Year

The response which people all over Southern California have accorded to our removal announcements has been of immense proportions. Realization of the importance of this movement has been widespread.

That a reduction of fifteen per cent. upon the prices of all furniture, curtains, draperies and upholstery stuffs is appreciated when made by an establishment of this character has been amply evidenced.

Fall purchases of furniture are arriving so rapidly we are unable to store them. Our warehouses are already filled, and eight car loads of furniture are now on the track for which we must find room.

15% Discount on Furniture

Special Proposition All This Week

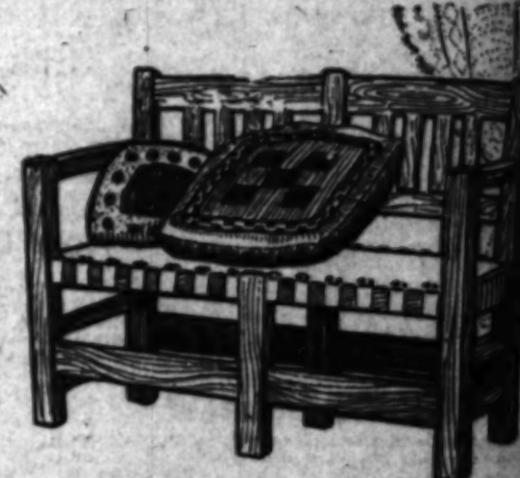
Discount Applies to Time as well as Cash Purchase

Pay us one half down, balance in 30, 60 and 90 days. We make this great offer for this week only. Heretofore we have allowed fifteen per cent. discount to cash buyers only. Now we extend it to time purchasers as well. This remarkable concession affords an opportunity to many who would otherwise be unable to take advantage of our sweeping reductions. It gives everybody a chance to buy furnishings of the highest quality, not only at prices representing a fraction of their value, but upon terms that will make payment easy.

Buy furniture now. You will never again have such an opportunity. Everything must go---and this is your chance to furnish your home economically and upon what is practically the easy payment plan.

Experience has taught the Public that our advertisements are never overdrawn

Los Angeles Furniture Co.
225-227-229 SOUTH BROADWAY.



[Note—the reduction of fifteen per cent does not apply to carpet sweepers, nor to Globe Wernicke book cases, the price of which is fixed by the manufacturers. Neither does it apply to floor coverings.]

NOT FOR P
IS VENICE
ORE

Venice of America will single lot is sold. The of Mr. Abbot Kinney, the Venice of America, is unto itself, a city with a to hold people and yet substantial qualities to endear resident the very name. Mr. Kinney is doing no more than giving the name on which he is working, money he is spending, his restrictions, the ship hotel, the pleasure pavilion, the still water lake, the canals containing fresh salt water beautiful buildings, built mony and symmetry, all America will be the place

Thousands of dollars worth of to compare with it; a novel of arcade style. All the houses in location for a home where the b

R. A. ROW
202 H. W. HELLM



GO TO HOME PALATIAL.

Luxurious New Quarters of the California Club.

Finest Place of the Kind This Side of Chicago.

Marvels of Comfort Gathered Under One Roof.

December 1 has been set as the day for the official opening of the California Club, continuing at the corner of Flith and Hill streets. The building is big boxes which are to generate heat, the apartments were put under full glass. A few fittings were being placed in the spacious sitting rooms, finishing touches to be applied to the woodwork and there was a noise and bustle throughout the place that is in strange contrast to the quiet and quietude which is soon to dominate.

A temporary office has been opened on the second floor. The hard-working Purchasing Committee has completed its task and all is nearly in readiness for the house warming which is to follow early in the new year.

The furniture of the big octagonal room has been entirely in the hands of the president, Walter S. Newhall, and G. C. Moore, manager of the Valley, the assistant secretary. On its trip East the committee spent about \$10,000 for furniture alone. The rage of the day was to contract with the Los Angeles Furniture Company.

JUST COMFORTABLE.

The interior finishings are very much like those of an eastern club. No attempt has been made at novelties, originality or anything of that nature.

The apartments are comfortable, dignified and almost strictly American. Many may say that the charm of the new quarters is in the interior woodwork, which is credited with being the finest on this Coast. Even with the walls and windows paneled, the rooms are beautiful pictures in the rich finish of natural woods, heavy carvings and tall wainscots, which are continued through the three lower floors. The solid wood wainscot of the ground floor, the white cedar of the next and the weathered oak of the third are continuous with each other, producing a striking effect.

From a stunning marble entrance, with wide double doors, a grand staircase a long vista may be had through the heavy glass doors of the office, library, billiard, card and reading rooms. Large arched openings allow arches opening them up one into the other. The office is on the right of the vestibule which is 15 feet by 20 feet. The lobby entrance of stone is 12 feet by 10 feet, with a fine door in dark blue burr. Like the woodwork, the entire furniture of this floor will be in mahogany.

Directly in front extends the lobby at the farther end of which is the billiard room. Three big arches open on the left into the billiard apartment and on the left is the entrance to the main stairway and elevators.

CEILINGS HIGH AND COVED.

The ceilings are high and coved, the heavy cornices and mouldings being entirely coved down. The inner wainscots seven feet six inches high of mahogany and the heavy wainscots are carried out in varying heights on the first three floors. The billiard

room is characterized by its San Domingo finish.

The dining room will be separated from the lobby by a heavy partition which will be hung in the center of the arches. The color scheme has not been decided upon. One of the most popular arm chairs that one might almost get lost in will carry out the idea found in the word "luxury" applied to the room. At the expense of the reading room done in Greek style with a large green tile fireplace and spacious leather armchairs on either side, there are interesting pieces in the tall wainscoting which is topped off with a heavy cornice. An enormous mahogany table will be used for the members' dinners, and smaller tables will be grouped about it for writing. Among other furniture will be a large number of covered rockers and reclining chairs.

JUST AT CARD'S.

At the other end of the lounging quarters will be the card room with a large dining room, a card room, a conservatory connecting with the one in the reading room. The card tables will be of mahogany and each will have a smaller table attached to it for cards, checkers, dominoes, etc. The card room will be large and comfortable. Perhaps the most striking thing about these rooms is the fact that the windows are seven and one-half feet wide and nine feet high with broad sills, the size being the same as is found on the first floor for the same reason.

The bar adjoins the billiard room and is finished in the Flemish design in burley, or sanded grain. Overhead pipes are exposed, waste pipes are heavy steel for staining. The ceiling is beamed and the back bar and cornice are all hand carved. The trim is simple and elegant. To the right of the doorway is a cozy little alcove with a broad seat on three sides for the accommodations of the members. The back wall will be the direct expansion system of refrigeration and the lockers are all finished inside in metal. The bar top and rail are of solid oak.

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BIT OF BOHEMIANISM.

Down in the southeast corner of the basement is what is to be known as a piperoom. It is a bit of bohemianism tucked away by itself and is one of the most attractive parts of the new building. The club has a stringent rule in its bylaws prohibiting pipe smoking at any place in the club quarters, and this rule has been assailed these many years by some of the pipe smokers of the club.

"James Cusack and Henry T. Lee were the main devils for chimney smoking," said director of the club yesterday afternoon. "It was at their instigation that the piperoom was planned. It is going to be a great success."

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The interior finishings are very much like those of an eastern club. No attempt has been made at novelties, originality or anything of that nature.

The apartments are comfortable, dignified and almost strictly American. Many may say that the charm of the new quarters is in the interior woodwork, which is credited with being the finest on this Coast. Even with the walls and windows paneled, the rooms are beautiful pictures in the rich finish of natural woods, heavy carvings and tall wainscots, which are continued through the three lower floors. The solid wood wainscot of the ground floor, the white cedar of the next and the weathered oak of the third are continuous with each other, producing a striking effect.

From a stunning marble entrance, with wide double doors, a grand staircase a long vista may be had through the heavy glass doors of the office, library, billiard, card and reading rooms. Large arched openings allow arches opening them up one into the other. The office is on the right of the vestibule which is 15 feet by 20 feet. The lobby entrance of stone is 12 feet by 10 feet, with a fine door in dark blue burr. Like the woodwork, the entire furniture of this floor will be in mahogany.

Directly in front extends the lobby at the farther end of which is the billiard room. Three big arches open on the left into the billiard apartment and on the left is the entrance to the main stairway and elevators.

CEILINGS HIGH AND COVED.

The ceilings are high and coved, the heavy cornices and mouldings being entirely coved down. The inner wainscots seven feet six inches high of mahogany and the heavy wainscots are carried out in varying heights on the first three floors. The billiard

La Fresa Home Tract

JUST WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR

1, 2, 3 and 4-Acre Places, With Artesian Water, on Easy Monthly Payments

The very finest of level, rich land on electric car line, within reach of any one who can make what would be merely an easy first payment on a city lot.

\$200 per acre and up

\$25 per acre cash; \$10 per acre per month

We have planned this splendid tract for people who want suburban home places with enough land to make them self-supporting.

The La Fresa Home Tract is on the Redondo electric line. It is a magnificently level, fertile area, surrounded by the finest strawberry, alfalfa and small fruit farms in this garden county of California. Water in abundance and purity everywhere, from deep artesian wells.

Peopie around are making big profits on the most luscious strawberries, blackberries, rich alfalfa, fat, yellow-legged chickens, etc.

Just a few acres in this beautiful tract, on payments easy as rent, mean independence for you and your family.

The Early Buyers will be Given Inside Prices and Easiest Terms.

La Fresa Land Co.

F. H. BROOKS & CO., Agents.

HOME PHONE 2248.

216 Currier Building.

Freight Free Out of California. Write or call for particular information.

Our own wagons every Tuesday and Friday.

Closed-down patrons can save enough on their horses to pay their expenses in the city.

More than pay their expenses in the city.

Horses complete, cash or credit.

More Floors

827 50 Oak Book-Case \$20.00

Adjustable shelves, and glass front. 16 inches wide, 40 inches high, 12 inches deep. Made with drawer.

Price \$11.00.

\$27.50 Princess Dresser

Solid quartered oak princess dresser, with shaped French plate mirror, 36 inches wide, 18 inches high. Price \$27.50.

\$15.00 Solid Oak Dresser

Solid oak dressers with fancy shaped French plate top drawers, brass trimming. Price \$15.00.

\$3.75 Large Artistic Armchair

Large arm rocker with pretty shaped back, mounted with iron rods, cobbler base. Price \$3.75.

\$2.75 Handsome Rocker

These are well made in pretty designs, with iron rods, cobbler base. Price \$2.75.

Freight Free Out of California.

We pack goods free and ship them free to California. Write or call for particular information.

Our own wagons every Tuesday and Friday.

Closed-down patrons can save enough on their horses to pay their expenses in the city.

More than pay their expenses in the city.

Horses complete, cash or credit.

SCIENTIFIC CURE FOR INSOMNIA

Science has at last discovered a cure for insomnia, epilepsy and fits. Major Student's discovery is to be sold in this country by a company of five big drugstores supporting him.

The discovery is in well-known patent medicine.

Major Student's discovery is to be sold in well-known patent medicine.

Druggists everywhere have made it and are getting good results following its use.

They are getting good results following its use.

VENICE OF AMERICA

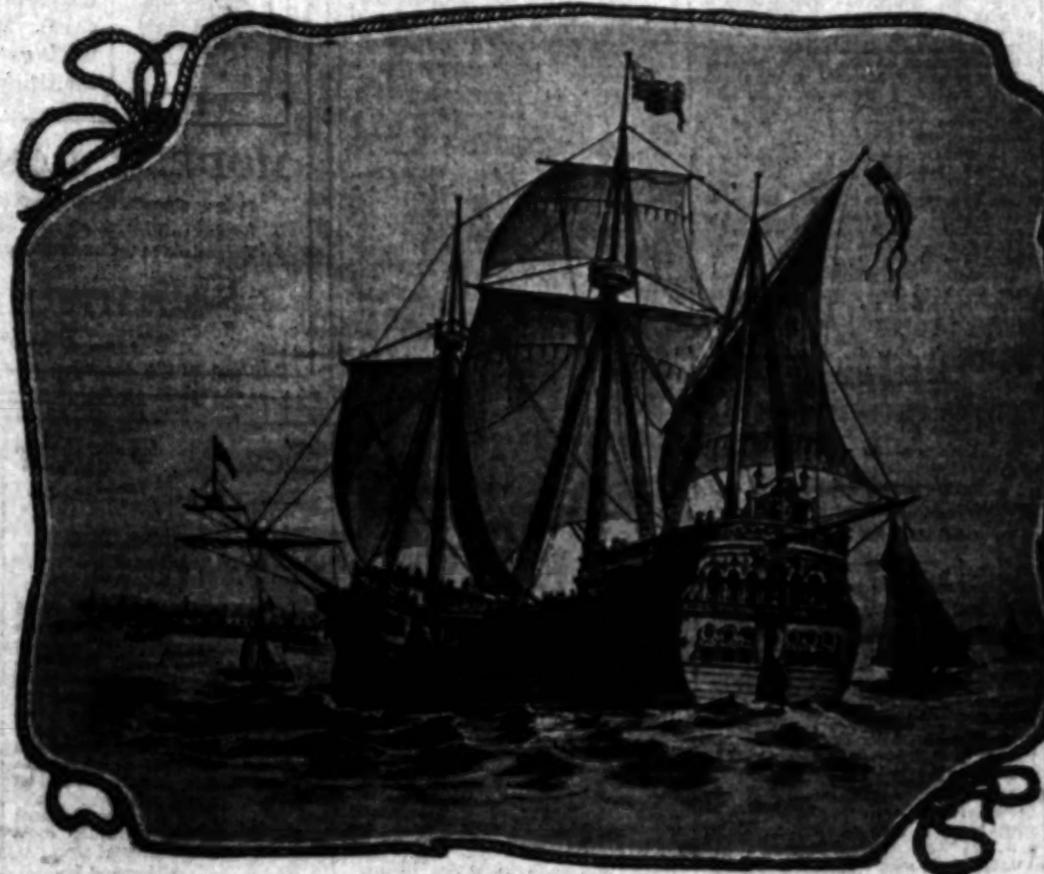
IDEAL OCEAN FRONT PROPERTY TEN MILES NEARER LOS ANGELES THAN LONG BEACH

Send in your name at once for our new descriptive book of Venice of America. It is being printed now and when completed we will send it to you. It will give you an idea of what is being done in this most novel city. Send in your name today.

Lying ONLY FOURTEEN MILES DUE WEST OF LOS ANGELES, just south of Downey, and is THE NEAREST SEASIDE PROPERTY.

NOT FOR PROFIT ALONE IS VENICE OF AMERICA CREATED

Venice of America will be built whether or not a single lot is sold. The one thought in the mind of Mr. Abbot Kinney, the founder and creator of Venice of America, is to create a city sufficient unto itself, a city with enough of the amusement to hold people and yet strong enough in its substantial qualities to endear to the heart of every resident the very name "Venice of America." Mr. Kinney is doing more, he is building a huge monument to the name of Progress, and the lines on which he is working, the enormous amount of money he is spending, the arbitrary building restrictions, the ship hotel, the amusement pavilion, the pleasure pavilion, Hotel Venice, the great salt water lake, the canals and waterways containing fresh salt water, the gondolas, and the beautiful buildings, built along the lines of harmony and symmetry, all testify that Venice of America will be the place to live.



Thousands of dollars worth of property were sold in Venice of America last week, more will be sold this week; the outside world is just beginning to comprehend what Venice of America really means. There is nothing to compare with it; a novel city of the character of Venice of America was never before attempted in this country. Windward Avenue, 85 feet in width, will be the main business street of the city, being built in session for a home where the business, social and amusement interests are harmoniously blended.

YOU ARE INVITED TODAY TO VISIT VENICE OF AMERICA

We can give you no correct idea of the magnitude or the enormous expense involved in the building of Venice of America. You must visit it yourself. So many extravagant and unwarranted claims have been made for various properties which have been so d in and about Los Angeles that we hesitate in going too much into detail for fear our description might appear colored, for this reason we ask you to visit Venice of America. We offer you a novel city with exceptional advantages in the way of beautiful homes, substantial business blocks, palatial hotels with all the various forms of amusements, which are sufficient to hold all who locate in the Venice of America. Nothing of the cheap amusement character will be tolerated. Only that which is clean, attractive and instructive will enter into the composition of this tract, the idea being to present an atmosphere of home-like comfort without intruding the objectionable.

R. A. ROWAN & Co.
202 H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.

FOURTH AND SPRING STREETS, LOS ANGELES.

ROBT. MARSH & Co.
802 H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.

THE MONSTER FLOOD SALE

\$14.00 Neat Card Table \$11.00

These are round tables, 36 inches across, made with drop leaves, with attachment. Made with drawer having cane and chip apartments, in mahogany, oak and weathered oak. \$14.00 values. Flood Sale price \$11.00.

\$27.50 Princess Dresser \$19.50

With quartered oak proune dresser, with solid brass trimmings, fancy French plate mirror, size 18x60. Several different designs to choose from. \$27.50 values. Flood Sale price \$19.50.

\$15.00 Solid Oak Dresser \$12.50

Dressers with fancy shaped French plate mirrors, shaped top, top drawers, brass trimmings. \$15.00 values. Flood Sale price \$12.50.

\$8.75 Large Artistic Arm Rocker \$2.75

Arm rocker with pretty shaped back, fancy shaped arms, well made with front rods, cobbler seat. \$2.75 values. Flood Sale price \$2.15.

\$2.75 Handsome Rockers \$1.75

Well made in pretty designs, with saddle seat, well braced. \$1.75 values. Flood Sale price \$1.15.

Freight Free Out of Town

We pack goods free and ship them free to nearly all towns in Southern California—call for particulars. Free delivery in Pasadena and other towns over Tuesday and Friday.

Our trade partners can save enough on one or two purchases to pay their expenses to the city. We furnish houses and complete, cash or credit.

More Damaged Shipments Arrive

Three delayed cars arrived last Thursday which complete the total number of cars which were delayed by reason of the Arizona flood. In addition to these late arrivals we have also been able to refit and unpack several thousand dollars' worth of furniture from former shipments so that next Monday will commence one of the liveliest parts of the flood sale. Some of the pieces we quote seem almost too good to be real. Housekeepers from far and near should take advantage of this exceptional opportunity.

\$27.50 Axminster Rugs \$19.75

There are about 75 rugs in this lot. They were delayed in the Arizona flood, more than six weeks over due. But they were not in any way touched by the water or injured. They come in the very newest Fall patterns, including Oriental and new floral effects, beautiful designs; shades running from the most delicate tints to full, rich colors. Not one old or undesirable pattern in the lot. These rugs sell everywhere at \$27.50. Flood Sale price \$19.75.

Chairs and Rockers 1-4 to 1-3 Off

Space permits us to enumerate only a small number of the bargains on sale at the big flood sale. All the fancy chairs and rockers that were in these delayed shipments are marked as one-fourth to one-third less than regular. There are over fifty different styles in chairs and rockers, in oak, mahogany, maple, weathered oak, etc.

Weathered Oak Furniture 1-4 to 1-3 Off

Some of the most desirable bargains of the flood sale comprise quaint and artistic pieces of weathered oak furniture. Over two car-loads of this popular class of furniture were delayed in the Arizona flooded districts. Without exception, all such weathered oak goods are marked as one-fourth to one-third less than regular.

More Flood Bargains

\$1.75 Sewing Rockers \$1.25
These are comfortable chairs, just the thing for the sewing room. Come in pretty designs. \$1.75 values. Flood Sale price \$1.25.

\$4.00 Arm Rockers \$2.75

Large arm rockers, with wide backs, iron rods in the arms, side 1/2 or cobbler seats. \$4.00 values. Flood Sale price \$2.75.

\$24.00 China Closets \$17.75

These come 34 inches wide by 72 inches high. Adjustable shelves, glass front. \$17.75 values. Flood Sale price \$12.75.

\$16.50 China Closets \$12.75

Oak china closets, 27 inches wide, 60 inches high. Quartered oak front, adjustable shelves. \$16.50 values. Flood Sale price \$12.75.

\$27.50 China Closets \$20.00

Oak corner closet, 35 inches wide, 72 inches high. Adjustable shelves, two pretty front mirrors on top. Glass on sides and front. \$20.00 values. Flood Sale price \$15.00.

\$10.00 High Back Chairs 70c

Oak chairs with straight top, turned legs. \$1.00 chairs. Flood Sale price 70c.

Flood Prices On EXTENSION TABLES For Thanksgiving

\$12.50 Extension Tables \$9.75

Weathered extension tables, 42 inches square. Plain mission legs. \$12.50 values. Flood Sale price \$9.75.

\$22.50 Extension Tables \$16.00

Oak pedestal extension tables, 42 inches square. Plain mission legs. \$22.50 values. Flood Sale price \$16.00.

\$27.50 Extension Tables \$22.50

Pedestal extension tables, best quartered oak, highly polished, claw feet, square base. \$27.50 values. Flood Sale price \$22.50.

\$32.50 Extension Tables \$27.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$32.50 values. Flood Sale price \$27.50.

\$37.50 Extension Tables \$32.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$37.50 values. Flood Sale price \$32.50.

\$42.50 Extension Tables \$37.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$42.50 values. Flood Sale price \$37.50.

\$47.50 Extension Tables \$42.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$47.50 values. Flood Sale price \$42.50.

\$52.50 Extension Tables \$47.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$52.50 values. Flood Sale price \$47.50.

\$57.50 Extension Tables \$52.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$57.50 values. Flood Sale price \$52.50.

\$62.50 Extension Tables \$57.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$62.50 values. Flood Sale price \$57.50.

\$67.50 Extension Tables \$62.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$67.50 values. Flood Sale price \$62.50.

\$72.50 Extension Tables \$67.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$72.50 values. Flood Sale price \$67.50.

\$77.50 Extension Tables \$72.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$77.50 values. Flood Sale price \$72.50.

\$82.50 Extension Tables \$77.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$82.50 values. Flood Sale price \$77.50.

\$87.50 Extension Tables \$82.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$87.50 values. Flood Sale price \$82.50.

\$92.50 Extension Tables \$87.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$92.50 values. Flood Sale price \$87.50.

\$97.50 Extension Tables \$92.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$97.50 values. Flood Sale price \$92.50.

\$102.50 Extension Tables \$97.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$102.50 values. Flood Sale price \$97.50.

\$107.50 Extension Tables \$102.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$107.50 values. Flood Sale price \$102.50.

\$112.50 Extension Tables \$107.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$112.50 values. Flood Sale price \$107.50.

\$117.50 Extension Tables \$112.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$117.50 values. Flood Sale price \$112.50.

\$122.50 Extension Tables \$117.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$122.50 values. Flood Sale price \$117.50.

\$127.50 Extension Tables \$122.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$127.50 values. Flood Sale price \$122.50.

\$132.50 Extension Tables \$127.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$132.50 values. Flood Sale price \$127.50.

\$137.50 Extension Tables \$132.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$137.50 values. Flood Sale price \$132.50.

\$142.50 Extension Tables \$137.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$142.50 values. Flood Sale price \$137.50.

\$147.50 Extension Tables \$142.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$147.50 values. Flood Sale price \$142.50.

\$152.50 Extension Tables \$147.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$152.50 values. Flood Sale price \$147.50.

\$157.50 Extension Tables \$152.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$157.50 values. Flood Sale price \$152.50.

\$162.50 Extension Tables \$157.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$162.50 values. Flood Sale price \$157.50.

\$167.50 Extension Tables \$162.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$167.50 values. Flood Sale price \$162.50.

\$172.50 Extension Tables \$167.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$172.50 values. Flood Sale price \$167.50.

\$177.50 Extension Tables \$172.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$177.50 values. Flood Sale price \$172.50.

\$182.50 Extension Tables \$177.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$182.50 values. Flood Sale price \$177.50.

\$187.50 Extension Tables \$182.50

Pedestal extension tables, same as above. \$187.

San Bernardino, Orange and Riverside Counties.

(NEWS REPORTS FROM TIMES CORRESPONDENTS.)

WEPPING THEY LEAVE HOME.

PITTBLE PLIGHT OF AN AGED COLTON COUPLE.

Dispossessed of Their All They Bid Farewell to Place Where They Have Lived for Many Years and, Sadly Leaning on Crutches, go to Stay With Son.

COLTON, Nov. 12.—It was a pathetic sight this morning when Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, the aged couple who have been swindled of their all and then deserted by their unnatural daughter, stood on their crutches, weighed down with their great sorrow. They were bent with age.

With a tear from their eyes they took a last look at the place where they have experienced such diversity of fortune—from days of happiness and plenty to their present pitiable plight.

They were at the depot, bidding good-bye to all familiar sights before the train should bear them away to the strange and distant city of Los Angeles, which is to be their home.

Their son, J. R. Nelson, has recently moved to that city and his wife have opened their home and taken the aged couple to live with them, where they will receive good care their remaining days.

But, as they express it, "nothing can make up for her actions or cure the heartbreak."

The "her" refers to Mrs. Pence, their daughter, who, through alleged forgery, has gained possession of her parents' property, and then deserted them. For the past five or six years she is alleged to have been openly taking advantage of them. Through her influence, the couple were put on Eighth street, where they lived happily for years, and went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Pence in a rooming-house, of which she was the proprietress.

Since then they have endured from her such treatment that it has become common talk, and this, her last act, the alienation of her parents and her robbing of money on the part of her mother, any man on earth, and would not be satisfied until they were regularly married.

IMPEUTOUS BRIDE.

James David Hughes and Adeline S. Woodworth, both of Los Angeles, were married by Justice of the Peace Thomas here today under rather unusual circumstances. After Hughes had obtained the license he informed the bride that they had better set the ceremony for December 1. She objected, declaring that she wanted to be married immediately, for she had been told that no man will ever live to see the suit settled.

REDLANDS.

KNIGHTS WANT COMMANDERY. REDLANDS, Nov. 12.—A delegation from Redlands Lodge, No. 12, A.M., attended a meeting of the St. Bernard Commandery at San Bernardino last night for the purpose of securing a dispensation for a charter to establish a Knight Templar commandery in this city, but owing to the application not having been filed, no action on the matter will be delayed.

In anticipation of favorable action the delegation, which has chosen P. W. Hamm, Emmett Compton, F. P. M. Mervine, Generalissimo; L. R. Howard, Captain-General.

RECEPTION TO PASTOR.

Rev. Albert W. Palmer, who has come to take up the pastorate of the First Protestant Church, was, yesterday, welcomed by the congregation with a hearty ovation.

MUSICAL EVENT.

The auditorium of the new Contemporary Club was used Friday afternoon for the first Concerto Club, Redlands' musical organization, for the season with a Haydn programme. The hall was crowded, and the acoustic properties, tested for the first time, proved to be all that had been hoped.

RIALTO.

WATER AND OTHER ITEMS. RIALTO, Nov. 12.—The Lytle Creek Water Company has chosen B. S. Casey secretary in place of the late A. L. Wright. In the places of Mr. Wright and the late William McDonald Henderson, J. C. Bentz and Norman May have been chosen trustees.

J. W. Gaines has been elected a director of the West Rialto Water Company.

D. R. Bailey entertained at a supper Saturday in honor of his birthday, at his home, "Elmwood Ranch."

Mrs. W. L. Coleman has returned from an eastern trip.

The officers of Hermon Chapter, Order of Eastern Star, were entertained Thursday afternoon by Mrs. G. M. Robbins.

ANAHiem.

BUENA PARK WATER STRIKE. ANAHiem, Nov. 12.—A report from Buena Park says H. S. Darling has struck a very large stream of water, which is sinking for a large pumping plant. The well is down 400 feet and it is believed it will pump a stream large enough to irrigate 100 acres and will prove to be one of the best wells ever tapped.

The Hall lease in the Rialton field has just finished another oil well that is good for 1000 barrels of high gravity oil per day.

Anahiem Turners have decided to give grand installation exercises Thanksgiving night and will take in the two largest lodges.

The Standard Oil Company has a large force here installing the large steel tanks oil is to be stored in the corporation through this part of the country.

The first entry of the season is now beginning to move out from the port of Los Angeles.

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THE SONS OF ALVION.

Members of the Sons of St. George forgot dull care last night in a smoker and social. There was a good attendance and a program was presented.

This consisted of old English songs and poems, readings by Stanley Rogers and J. Hastings, readings by Stanley Rogers and diversified contributions by the Orpheum bunch, composed of Mrs. Lillian, the P. C. Kinney, Mr. Armstrong and Bates and Ernest A. Mock trial was the culminating feature.

LITTLE JAP HURT.

Kids, the tiny Japanese laundry daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oshahi, restaurateur and proprietors, was badly hurt last evening in an automobile accident. The child was run down by J. C. Fry on Eighth street and suffered a concussion, but the little 3-year-old boy was semi-conscious since the shock.

OF LESSER NOTE.

The Southern California Whist Association will be invited to hold its next meeting in Riverside. The association has invited a similar annual meeting in Ventura next week and several will attend from this city.

Henry Beckwith was brought to the County Hospital from Indio today for examination for pulmonary tuberculosis. The hospital physician has had difficulty with him. Beckwith is a New Yorker, who had been at Indio for pulmonary treatment and had been for about two weeks ago all the cords of his throat became paralyzed, and for

several Wednesday night while returning from the College of Medicine, where he had delivered a lecture.

He was driving a car with an armful of books, and slipped, his books preventing him from saving himself from a bad fall. Walking to the corner, he saw a friend addressed him, and when he tried to speak he discovered that his powers of articulation had become paralyzed. An examination disclosed that the vocal cords were paralyzed.

He arrived here last night for rest and this afternoon is still unable to speak and paper in communicating with his friends.

SUIT CURIOSLY DELAYED.

The suit brought against the Harren Hot Springs Company by the original owners of the property to recover the sum on the grounds that the present owners have violated a non-liquor selling clause in the deed was to have been tried three years ago but a strange series of fatalities has prevented the suit coming into court until last night.

When the suit was first prepared against the Harren Hot Springs Company, the plaintiffs died, necessitating an amendment of the complaint title, and the case had to wait until the settlement of his estate.

Horticultural Commissioner Cundiff has agreed to postpone the suit for four days longer.

Rev. Mr. Deeta, the new pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, is expected to return from Pennsylvania about December 1. He is 36 years old, about 35 years of age, and a brother-in-law of Rev. J. E. Holt of San Diego.

He is a handicap golfer, tournament of the Victoria Club, and will continue tomorrow.

It is medial play, eighteen holes,

and this is his first year.

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Editorial Sheet.
EMBER 13, 1904
VIEW ON PAGE NO. 1

Los Angeles Sunday Times

Part II-8 Pages

NEWS-POLITICS-PERSONAL

PRICE 5 CENTS

XXIIIrd YEAR.



The Purchase of a Piano

Is one of the most important factors in furnishing a home? It is the only one of the household gods whose voice is continually heard, and if it is said noisy it is found worthy it is a constant source of annoyance and disappointment.

Said the intending purchaser have no personal experience, he would naturally have to rely either on the reputation of the maker or on the advice of his friends when buying. Ask anybody what are the best pianos in the world, and ninety-nine out of a hundred will at once reply, the

STEINWAY PIANOS...

But what everybody does not know is the positive fact that the percentage of profit on the sale of a Steinway piano is less than on any other make, and hence the Steinway, notwithstanding its higher price, is after all the cheapest, as it represents the greatest intrinsic piano value for every dollar expended.

The new models, the Steinway Vertigrand Piano, at \$250, and the Steinway Miniature Grand Piano at \$275, are the most recent exponents of this fact, and the public is earnestly requested to examine and try these remarkable instruments.



Geo. J. Birkel Co.
345 and 347 South Spring

QUEEN OF SEA REIGNS AT GAY CITY OF THE BEACH.

Pier Day Celebrated With Festivity and Beauty by Long Beach Men and Women—Governor Receives Great Key from Her Majesty.

A LITTLE Queen of the Sea, faintly enough to make a man for a war republi, gave Gov. Pardee a gilded key about a yard long yesterday. With it he unlocked the gate and admitted a stampede of 20,000 people to the splendid new pier at Long Beach, incidentally to the barbecue.

It is still standing on the granite of Old Ocean until some other city beats yesterday's beautiful Pier Day Queen, that new wharf will prove itself a marvelous example of engineering.

There have been bigger Reasts; Los Angeles has bigger. But the Long Beach function was a work of art. It had all the charm of a big lawn

hair, local orators and statesmen whose fame has gone the country over.

In the language of the sporting world, the town that beats this festa will "be going some."

STREETS BLACK WITH PEOPLE.

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It had all the charm of a big lawn

broke into cheers as the veterans of the days of '61 came in sight.

The band turned out in such numbers that there was more than the strength of a city block of the old boys in blue.

WOMEN BEAR FLAG.

At their head marched two pretty women bearing the Stars and Stripes, proud of their rather vigorous burden. Mrs. Anna M. Girard and the other Miss Emma Girard. They made one of the hits of the parade.

The Long Beach post headed the old soldiers.

LOOKING CHIPPER ENOUGH.

G. J. Parish was in the command of the Long Beach old soldier boys. Superior Judge H. N. Smith, looking fit and chipper enough to sail into another war or two if the surfers should ever turn him around again, gave orders that put the great Hartistic-Lagan post of this city in motion. The Standard Post representation was under Captain Parish.

Two of the features of pathetic interest in this part of the parade were an old veteran who paddled along in the surf, a boy who had lost his life corps making the very air whistle to march time.

A stamping big war horse marching out alone in the middle of the street seemed to be aware that the reason for

its service was to be a reminder.

A series of carriages followed under the escort of the veterans.

The first contained Gov. Pardee, J. G. Van Houton, H. P. Harcourt, D. M. Cate and C. J. Walker, Long Beach men.

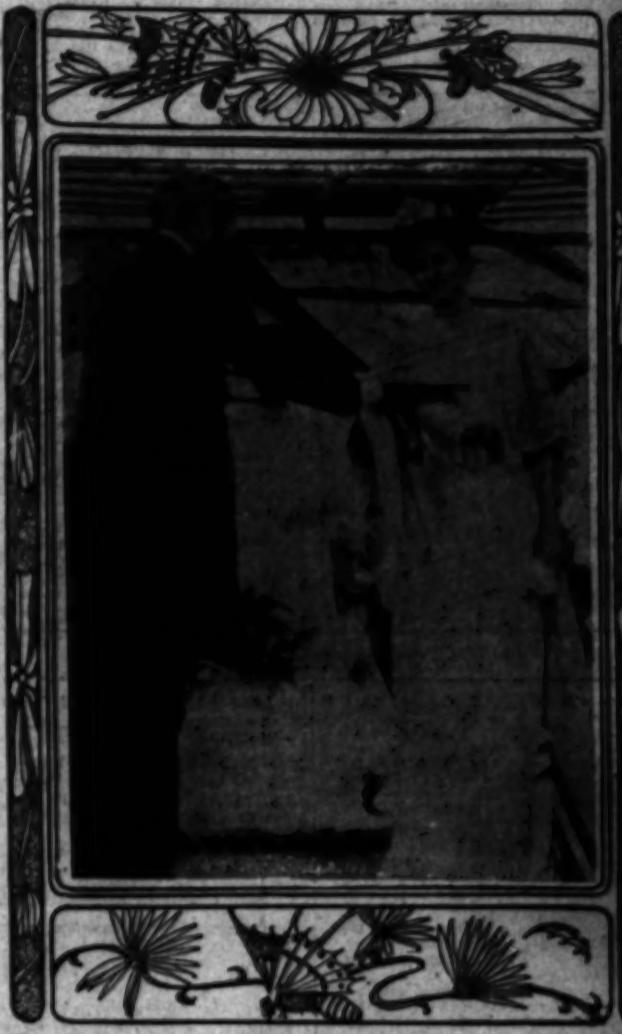
On either side of the Governor's carriage marched two military units from the Manning and the McCulloughs.

In the carriage following were United States Senator Perkins, Gen. David R. Jones, former speaker of the House of Representatives, John Koster, Charles R. Drake and H. A. Oakley.

The next carriages were Congressman McLean, ex-Mayor Townsend of Long Beach and J. R. Losse, W. L. Campbell and J. R. Watson.

FOR FOREIGN POWERS.

Following the carriages containing members of the Governor's staff in glittering, gold-decked uniforms, officers from the revenue cutters in the



Gov. Pardee Receives the Golden Key from the Queen of the Sea.

other children grouped around her, ending the half-time story.

Both carried two mighty forty-ounce axes with their hair streaming. Long Beach is fortunate enough to be the place of residence of both angels; one Ruth Cress, Miss C. C. Cress, the mother and the children were little Ruth Shrewsbury, Lucy Cress and Ralph Cresson.

A second prize boat won the third prize and richly deserved it. It was entered by the Long Beach Milling Company.

Some of the high-priced experts who have manufactured the most elaborate for our Los Angeles fests could learn points in art from the amateurs who got up this pretty exhibition.

There must be a world away in the side of a sack-train or a mill. At the side great windmill wheels such as Don Quixote tilted at, creaked and spun. The touch of genius was the way the girls worked at the wheel, so hard, over her figures of the desk at the end of the millroom, her hair and cheeks daubed white where the paint had bronzed.

The most popular boat was quite a poor little book-keeper, for her gown was made of rough sacking sewed up with uncertain big stitches such as a sack nose. Her hair was a bunch open at the neck, was of sack-cloth, too, and she worked so hard that her hair had fallen down in a fascinating tangle into her neck.

The fourth prize went to the hand-some float of the Eagles.

A rocky wild crag was surrounded by an eagle with wings wide spread, leaning down, forbidding upon a most refreshingly tight.

Beneath him stood three fair women in Greek robes with white shoulders gleamed softly in the sun, and as they glistened, sunbathing, sunbathing, sunbathing.

The members of the Los Angeles Realty Board finished the parade.

ONE GREAT THROW.

EXHIBITION AT CITY PARK.

To many of the people who crowded into the city park following the direct parade, the Governor receiving his golden key and making his speech must have been a speck in a man in the dim distance.

The floats had been massed flowing over the lawn. Seats had been placed for many hundreds about the grand stand, upon which the speakers and distinguished guests sat.

H. Hearwell presided over the meeting and got graciously over the little difficulty that always comes up.

"PINKY" IS MISSED.

Among these, the mysterious disappearance of one Miss "Pinky" Snyder. It could not just be called a mysterious disappearance, for he never put in an appearance. He was to have been one of the judges of the parade. Perhaps his tender heart paled at thought of not being able to give his opinion to every one. Anyhow, no Pinky.

The other judges were the mayors of Pasadena, Redlands, Riverside, and Santa Ana.

They declined to come forward and award the prizes, so great was their shyness.

For simple richness of color harmony, it is safe to say that no more beautiful float has ever been entered in a Southern California fest. This is the first time that the city has ever had a float of this size.

The first speaker introduced was Mayor Townsend of Long Beach, who made a little speech that was crisp and witty and short.

He witty that Long Beach had for long years been very proud of its whale skeleton, but now it had a wharf that would really give something to be proud of.

As though she had held her tunic full of golden California fruit,

The state idea of Minerva and the boy was not used.

Then Ah, the Queen! She must be the Queen of the summer girls. She rode in a chariot of gold and a nautilus shell in the midst of a canvas ocean. It was a charmingly soft float.

Queen Rides O'er Sea.

In the front of the three nautilus shells sat dainty Queen of the Ocean, Miss Elsie Williams. Her gown was quaintly suggestive of the realm over which she rules, a soft green, with a nautilus shell over white. Upon her head was the crest. She glistened with delight as she worked so hard that her hair had fallen down in a fascinating tangle into her neck.

She was Master John Darby, and he carried the golden key at the gate, later to be presented to the Governor of California.

Several beautiful floats followed in rapid succession, the winners as it turned out at the awards.

The Long Beach fire department carried off the first prize. They had a float that showed great artistic taste.

There was no attempt at profusion of color. The whole float gleamed pure white.

THE PROUD BOYS.

At the front of the float was the huge wagon wrapped with soft white cloth; at the rear was a miniature fire tower with a whitened bell at the top, and a ladder truck with the proud silver trophy, won by one well-drilled company.

The winner of the second prize was the Fraternal Aid float, an odd and interesting affair.

It was mounted more nor less than a home-like living room, with an open fireplace at one end; a mother with a little child in her arms, and the

and let it fall while she gazed dreamily into the misty distance.

Her apples, oranges and other luscious fruits were gathered in a brilliant carpet.

From her neck in a garland hung a necklace of grape vine with purple grapes.

Nothing could be more simple and effective.

On this float was Uncle Sam doing for Miss Columbia. Uncle Sam

was typical of the real Uncle Sam at the present state of the world.

In the way he was built to warn the people of the street ahead.

He repeated what President Roosevelt said to him on beholding the Pacific Ocean for the first time.

So this is the Pacific Ocean, Governor Roosevelt said as it met his eyes for the first time.

"Great, great!" said the President.

practically was he for the moment.

either interested in the

and supported by the

and, and the

delightfully, "great! It is the California Ocean all right. It will not be long before you of California will dominate it. It will not be a great while. Governor, before California will be to the Orient what New York is to the Atlantic."

The Governor spoke of the size of California, saying that the New England States could all be placed in the Golden State with room left for New York and Pennsylvania, and another Rhode Island could be used to fill up the cracks."

He mentioned that the sea coast of California would stretch from Bos-

ton or and I want a whack at that harbor."

In the face of the general's outspoken hunger, Congressman McLachlan confined himself to a few remarks, mainly about the harbor gained at San Francisco for the people of Southern California.

When the speaking was done, the girl queen came forward with her presents to the Governor and presented the key to the Governor with simple girlish grace. It was charmingly received by the Governor, quite as simply as it had been presented.



Prize Winning Float of the Magies.

as to Charleston, S. C., and that it was not our harbors all the whole length of Long Beach being almost on top of one of them.

"Although we are here today to dedicate a pleasure pier, I feel sure that when we have finished, we will be a great commercial wharf."

JOKE ON PASADENA.

In speaking of the future of Long Beach, he accidentally slipped his tongue and said: "My friends of Pasadena."

The crowd laughed.

"Oh, well," he said, "Pasadena is a suburb of yours."

W. Clifford Smith, a lieutenant in the Los Angeles Cavalry, has a splendid tenor voice, sang a parody on the "Star Spangled Banner," written by Rev. Sidney C. Kendall for the occasion.

As the first strains of the band introduction swelled out among the park trees, the whole vast throng rose, led by the band, and every military man and heard the song standing.

At the chorus an old veteran forced his way through the brilliant group of the band, and, holding a flag, sang a great solo for all to hear.

When the song died away, some of the G.A.R. men in the rear interposed the cheering and rattled out an impromptu medley of patriotic songs on the old drums and fife.

Senator Perkins made a speech full of patriotic spirit in Latin. He said that the first time he came to the place, he traveled in a stage belonging to the Dixie ranch. Then there was but one old wooden ranch house in the place. He told of his disappointment at coming back yesterday to see a city full of churches and schoolhouses and a university. He made grand speeches of the resources of war in the harbor, the McCullough, which was with Dewey in the battle of Manila.

"LET 'ER GO," SAID HENDERSON.

The day of the day was a rough-and-ready talk by Gen. D. C. Henderson, formerly speaker of the House of Representatives.

"Well," he said, and the fact that he stamped on one leg to the front did not seem to be noticed, "the veterans; well, this is a great crowd. It would be a pretty good crowd if

averted by good work on the part of the Long Beach police.

About the street approach to the wharf an immense concourse of people gathered, and when the band struck up the march of "The Stars and Stripes," drawn up on either side, marched the proud little queen, who generously spared her crown. Governor with Mrs. Palmer on this occasion.

UNIQUE MARINE ARCH.

Over the great gate was an arch

decorated by good work on the part of the Long Beach police.

ABOUT THE VICTIOUS DOG.

John Shinn, a milk carrier, was attacked by a huge vicious dog at the residence of Stephen Pascoe, No. 111 East Second street, yesterday. He was not hurt by the dog, but says he owes it all to a bundle of Collier's Weekly, which he ignited the brute over the dog's teeth, and he consulted Prosecuting Attorney Bebb at the Police Station as to what course he should pursue. The dog, the dog, Pascoe refuses to tie the dog up or to do anything else to protect callers at his door.

BIOLOGICAL MEETING.

The Biological section of the Southern California Academy of Sciences will meet in the Normal School building on Saturday afternoon, April 1, devoted to "Studies of Certain Chlorophyll Bearing Forms of Microscopic Life in Westlake Park." The relation of these organisms to be discussed by Prof. Dr. B. Ulrey. "Photosynthesis and Cellulose in Animal Life" will be discussed by Dr. Eleanor Stearns. Dr. W. L. Johnson will speak on "Chlorophyll Bearing Animals." A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

DIED OF HEART DISEASE.

A Coroner's inquest was held yesterday on the body of Herman Herler, who was found dead on the floor of his room in the Antlers Hotel on Friday. He was found to have died of a disease of the heart. The remains will be shipped to Milwaukee.

CENTENARIAN UNCLE DIES.

Edward H. Reich of No. 619 South Michel street and J. Reich of No. 1614 Winfield street, brothers, have received a telegram that the death in Saginaw, Mich., of Uncle Tom Reich, aged 100, Joseph Reich, born in Hungary in September, 1894.

This huge rough old gateway arch was a work of art.

The Governor stepped up smiling to a scaffold that would swallow the entire height of the arch. The Governor, dressed in a suit and tie, stood at the top of the arch, looking at least two feet high. He inserted the golden key, turned it. Behold! The

gate of Neptune.

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BULLET GETS SOLLY SMITH.

Ex-Featherweight Champion in Surgeon's Hands.

Says He Was Held up and Robbed in Cemetery.

Months Ago Sand-bag Jolt Laid Solly Low.

Ex-Prize Fighter Solly Smith, formerly featherweight champion of the world has a surgeon's bandage tightly bound around his chest and a 22 caliber bullet lodged somewhere in the muscles over his shoulder. He was engaged in a sandbag combat on a rough, little bedroom of his parents' modest house on the bluff, immediately back of the Masonic Cemetery.

"It's a kind of a way to 'reat a man," he says. "Why didn't they give

explained Mrs. Smith. "But he always has some chisel in him."

"And," she added, "this is the second time Solly has been robbed in the cemetery. The other time he didn't say anything about it because it makes much notoriety, but when they hold a man up and shoot him."

"Like a dog," put in the bandaged one.

"It's going too far, too far. We reported to the police today, and two detectives came up to see about it."

NO SHOW AT ALL.

Solly and Mrs. Smith were induced to tell about the other time. It ran like this, a sort of composite monologue:

"It happened about eight months ago."

"Aw, wasn't that long, was it?"

"No, Solly, because I remember it was before you came at Solly's again. He was coming home late, around seven after 6 o'clock, but he didn't get here. I waited and waited."

"The dogs barked this time. I didn't get an even break at all."

"At last I knew something must have happened to him. So—"

"Sometimes, Solly, a May kind of stops in at the place down street—Craig's place—and tells me friendly like this, 'Come on, come along.'

"And he always comes. Solly and I never have any trouble. Well, that night I'm telling you about I finally started home, and I said, 'Where do you suppose I found him? Here?'

"They asked me for fair that time, May, but the bullet was worse than a bill."

"I was lying in the center of the room, the other side from where this last hold-up happened—and he was senseless. I



MR. AND MRS. SOLLY SMITH

in a fight? I want a show for my money!"

Mystery surrounds the cause of Solly's end. Here is his wife's statement of the case, as told yesterday afternoon to a Times reporter:

"Solly usually comes home with his supper, but sometimes after 6 o'clock he always has it ready for him. Last night he was a little late, so I put things in the oven to keep warm."

"At half past 6 o'clock I went out and the porch for something, and I heard someone calling, 'Mister May! in there!'"

"I ran down the porch steps into the yard, and Solly came staggering into yard, and lurched up against the fence. I didn't know him at first, his hair was so strange and gray. I thought by the way he staggered, he was drinking, though he doesn't drink much, and never takes but beer.

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The Lancer.

What was the name of that man on the books of the Hudson far away? Better, P. Martin, or Alton G. Barker, or someone else? And where in heaven is Hudson? and, let's see, how now if the place came to be talked about?

Thomas F. Millard, writing from New York, says that what the Russian spy needs most is a good American newspaperman and some American and Spanish to rag that Siberian rascal.

If they should send over some of the good masters we know, it would certainly clear up the aspect of the war. It would be fine, you think over there, to have those d—d gulls sent out. Well, I can't help that. The man has got to come in his track and pull out or I'll have you科教.

And by January, he'd go, too.

Tom Fennessy of the labor movement shows what his avocation is. At the close of the Democratic Convention, Fennessy voluntarily offered his services to Dr. Howland, his Council. Fennessy voluntarily offered his services to Dr. Howland, his Council. Fennessy voluntarily offered his services to Dr. Howland, his Council. Fennessy voluntarily offered his services to Dr. Howland, his Council.

The learned and eruditate statesmen who compose the State Legislature will continue to struggle with something more than private legislation. In the effort to get tight-fisted voters to pay them \$5 per day, the highest paid to any State legislator.

The doctored and stenched assistant attorney-general will continue to botch out the public funds with both hands of the record clerks will continue to pay them \$5 per day.

"Howdy do! Thought I recognized ye! If you're goin' to wear that black plaid, fer looks, I'd be obliged if you wouldn't put it over that piece of hide I loaned ya."

When this little girl whose life was saved by skin grafting grows up into a haughty and beautiful young debutante she will be subjected to occasional visits by the poor.

"Howdy do! Thought I recognized ye! If you're goin' to wear that black plaid, fer looks, I'd be obliged if you wouldn't put it over that piece of hide I loaned ya."

The two wives of an alleged bigamist of Los Angeles are collaborating to save him from going to jail, now which gets him if he gets out?

The young Los Angeles married man who was tipped out of his automobile at 2 p.m., with a couple of actresses from local theaters and surveyors instruments and a mahogany bookcase square himself the next morning.

Port Arthur is like one of these rocking stones that seems always to end with a terrible crash, but which no man can shove over.

have downed her record as a money winner.

The largest winning mare of America is Mrs. M. C. Baldwin, with \$118,970 won. Firetail, a winner of \$16,161, Los Angeles, with \$97,611; Yo Timon, winner of \$32,328, and Terkville Belle, \$11,711. Baldwin has, however, passed the breaking point, winning record for such queens of the turf as Reckon, imp. La Tosca, Beloit and Blue Girl, and a race or two more of her record will bring her to the top of the first rank of American winning geldings and mares, but it seems out of the question for her to ever reach the record set by the English beauty, Folly, as a money winner on the turf. Several times the English turf has known a filly as champion, but this is the first season that it has been equaled by a performer of this age who has proved a member of the milder sex. Pretty Folly's dam, Admiration, is a daughter of the famous and noted Kentucky worthy representative in Kentucky at J. R. & F. Koen's noted Castleton stud in the Imp. Flying Squadron, the dame of Kensearge and Clarion.

LONG JOURNEY.

L. W. Eric Starts Awheel Across the United States, Intending to Finish in Florida.

L. W. Eric left Los Angeles yesterday on a wheel, intending to ride across the United States. Eric says he will end his long bicycle journey in Florida, where he will spend the remaining months of the winter season.

Eric is a trick rider by profession, and has had a number of vaudeville engagements besides doing a lot of bicycle riding. His home is in Milwaukee, and here he says he has attained a good record in several long-distance competitions.

He will progress across the country by easy stages, going first through the mining districts of Arizona and New Mexico, where he will probably do some rail traveling, as he intends to investigate the resources of the country thoroughly.

TEACHERS' CLUB.

The Schoolmasters' Club of Los Angeles met Friday night at the home of Assistant Superintendent of City Schools Bettenger and listened to an address by Mr. F. D. Brasher, of the "Man's Reading" Office, who was elected for the ensuing year as follows: F. A. Bouelle, president; A. Morris Fuddick, vice-president; E. J. Lickley, secretary; R. W. Head, treasurer.

NEWS COMPANY SUED.

Suit has been filed in the Superior Court by the Southwestern Promotion Company, Los Angeles, against F. F. Brasher, district manager for the Graumans News and Subscription Company of Le Roy, N. Y., to recover damages in the sum of \$100,000, being the amount of losses claimed by plaintiff on account of failure to comply with advertising contracts.

BIG SALE.

After a long winning streak, the English filly has only been defeated in six races. Pretty Folly's record is 11 wins and 10 seconds, while Baldwin has, acquired herself in money winnings.

It will be noted, is far and even, if the time to get the news of another year the record of Gallinule's record in silly or mare in this won within \$10,000 of

and even more, while the Turf, are now racing history which

is too early to plan Christmas shopping. Our stores are daily arriving the time to get the news of the many things we are offering Bonds, Watches, Fine Jewelry and Silverware at very low prices.

ONAVAN & CO.

100 Spring Street

L. A. OPTICAL CO.

Leading Optical and Optical Goods Store. G. C. LOUAN, M. D. Price

Established in 1884. 814 S. Broadway

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING!

Our stores are daily arriving the time to get the news of the many things we are offering Bonds, Watches, Fine Jewelry and Silverware at very low prices.

OFF & VAUGHN DRUG CO.

Leading Optical and Optical Goods Store. G. C. LOUAN, M. D. Price

Established in 1884. 814 S. Broadway

NO. 1

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THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

Members of a number of improvements associations have been looking at the location of a new boxing pavilion, the plans of which have recently been drawn. As soon as the location is located they will ask that it be included in a prohibitory district. Mr. Clark Leland, who has preferred to remain anonymous, advised Agent H. Cammett, one of his extra men, to the Civil Service Commission. He settlement of the estate of R. Schepe has caused a suit in action to be begun by the heirs, the most complicated state of affairs is shown.

Cara L. Lane of Alameda entered into an ante-nuptial contract, as a clause in his marriage.

AT THE COURTHOUSE.

SCHEPPE MONEY'S SADLY MIXED.

LITIGANTS WITH UNPRONOUNCEABLE NAMES WANT SHARES.

One Little Lot to be Split up into Hundreds to Satisfy the Claims Made on the Property at Vernon. But Husband and Wife's Estates Be Tangled.

When old Mrs. Regina Schepe died on July 17 of last year, D. C. McGarvin was appointed administrator. He took hold of the matter in the ordinary course of his business as Public Administrator, and didn't think any more about it than of any other of the numerous estates that pass through his hands.

But now McGarvin can't sleep nights for the burden that is weighing him down, and the worst of it is that he sees no immediate prospect of its being lifted.

Regina Schepe during the latter part of her life was a miserly old dame, and one of the eccentricities of the Vernon district. Her husband when he died left a small interest in his estate and a life interest in the home to his wife. But the old woman didn't know what to do with the property in every detail.

If the wife survives she is to use the land and house as a home, she paying all the taxes, thus preserving the estate in the name of the husband. She is to keep the place in repair, and not to permit waste and, finally, is to pay the expense of the husband's funeral.

In consideration of the life interest in this property Mrs. Lane waived her right to be a surviving widow or to receive any claim on the estate of her husband. Mr. Clark Leland, a daughter, and Harry Long, a grandson, both residents of San Francisco, are the beneficiaries mentioned in the deed which Mr. Lane desired to safe-guard.

The old woman lived on her property at the corner of Vernon and Central avenues. There are six lots, with a two-story dwelling containing six stairs. Here Mine. Schepe passed the remainder of her days, and it was all that her guardian could do to prevail upon her to buy the simplest articles of clothing, as she would not let the world know that she was her own master.

The old woman lived on her property at the corner of Vernon and Central avenues. There are six lots, with a two-story dwelling containing six stairs. Here Mine. Schepe passed the remainder of her days, and it was all that her guardian could do to prevail upon her to buy the simplest articles of clothing, as she would not let the world know that she was her own master.

HOLBORROW UP AGAIN.

CROSS-EXAMINATION OF FRASER.

The examination in the case of J. G. Holborrow, charged with having beaten Jasper Tomlinson out of about \$750 by means of marked cards, was re-opened yesterday Justice E. Young yesterday.

Alexander Davis, of the Los Angeles County Bar Association, testified that he had been retained to represent the defendant in the case, and that he had been engaged to prosecute the plaintiff.

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Hale's Hale's Hale's

Madam Wilbur's Toilet Goods

We carry a complete stock. Consult the specialist in attendance at our Toilet Department on all matters of the skin and complexion.

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 11

THE FIELD OF SPORTS
XIIIth YEAR

WOMEN'S SUITS, COATS AND SKIRTS

Rich Tailoring at Unheard of Prices

Sample Sale of Coats

The samples of coats include so many different styles and qualities that it is impossible to enumerate the prices. All of them are marked at least one-third below the regular retail prices. They come in the popular new tourist coats, also smart 4 length coats and the short jackets. Made in plain colors, invisible plaids, and all the newest fashions they represent. The lot also includes opera coats and theater wraps, many of them rich lined with satin or fine silk. To give an idea:

Hats are \$25.00 tourists, \$20.00 4 lengths, \$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00, \$40.00, \$45.00, \$50.00; here's a \$75.00 opera coat marked \$62.00, \$15.00 coats are marked \$10.00, \$25.00 coats \$15.00.

\$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00 Sample

Suits \$8.30

This lot comprises misses' suits in the popular Peter Thompson style, others in blouse effect with sailor collars, also women's suits in Norfolk and other favorite styles. Some in brown mixtures, gray mixtures, black; trimmed in a variety of the most approved styles. Worth up to \$12.00. Sample price, \$8.30.

\$10.00, \$17.50, \$20.00 Sample

Suits \$12.75

These come in blouse style, in brown mixtures, with the new drop yoke effect, prettily trimmed with braid. Others in gray mixtures. Still others in black and blue. Here are also checked suits in black or blue cheviot and hosts of others in so many different styles that it is impossible to describe them. The lowest regular price would range up to \$20.00. Sample price, \$12.75.

Second Week of Sample Sale

Make up your mind to go straight to Hale's Monday morning to this sale of sample garments. The very style you have been wanting is here. All the newest colors and materials. Just think, these samples are the finest production of the leading garment maker in the United States. You will be fairly bewitched with the becomingness of every suit, every skirt, and every coat.

Prices are less than you would pay for the most ordinary qualities.

\$20.00, \$25.00, \$30.00 Sample

Suits \$18.45

We cannot begin to describe the different styles in this lot. Here's a stylish brown cheviot jacket suit with drop shoulder effects, fly front, tailor stitched seams, coat sleeve, pleated skirt. Here's another jacket suit of black boucle cloth with velvet trimmings and pleated skirt. Here's a suit of mammal gray with trimmings with green velvet. Just like a coat in front and back. Here's a blouse suit of black cheviot with red trimmings. Others of every conceivable style. Scarcely two alike. Worth up to \$30.00. Your choice, \$18.45.

\$30.00, \$32.50, \$35.00 Sample

Suits \$21.50

Every suit is a perfect study in fine tailoring, and yet so different it is quite impossible to describe them. Some are made with loose backs, others with tight fitting back. Come in both light and dark effects, made of the popular mammal materials. Many are made so that the jackets can be worn as separate wraps. Some come in walking lengths, many come in the latest fashions. Materials include broadcloths, cheviots, mohairs, hosts of other materials. Worth up to \$35.00. Sample price \$21.50.

Sample Skirts 1-3 Off

One of the chief features of the sample sale consists of a big lot of sample dress and walking skirts. Not any of them alike. You can imagine a style that isn't represented. Materials are the most varied—silk, broadcloth, etamine, Panama, voiles, etc. Prices from \$10.00 to \$35.00, third less than regular, although some of them have been marked down reductions than that.

\$35.00, \$40.00, \$45.00 Sample

Suits \$24.50

In this lot are included the most expensive among the samples. Some of these are the richest materials and would sell regularly in black and blue. Some come in light colors with light with loose backs. Some come in short lengths in various styles. The materials include cashmere, mohair, etc. The suits are trimmed in every conceivable way. They are trimmings in every conceivable way. The price. Your choice \$24.50.

\$7.00 Sample Skirts \$5.00.

A big sample line of walking skirts in dark gray, tweeds, plaided bottoms; dark gray bottoms with light stripes; light gray bottoms, etc. Some in dark green, a variety of styles, all lengths. Skirts that regularly sell up to \$15.00, all marked as \$5.00.

Stylish Shirt Gowns \$1.50

These come in black mohair, white mohair, and French lace in red and blue. Made with full front, neatly tucked, also back and backs. Made with new waists. Special at \$1.50.

\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.25 Wrappers 60c.

A miscellaneous lot of new wrappers in a good quality of pongee in black or white, others in red effects. Made with full body, tight fitting lining. Costs of different styles. Automobiles are considered by their size.

From \$0.60 to \$1.25. Monday 8c.

Ingrain Art Squares

All wool three ply ingrain art squares. Warranted all wool and tested fast colors. All the latest colorings and patterns are here.

Size 7x7c, \$6.50 values at \$5.75

Size 9x9c, \$7.50 values at \$6.65

Size 9x10c, \$7.50 values at \$7.25

Size 9x12, \$10.00 values at \$9.85

Size 10x12, \$11.00 values at \$10.90

Size 12x12, \$13.50 values at \$11.90

Tapestry Rugs

A fine quality of tapestry brocade rugs, nicely fringed, in a beautiful line of patterns, well made and very durable.

Size 7x7c, \$6. values at \$5.25

Size 9x9c, \$8.00 values at \$7.25

Size 9x10c, \$8.50 values at \$7.85

Size 9x12, \$10.00 values at \$8.85

Size 10x12, \$11.00 values at \$9.90

Size 12x12, \$13.50 values at \$11.90

Moquette Rugs

Best quality, double faced moquette, rubber backed, line of Royal and Colonial.

Size 9x9c, \$6.00 values at \$5.00

Size 9x10c, \$7.00 values at \$6.00

Size 9x12, \$8.00 values at \$7.00

Size 10x12, \$9.00 values at \$8.00

Size 12x12, \$11.00 values at \$10.00

Axminster Rugs

Best quality Axminster, double faced, woven pile, in oriental designs.

Size 9x9c, \$6.00 values at \$5.00

Size 9x10c, \$7.00 values at \$6.00

Size 9x12, \$8.00 values at \$7.00

Size 10x12, \$9.00 values at \$8.00

Size 12x12, \$11.00 values at \$10.00

3.50 Smyrna Rugs

English Smyrna rug, soft finished back, recently new. Very

Coues in English and American types. Size 30x30 in.

values, special at \$2.50.

Navya Rugs

All wood Navya rug, all new Indian designs and colorings, good wicker, especially

wearing, etc. \$1.00 values, \$1.25 values.

Swiss Curtains 60c.

White swiss curtains, with five rows of burs down the front, made from best Swiss material.

Size 9x9c, \$6.00 values at \$5.00

Size 9x10c, \$7.00 values at \$6.00

Size 9x12, \$8.00 values at \$7.00

Size 10x12, \$9.00 values at \$8.00

Size 12x12, \$11.00 values at \$10.00

Pillow Tops 75c to \$1.00

A full line of "7 amours" and "8 amours" made from the best materials.

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3.75 to \$2.25 Tapestry Fortières \$1.50

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the ground over for the second time. It is a good idea.

U.S.C. began retreating to the rear, but made occasional good use of it. The Methodists received the ball from their line and passed it down the field, but it was partially blocked and an Indian grabbed the ball on Sherman's 5-yard line. Nease punt ed to the 20 yards. U.S.C. got the ball and during the rest of the half kept on the enemy's territory; punting was freely indulged in, and neither side could get into danger from scoring until time was up. The two teams were on one occasion got within 10 yards.

Pearce and Wels went in on tackles in the second half and the game went on with little excitement. There was a sort of punting until near the end when Sherman fell to business and began line hammering again.

An Indian advance was the only score of it in 10, and that Pearce had beaten the Throop lads by only 2, there was naturally an expectation of a different outcome from the score of 34 to 24.

But the St. Vincent's boys showed fine form, and they were husky. They have been doing hard practice work and this quickly told on yesterday's field.

An Indian advance was a "scram" between a bunch of the kid contingent, and this proved so much more exciting than the football proper that the eleven cheerfully took a break in the middle of the game while the crowd intently watched the fight.

RELANDS WINE.

RALPH HERDORN—Editor of THE TIMES:

RELANDS, Nov. 12.—The first football game of the Intercollegiate series was played at Relands today by the Redlands team competing with the San Bernardino eleven. The home team scored 27 to 6. It was gray and dark, and the crowd encircled so that further playing was impossible.

The game was called at 10:30.

Young, wimpy, thirty-five-minute halves.

TEAMS SHAKEN IN OPEN PLAY.

POMONA - OCCIDENTAL GAME PLEASES SPECTATORS.

Festivities to See the Boys in Blue of the Claremont Institute. Princeton Collegians Unite to Secure New Advantages. Ruled into Their Closets.

Frequent punts and place kicks, end runs, diversifying handling and railwayman-like tactics characterized the Pomona-Occidental football game at Pomona Park yesterday afternoon.

In a general way the game was a pleasure from the spectators' point of view, because the teams were shaken out over the field for so much open work, especially in the second half, when Occidental scored first by a 40-yard run through the Ontario interference and in the second half, Blackman doubled the play by a 30-yard run for a touchdown.

Kenneth kicked two goals.

Young, wimpy, thirty-five-minute halves.

MARIE WINNER BY A MINUTE.

MISCHIEF NOT LONG BEHIND IN YACHT RACE.

CLOSE FINISH OF POWER LAUNDRY, FROST CROSSING LINE SIX HUNDRED FEET AHEAD OF PRONTO — IDEAL WEATHER FOR YESTERDAY'S TESTS OF SPEED OFF LONG BEACH.

The Long Beach yacht races were not called until 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The races were Hugh W. Vail, Thomas J. Hampton and Hyatt Erknecht. Timers, A. W. Clever and Dr. W. A. Smith, 31, V. C. Case.

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DUCK HUNTING IS NOW A FAD.

Many Returning to a Sport of Their Boyhood.

Enormous Investments Made in Marsh Property.

Southern California's Big Club Membership.

Stimulated by its untiring popularity in marshes, interest in the sport of duck hunting seems this season to be experiencing a veritable "boom" similar to that which has brought golf, tennis, boating and tennis ping-pong to the front rank of popular sports at various times within the past year. Whether the well-established weakness of the American public as regards games in far "fads" will eventually restore the interest in duck shooting to its normal proportions can only be told by the next two or three years, though the present indications are encouraging to equity in a protracted argument for the longevity of this particular "craze." With those who have seen golf, tennis, billiards and boating, come and go back to their comparatively small clientele of regular visitors, the financial argument will hardly appeal, however, since such a considerable expenditure of money.

Interest in shooting—ducks in particular, has this season reached a plane that surprises all the veterans. Hundreds of business men, who for years, may of them not even consider themselves sportsmen, have joined the duck fever, bought into organized duck clubs, hired somebody to run them, and started the ideal recreation for absolute man—one that does not require of him the muscular strength and endurance of quail hunting—a condition that makes the outcome of practice and instant triumph.

There are now twice as many duck clubs as ever before, and this fact alone tells its own story. Indeed, many conservative sportsmen pointing to the undoubtedly high sport that has been taken up by so many claim that the increase of sportsmen here on the formation of the ducks. They argue that the present condition is abnormal, just as the formation of clubs, since the clubs have failed to come together in dunes, with the result that the birds being pursued somewhere nearly always end up in the water. They say that this lack of arrangement is not for the best interests of all, most sportsmen believe that the more closely the clubs are organized the better will be the sport, as more birds will then drop for the winter, owing to the greater expense of fresh-water ponds, which are now being built in great numbers. The present poor shooting may be reasonably accounted for by the poor judgment shown in shooting two days at a time, when the birds are not yet fully feathered, and when the weather is cool.

The amount of money invested in each club varies from \$1,000 to \$10,000, depending upon the size of the club.

Beginning with the fallow district, there is the Recreation Gun Club of Los Angeles, which has 100 members, with its beach holdings for \$15,000, receiving its shooting at the Little Santa Monica club, with ten members, the Orange County club, with 100 members, the Glendale club, with 100 members, and a dozen members, and another, the Colonel's club, which has also a dozen members, and the annual cost of operating them would run many a small fortune.

Very few persons have any idea of the number of men who, without saying that about it, slip off quietly of a boat, and are back home again early in the afternoon. The total membership of all the clubs is drawn from the ranks of the upper classes of the Santa Ana River. In these hills condors are frequently seen, and when the party, found the first nest of this bird ever discovered south of the Tachachin Mountain. Condors are more numerous than in any other part of the State; in fact, they were not supposed to breed in this section at all prior to the formation of the ponds.

At Torrey, a Mexican who knows the mountains of that region thoroughly,

and all but one of these are in the United States, where they are likely to be found. The birds are very large and a generous supply of rope, for who ever goes after these birds must be prepared to drop down sheer precipices.

These birds are the largest in the private museums of the world today,

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Liners.

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W. H. Weller.

WANTED—BY MANUFACTURER OF PERSONAL EQUIPMENT. Address: 111 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. A traveling salesman to El Segundo at good pay to represent his products. Address: R. Box 11, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—MANAGER FOR OUR LOS ANGELES OFFICES. Good references and make small investment. Address: 111 N. Broadway. **WAGGONER**, 31 Market St., San Francisco.

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WANTED—MAN WHO IS LEAST THAN 5 FEET TALL. Address: 111 N. Broadway. A man of few features from this. **HAZARD**, 111 N. Broadway.

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WANTED—A MATURE SALESMAN IN EVERY POSITION TO INTRODUCE OUR MODE. Experience and education. **W. H. Weller**, 111 N. Broadway.

WANTED—SEVERAL GOOD SALESMEN TO CALL ON RETAIL TRADE. Good references and assets. **W. H. Weller**, 111 N. Broadway.

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WANTED—RELIABLE MEN AND WOMEN TO MANAGE FOR TAXI TRUCK CO. **W. H. Weller**, 111 N. Broadway.

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Help. Male.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED MAN FOR BUSINESS; good experience, energetic, permanent position. Address: 111 N. Broadway.

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WANTED—A YOUNG PERSON TO WORK. Good references and assets. **W. H. Weller**, 111 N. Broadway.

WANTED—A YOUNG PERSON TO WORK. Good references

Liners.

WANTED — To Purchase, Miscellaneous.

WANTED — S.R. TICKETS TO BOSTON OR VICINITY; main, express and medium liquid. Address L, box 8, TIMES OFFICE, Broadway.

WANTED — TO BUY ABOUT 15 PINTS shaved shaving; 4 oz. each. Phone DAVIS 22, or address DAVIS, 102 N. Boyle St., 12.

WANTED — TWO SECOND-HAND 5-FOOT shelves, state style and price; must be good. Address L, box 102, TIMES OFFICE, 12.

WANTED — ONE ROLL-TOP OFFICE DESK and chair; must be cheap and in good condition. Address N, box 28, TIMES OFFICE, 12.

WANTED — SECOND-HAND CLOTHING, men's, men's suit cases, towels, etc., will pay highest price. HOME 770, Red 2641, 12.

WANTED — TO BUY SECOND-HAND FILM, 35 mm. 8x10 shaving for stores. Must be good. Address E, box 22, TIMES OFFICE, 12.

WANTED — TO BUY FOOT-POWERED saws, one at a time and we will call. P.O. BOX 12, LINCOLN, Los Angeles, 14.

WANTED — LARGE FLAT TOP DESK, DÉCORATIVE and price requested. Address L, PINE 22, box 12, Times Office, 14.

WANTED — TO BUY SMALL LAUNDRY tools, wash boards, mangle, etc. You are welcome. Address L, box 22, TIMES OFFICE, 12.

WANTED — TRUNK, LADY'S SIZE; ALSO GENTLEMAN'S trunk; state price. Address G, box 8, TIMES OFFICE, 12.

WANTED — FURNITURE AND DEERSKIN FOR MR. GODDARD, 460 S. Broadway. Phone 220-1200, Room 204.

WANTED — CAST OFF GENTS' CLOTHING; men's and price paid. MENDELSON, 100 W. 1st. Home 281, 12.

WANTED — GOOD SECOND-HAND HEAVY furniture. Address P, box 12, TIMES OFFICE, 12.

WANTED — SHOWCASE, COUNTERS AND CABINETS, 20 S. LOS ANGELES ST. Phone 200-2701, 12.

WANTED — CASH PAID FOR FATHER'S HOME 119 S. 11th St. Main 1100. Home 281.

WANTED — LARGE ICE BOX, SUITABLE FOR GROCERY. 16, TEMPLE ST., 12.

WANTED — CHEST OF CARPENTERIES. 1000 S. 6th ST. RAY, 22 S. Ninth, 12.

WANTED — SECOND-HAND FURNITURE; we pay honest cash prices. TEL. 1004.

— SMALL CHILD OR YOUNG PERSON to board; nice yard and flowers; desire to have company. 102 BRIDGE ST., Bunker Heights.

WANTED — GOOD HOMES WITH REFINING people, for boy aged two to six years old, for month. Address Box 72, SOLDIERS HOME.

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WANTED — FURNITURE TO FILL AT A low rate; will advance you money quickly. L. COLIN, P.O. box 181, Los Angeles.

WANTED — BUILD YOUR OWN HOME. Moore will fit it for you. See him for price on any styles. 100 E. FIRST ST.

WANTED — TO PURCHASE FURNITURE large and small lots for apartment houses. Phone Main 312 today.

WANTED — WASHER WOMAN TO TAKE care of house washing. Apply at 600A GRAY ST., BLDG. Seventh and Hill.

WANTED — TWO GENTLEMEN BOARDING IN PRIVATE FAMILY, first-class. 1006 W. 21st. Apply foreman.

WANTED — UPRIGHT PIANO FOR TENANT; good care; no children. Address 100 E. ST. PAUL AVE.

TO LET —
Furnished Rooms.

TO LET — BACHELOR APARTMENTS
6
AND OFFICES.
THE OHIO.

Furnished apartments having hot and cold water in every room, steam heat throughout the building, bathtubs on every floor, electric lights, Otis elevator, everything new and modern, excellent service; single rooms or as units, from \$10 up. THE OHIO BLDG., 217 N. Broadway. Phone—Sub Main 1194; Room 406.

12 W. 10th — A 1 MURKIL MARLBORO, 12th & Grand Ave., opened April 1, 1924. A fully furnished and best conducted hotel in the city; entirely new building and furniture; thoroughly modern and complete; all outside sunny rooms, single or double; hot and cold water, heat and ice boxes in all rooms; full service; one block from Central Park; Washington Park case the door to the hotel.

WANTED—

WANTED—TO ORCHARD OWNERS AND
FARM OWNERS: Non-resident can find re-
sidence near to take care of small fruit ranch
near Los Angeles. It is to be a permanent
home property on the place; has good
means for such work. Address: Mr. and
Mrs. L. Delaplane, R.F.D. House & University.
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WANTED—
COME TUNA CO.'S STOCK.
Genuine bargains in wall paper. See
what we offer now at Los Angeles. Borders
same price, worth double. Old English Blue
was \$1.00; wall paper cleaner, no pack-
age 7-foot curtain shades 12¢ and the mod-
ern 12¢. Address: Mrs. J. B. MIGRANTS, care
of L. Delaplane, R.F.D. House & University.
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WANTED—
EVERYBODY DESIRING TO
SELL—MONEY, easy and honorary
terms piano tuning by our new
method can get in touch with TUNA CO. method.
Write for information. COMMERCIAL
HIGH SCHOOL OF PIANO TUNING,
Chicago, Illinois, Chicago.
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WANTED—
Local business man. TELL US "WANT"
to the Times. Success comes so easily
when in writing at the other end of
your phone to have just as many
days or night hours PRESS ONE
"THIS TIME!"

WANTED—
A FLUMMER TO STEP RIGHT
into a picturesquely built, well established
business. No capital required. Now try it.
Address: Amherst H. Box 14, TIMES OFFICE.
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WANTED—
SOUTHERN FAMILY OF TWO
will room and board two gentleman, or man
and wife; no children; conveniences modern;
house room. Price reasonable. Phone West
2071. 111 CENTRAL AVE.
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WANTED—
TO REST A RANCH OF 5 TO 10
ACRES, near car. \$1000. good house, good well,
lot of water, and some fruit trees near
Tijuana. Address H. D. O. STATION 11.
Los Angeles, Cal.
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WANTED—
TO HEAR FROM A PRIVATE
party who has a small business for sale, or
wants to sell now preferred; must be in good
health; income stamp. Address L. H. 24,
West Pa.
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WANTED—
TEN CARES, EACH TOWN,
one for consumption of any chronic disease,
to advertise new treatment; full
detailed services. DR. CAREY, Box 12.
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WANTED—
ROOM-MATE BY YOUNG MAN
of good habits; handsomely furnished front
room in private home where everything is
kept clean; reasonable to right party. 140
SEED.
11

WANTED—
MEN, WESTERN CANADA;
free government land worth \$500 per acre;
sample and homesteads; education free;
apply or write A. H. McGAFFIN, Box 24,
Hawthorne.
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WANTED—
GENTLEMAN ROOMERS IN
private houses, safe, electric lights,
gas, telephone and new furnishings,
breakfast given, references. HOME PHONE E
HILL.
11

WANTED—NOTICE TO LADIES: LADIES,
you wish your wash pieces or
nearly washed cleaned, or dyed. Please
bring them to 1112 LOS ANGELES ST. 11.

WANTED—
TINTING, 5-10 A ROOM; VARNISHING,
painting and decoration of all
kinds of reasonable prices. See HUMMEL
& RUMMEL, 111 S. Los Angeles St.
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WANTED—
TO SEE THOSE ST. PETERS
beautiful carbon pencils. LAWSON'S
PHOTO STUDIO, 22 Merchant's Place, be-
tween Fifth and Sixth, on Broadway.
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WANTED—
LITTLE GIRL TO BOARD AND
care for by elderly lady in private family;
nice home near school; terms moderate. Ad-
dress F. Box 64, TIMES OFFICE.
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WANTED—
BOARDERS: A HOME WITH
good beds board and terms reasonable to
two unmarried young men. 214 212 ST.,
the west Bronx, University car line 111.
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WANTED—
CHILDREN TO BOARD; a
private home, large grounds, ideal play-
ground; mother's care; school near.
Address C. Box 54, TIMES OFFICE.
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WANTED—
CHILDREN TO BOARD; a
mother's care, on ranch near foothills; gran-
dson school 1 blocks; term moderate. Ad-
dress MRS. F. BROWN, Burbank, Cal.
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WANTED—
SET OF TEST LENSES. ALSO
telescope and ophthalmoscope, etc. Ad-
dress stating condition of goods and price
each, K. P. O. BOX 224, city.
11

WANTED—
IF YOU ARE GOING TO BUILD
us know and I will give you \$100 to
use for plans and specifications free. Address
L. Box 54, TIMES OFFICE.
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WANTED—
MOVABLE REAL ESTATE OF
any size or larger; give location and lowest
price. See KEEFE & BLENKIRON,
H. W. Hollings Bldg.
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WANTED—
TO YOUNG COUPLE, THE USE
of their home for storage; will
have bed and car for children. Address H. R.
Box 54, TIMES OFFICE.
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WANTED—
BOY, 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD, TO
board and care for; best of care; advantages
of a refined home; tuition; highest recom-
mend. 127 W. 86 ST.
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WANTED—
WE HAVE CLIENTS FOR
first-class business opportunities. List with
US. UNION INVESTMENT AND REALTY
CO., 211 Second Block.
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WANTED—
HORSE AND LIGHT RIG FOR
renting trip of 7 days; start Monday. Home
Phone 555, or address ROOM 11, 219 N.
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WANTED—
CHILDREN TO BOARD; YARD
and swings; mother's care; also sunny front
room for rent; near Vernon car line. 1117
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WANTED—
HOTEL OR GOOD ROOMING-
house; if price is right I can give you cash
or property for H. R. FRANK KIRBY, 112
Broadway.
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WANTED—
WE HAVE CLIENTS FOR
good property at right prices. UNION IN-
VESTMENT AND REALTY CO., 211 Second
Block.
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WANTED—
TO MAKE RIDS ON ANY KIND
of painting or decorating; heat work, at
lowest price. Address N. Box 54, TIMES
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WANTED—
ONE OR TWO YOUNG MEN TO
rent a furnished room in a nice neighbor-
hood, with or without partial board. 226 E.
117TH ST.
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WANTED—
TWO ADULTS TO ROOM AND
board, pleasant winter house. 226 2300. The
Gateside car on Spring st. 454 MELVIN
WAY.
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WANTED—
TO BOARD CHILD. BIG YARD
out of car. Address H. Box 54, TIMES
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WANTED—
RIDS ON CARPENTER WORK
4-room house. W. N. HOLWAY, 220 Grant
St.
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TO LET—
THE DORCHESTER APARTME-
NT House. Eighth Avenue etc., new
furniture, all outside rooms, 2 bedrooms,
2 bath, 2 and 4-room suites, studio
housekeeping, with all the conveniences
of luxurious modern homes; hot and cold
water, private bath, garage, 125 per month;
no less than \$100. Room 101 and 102 on
line to any part of the city; only a few
suites left. Phone Main 1120; Room 112.
BOTH PHONES 1120.

TO LET—
A LARGE SOUTH ROOM, NO
and nicely furnished; in private house;
all the comforts of a home; gentleman pre-
ferred; references required. 111 HARTFO-
LD AVE., off of 11th st.
11

TO LET—
AT HOTEL CASA GRANDE, 91
Grand Ave., sunny, spacious, well lighted
rooms; also several sunny, airy rooms,
girls or on vacation; a handsomely furnished
house; reception hall, wide verandas
down; use of parlor and both dining-
rooms; walk to business center; near by car
view to all parts of city; rates reasonable
low to permanent people.
11

TO LET—
"THE LYON," JUST OPENED
at 92 S. Hope st.; finely furnished
keeping apartments of 2 and 3 rooms;
a single room, all outside rooms; new
and new furniture, polished floors, etc.
Also the new postoffice, the prin-
cipal churches and the business center. C
to see the place before locating.
11

TO LET—
THE LEOTI—
Furnished housekeeping apartments,
in suites of two and three. Room
large, sunny, completely furnished
range, porcelain bath, piano, telephone
call bell, wide halls and verandas; house
location; close in. 514 S. FIGUEROA.
11

TO LET—
AT THE WELLINGTON, 40 CAL-
FORNI street; elevated situation, new building,
school, one block west of Broadway, tennis
House, and furnishings new and neat.
Single rooms now ready. Choice front room
with kitchen ready by the 11th. Select room
reserves your rooms now before the re-
turns very reasonable.
11

TO LET—
"THE SANTA BARBARA," on
Hope st., new, large, handsomely furnished
housekeeping apartments, large
airy kitchens, beautiful view and location;
pure air, dust, all sunny rooms; a
single room; telephone in every apartment.
Five minutes' walk from Broadway.
Fourth.
11

TO LET—
PURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING
rooms, single and two or more rooms
suite, \$12.50 to \$22.50 per week per room
basis by month; all outside sunny rooms, no
facing north; free use of parlor, piano,
telephone, milk and conveniences for house-
work. 1112 WILSHIRE 215 W. 18th.
11

TO LET—
FINE FRONT, NICELY FURNIS-
HED room in private family; no other rooms
east front. One car lines; 10 minutes
from corner Main and of course
southwest; no meals; rent \$15 per month
high, but worth the price. HINKLE
WINSWORTH, 2006 R. Broadway, room
20.
11

TO LET—
\$15 PER WEEK AND UP. NE-
ARLY furnished outside sunny rooms, room
on suite, best in city for location, near
Santa Fe and Southern Pacific depots on
Central ave. or Boyle Heights Traction car
AVON HOTEL, on E. Fourth st., corner
Carolina, 3 blocks east of Central ave.
11

TO LET—
2 SUNNY ROOMS, COMPLETED
furnished for housekeeping; phone, per-
manent bath, gas, electricity. In priv-
ate house on two car lines, southwest,
other rooms; two beds if desired; adult
only; references exchanged. Avery at
tude. 1115 W. 81ND ST.
11

TO LET—
AT THE ORMOND, HILL ST. B
between 6th and 7th, newly furnished apart-
ments, outside rooms single or on suite, hot and cold
water, steam heat and large closet in each
room; everything modern and up to date;
convenient to all car lines, one block from
new P.O. PHO—4308.
11

TO LET—
COMPLETELY FURNISHED
house-keeping suites of 2 and 3 rooms inclo-
sive of instantaneous heating, porcelain
range, milk and heating, use of laundry
and clothes and bath; no children. Take P.
Traction car, 11th and Main car. THE VAL-
LEY, 1457 Rich st.
11

TO LET—
A FULLY FURNISHED SUNNY
room for housekeeping with large
and all modern improvements in private
family, adults, \$20 per month. 96 VERNON
AVE., 1/2 block west of Central ave., line.
West 214.
11

TO LET—
TWO NICE, FURNISHED SUN-
NY rooms in Westlake district. Parlor and
bedroom. Pleasant home for couple spending
winter here; two beds if desired. \$15 per
month. Address L. box 54, TIMES OFFICE.
11

TO LET—
BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED
rooms, sunny and new, for housekeeping
otherwise, in private residence close to
Lake Park, hotel, and 2 car lines. Phone
parlor, piano, bath, instantaneous heating.
Elevated, fine view, reasonable. 412 LAK-
ET ST.
11

TO LET—
In private family, one large, fine, sun-
ny room; also two small rooms; walking
distance. THOMAS BROS. & METCALF.
11

TO LET—
A SUNNY FRONT ROOM WITH
both adjusting lawn chair, with private
family in comfortable part of city, block
from intersection car line; use of piano
very reasonable to right party. Address
H. Box 54, TIMES OFFICE.
11

TO LET—
TO GENTLEMEN: ELEGANTLY
furnished rooms in beautiful private home;
every home comfort; close in and fine loca-
tion; beautiful lawn and porches; refer-
ences exchanged. Address P. box 54, TIMES
OFFICE.
11

TO LET—
WINNIN, FRONT ROOM
suitable for parlor millinery, or physician's
office, dining-room and kitchen good loca-
tion, for serving meals or regular house-
hold; pleasant single rooms. 98 E. HILL.
11

TO LET—
SMALL PRIVATE FAMILY
rooms, sunny, front, well furnished room
large above and side porch; all conveniences
included; housekeeping privileges if desired.
1154 ALVARADO ST., corner 11th.
11

TO LET—
IF YOU WANT NICE SUNNY
furnished rooms for housekeeping, in
new modern house, with nice lawn and
trees, rent reasonable, come to 612 E. 11th
st., and you can get them. Phone West
4542.
11

TO LET—
HOTEL CONWAY,
405 S. GRAND AVE.
Newly furnished rooms, private bath
11

To Let—
Furn.

TO LET—BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED front room with bathroom convenient for one or two gentlemen; P.O. Tel. Main 4561. Tel. 8. H. ROBERT.

TO LET—6 MONTHS, 2 FURNISHED housekeeping rooms, plenty size, open plan; Telephones Main 4561, 4562, 4563; NITTINGER, 631 S. H. ROBERT.

TO LET—HANDSOMELY FURNISHED suite in private dwelling; no kitchen privileges, if desired, near Central Park; Tel. 8. H. ROBERT.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS without housekeeping, newly decorated, sunny bay-window room; also side room per week and up; 237 E. 71st.

TO LET-IN NICE HOME ON HILL in quiet section and small kitchen for housekeeping; no bath, parting veranda and grounds; 365 S. GRANGE.

TO LET—LOVELY LARGE, SUNNY, sumptuously furnished room, adjoining sunroom; electric heater, central heating system; high dressed, clean, spacious; Phone Red 1212; 1118 W. 83rd.

TO LET—FOR LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING nicely furnished front room in comfortable Westlake district, no children; call 889 WINFIELD ST., corner Burlingame.

TO LET—LARGE FURNISHED in pleasant home, well located, light housekeeping might be suitable; no particular preference; Take Union Traction car and ROBERT ST.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED convenient for painter, laundry, etc., nice private porch, with or without board; reasonable price; 239 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED room in walking distance, large enough for gentleman, no other room, rent very reasonable, to reliable party; 311 CALIFORNIA ST.

TO LET—A NEWLY-FURNISHED room with all modern conveniences, with desired, in private family, for one gentleman; inquire Miss E. FOURIER; Take express Bayle Heights car.

TO LET—A VERY NICELY FURNISHED room at a very reasonable rate, one week, \$111 and 112 N. OLIVE, close to business center, responsible apartment-house; single room weekly.

TO LET—SUNNY ROOM IN PRIVATE by lady employer during the day; address of musical teacher desired; Address, N. 100th St., TIME FIVE, or Phone West 1562.

TO LET—LARGE, HANDSOMELY FURNISHED parlor with fireplace for bed and four broad couch, bath, etc.; also one smaller bedroom; light housekeeping privileges; 180 S. FLOWER ST.

TO LET—SILVER MAPLE housekeeping suites, everything new close to business center, responsible apartment-house; single rooms weekly.

TO LET—4 NEWLY FURNISHED sunny rooms for housekeeping, use and phone, gas, water and electric furnaces; reference exchanged; 300 near 11th; HOPE 3811.

TO LET—NEATLY FURNISHED large front room for two girls; also nice and sunny housekeeping nearby; 200 N. 100th St.; HOPE 3811.

TO LET—THE ERDMANN; new, beautifully furnished rooms, thoroughly modern; running water throughout; rent reasonable. Central 8111 and MAIN STS.

TO LET—BRIGHT, SUNNY, WELL finished rooms; also housekeeping areas; thoroughly clean & dry and ready to let; management; 106 location; THE TON, 22 S. Grand Ave.

TO LET—SUNNY FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED rooms, new house, every convenience, no extra; housekeeping, 1125 PARK AVE., S. FIGUEROA, Seventh and Eighth.

TO LET—BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED front room, everything modern and neat; private family; excellent rent reasonable; to desirable party. NINTH, Flat X.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED front and bedroom connected or single; distance suitable for one or two persons or without board. Call 8842; BYRNE.

TO LET—

\$1. \$2. \$3.

Two and three-room suites, \$2 or over; garage furnished for cooking and telephone; no children; 1351 S. JOFFE.

TO LET—NICE SUNNY ROOMS, all side rooms, furnished for housekeeping; sleeping apartments: two nicely kept front rooms for transient \$12.00 per week.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS for housekeeping, everything modern; gas, water and electric; bath; central attached; Garveras car to 611 CENTRAL AVE.

TO LET—3 ROOMS FURNISHED for housekeeping, \$2 per month with gas; sleeping rooms, \$1.50 per week. Tel. 8811, N. FIGUEROA.

TO LET—IN HOBSON ST., NEAR PARK 2 rooms, one place for house; present wants to sell property. Call at above address or owner, O. G. MYRNA, 42 HOBSON, Tel. 2862.

TO LET—IN 2 NICELY FURNISHED rooms for housekeeping, healthful air of plaza. 204 EAGLE ST., Heights area; traction car; 881 or 481 old city.

TO LET—ONE NICELY FURNISHED large, sunny sleeping room; two large down, housekeeping privileges if walking distance, \$2 per week. 311 IVES ST.

TO LET—3 OR 4 ROOMS FURNISHED complete for housekeeping, good modern house; gas and electricity. Five Heights or Ninth-st. car to 1118 WINFIELD.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS for valve family, suitable for one or two persons; all conveniences; bath, incandescent heater, electric lights. 611 N. RIVER, California.

TO LET—WILL FURNISH FOR GOOD an apartment of 7 large sunny rooms, beautifully located, near Dixie Grand View. Clean and modern. LITTLE 4382.

TO LET—3 OR 4 UNFURNISHED housekeeping rooms, very desirable, 16 rooms west from Third and Broadway; with references. Take S. Bell Line 8. BOYLETON.

TO LET—6 MONTH FOR ONE new house cottage, furnished, large suitable for old or newly married couple; 226 WARSHAW AVE., off N. Soto St., Heights.

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED 2 rooms, modern, modern conveniences; light housekeeping to people needing nice clean home. Phone 7. S. GRAND AVE.

TO LET—FRONT AND BACK PARLOR with central air grate in each; a small room for light housekeeping accommodations; also bathroom. 1038 S. H. Home. Phone 8114.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS, back bath, incandescent heat, adjacent to Plaza; housekeeping to good neighborhood. Phone West 2820; ESTRELLA AVE.

TO LET—TWO OR THREE ROOVED rooms for light housekeeping; new bath, no furniture; all conveniences; fire bath; telephone; prices \$15 and up per month. W. PICO ST.

TO LET—CHOICE ROOMS WITH DRESSER above, nicely furnished, in private; a beautiful home for one who appreciates refinement. 308 S. GRAND AVE.

TO LET—4 MINUTES FROM BROADWAY, lovely furnished rooms, with bath; price reasonable; no children; themes preferred. Call at once, 218 S. UEROA.

TO LET—LARGE, UNFINISHED house suitable for painter, laundry, shoemaking, or will furnish as a small shop. Come quick. 811 S. UEROA.

TO LET—3 NEWLY FURNISHED rooms for housekeeping; gas, electricity, bath, incandescent heater, private in family; 2 ladies preferred. 1117 S. UEROA.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED 2 rooms, single, with housekeeping privilege; from \$10 per month up; only 2 blocks from Central Park. 881 S. MOPA, northeast corner 8th.

TO LET—WE ARE RENTING furnished rooms from \$6 to \$12 month; sleeping rooms, also several unfurnished from room. "ROCHETER," 1012 S. H. ROBERT.

TO LET—TWO ELEGANT SUITES rooms in private home close in, very modern and clean. Call after Moon 811 S. HOME ST. Must be seen to be appreciated.

TO LET—HY. LARGE ROOM FURNISHED, with two beds and dresser; for men or women; third floor; private walking distance; reasonable. 1002 ANGE.

TO LET—METROPOLITAN, 881 S. H. ROBERT, nice sunny suites of rooms; single, double, double, triple, etc.

TO LET—HY. LARGE ROOM FURNISHED, with two beds and dresser; for men or women; third floor; private walking distance; reasonable. 1002 ANGE.

TO LET—

TO LET—NICE BUNNY, BRIGHT good furniture, clean and neat is part of eng. \$125. S. 12th per week near new post office. 1015 S. AVE.

TO LET—DO YOU WISH A LARGE room? 4 windows, 3 full-size beds with bath, phone, piano, fine lamp, etc. 1015 S. 12th per week. THE WILSON, 1015 S. 12th.

TO LET—SUITE OF BUNNY FURNISHED room, suitable for 2 or 3 persons where there are no other roommates; responsible parties need apply. 812 S. 12th.

TO LET—TWO FRONT ROOMS IN house, gentlemen preferred, private. \$125 monthly. Four blocks west Club Take W. Ninth ave. 812 S. 12th.

TO LET-IN BONNIE BRAE DISTRICT modern, 3-room, well-furnished house. Union ave.: open for inspection from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. DR. MAYES, 80 Lexington St.

TO LET—ONE FRONT ROOM IN family, for one or two men; large window, gas, electric lights, telephone and furniture new. 812 S. 12th.

TO LET—A 3-ROOM SUITE, LARGE nicely housekeeping room, gas, lights, bath, etc., electric lights, telephone. Tel. West 12th, 812 S. 12th.

TO LET—1 LARGE, NICELY FURNISHED housekeeping room, plenty of room, gas, Tel. Main 4381; Home 812 N. WINTERS, off S. Hope, Go W.

TO LET—I OR 2 NICELY FURNISHED rooms in a modern cottage, housekeeping privileges if desired. Phone 812 S. 12th.

TO LET—1 OR 2 NICELY FURNISHED rooms for housekeeping, quiet location; electricity and gas; bath; reasonable. Rent reason. Tel. 812 W. 12th.

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED room, some housekeeping, is within walking distance, private phone 812 S. FLOWER near 8th.

TO LET—ECONOMIC FURNISHED FOR housekeeping; also sunny sleeping-room; electricity and gas; walking 812 N. FIGUEROA. Phone Black 812.

TO LET—TWO FINELY FURNISHED rooms in private family. No to bother. Only three in family, wife and son 15. 117 EAST 5TH.

TO LET—TWO LARGE NICELY FURNISHED partly furnished; suitable for two persons; quiet country place; Redwood Ave. 812 N. FIGUEROA.

TO LET—FURNISHED LIGHT room, 2nd floor room, separate, residence, quiet, bath and central heat, 2nd floor. 845 RIVER ST.

TO LET—DISPENSABLE, SUNNY, FURNISHED room; also sunny sleeping-room; electricity, gas and bath; very reasonable; raise reasonable. 114 S. FLOWER.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED room, new modern house, instant heater, etc.; housekeeping if desired; reasonable. 812 W. 17th, near G.

TO LET—S. HOPE HANDSOME, nicely furnished room, clean, modern, nice location; just around from new post office; rent reasonable.

TO LET—FOUR UNFURNISHED ROOMS cottage separate entrance; front entrance, 828 Park, short distance from lawn, back yard. 812 S. FLOWER.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED 11/2 blocks from Courthouse on hill high enough to be healthy; moderate reasonable. 210 CALIFORNIA ST.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOM, location on hill, new house; 2 days' notice if wanted; gentlemen preferred. H. P. 212 Belmont Ave. North.

TO LET—THE AYERS, 1 BRIGHT housekeeping suites, large room, bath, everything modern, close to GRAND AVE. Home Phone 1252.

TO LET—THE LYNNBURY, NIGHT room, nicely furnished sunny also a small housekeeping suite in rear, furnished or unfurnished.

TO LET—DESIRABLE SUNNY room, separate kitchen, bath, private entrance, quiet, housekeeping privileges; reasonable. 812 W. NINTH.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED front room, communicating bathroom, responsible to housekeeper, telephone 812 S. 12th; 812 N. Grand Ave.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED room, private family, soft and comfortable, bath. Instances housekeeping preferred. 812 S. HOPE ST.

TO LET—6 OR 5 NICELY FURNISHED rooms for housekeeping in private or beautiful location. 8 blocks from ELDEN AVE. Pico Heights.

TO LET—LARGE SUNNY OUTSIDE nicely room, private residence; also by walking distance; will cost for living caring for same. 212 S. BEAUDRUY.

TO LET—CLOSED-IN, SUNNY window room in private home, good restaurants. 812 per week; gas preferred. 812 CROCKER ST.

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED room; also furnished rooms for light keeping, gas and bath, close to OLIVE ST., Los Angeles' Flight.

TO LET—ROOMS, MAGNIFICENTLY finished in new Hotel Empire, 812 S. Ninth and Figueroa; 5 minutes from town. \$10 to \$15 per week.

TO LET—FURNISHED SUITE, TWO beds with privates; \$12; other suite one bed; eat at unoccupied room. 812 S. FLOWER.

TO LET—VERY ELEGANTLY FURNISHED room; private residence; furniture trees, etc. Bed in the window. 812 W. NINTH Sat. C. Home 721.

TO LET—NEW HOUSE, SUNNYCREST, open. Furnished and unfurnished light housekeeping; good location; dinner 2 car lines; with breakfast if desired. Heights, No. 212 SOTO ST.

TO LET—TWO SUITES OF ROOMS finished for housekeeping, separate or together; piano and gas for cooking preferred. 812 S. MILL ST.

TO LET—2 COMPLETELY FURNISHED cottage housekeeping rooms and bath, range, electricity, porch, lawn, down-stable. 812 E. FOURTH ST.

TO LET—NICE SINGLE ROOM, SUITABLE for young men; hot and cold water, bath; reasonable terms. HOTEL CO. Seventh and Broadway.

TO LET—VILLE DE PARIS, NEWLY furnished rooms in new house, 812 per week; up; close to business center; gas 812 E. 20th. Main 204.

TO LET—ELEGANTLY FURNISHED front room for light housekeeping, all conveniences to children. Home 812 S. OLIVE ST.

TO LET—A SUNNY SUITE OF 2 rooms with bath, private entrance, for front part of a house; no other care. 812 W. SEVENTH.

TO LET—NICE AND COZYLY FURNISHED room, large, airy and cozy, in home, close to 11th convenience; bath preferred. 812 S. FIGUEROA.

TO LET—LARGE SUNNY ROOM, or without board, in private home; all convenience; terms reasonable. 812 S. LYNNBURY.

TO LET—TWO NICE ROOMS IN private house to gentlemen; home comforts and conveniences; breakfast if desired. Address to TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—SUNNY FRONT ROOM, furnished, beautiful location; home privileges; 812 S. ostrich Farm car to 822 THORN ST.

TO LET—2 ROOMS FOR LIGHT keeping, newly furnished, with bath for light and cooking, high ground. 812 A.D. Adults only.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED front room, second door, no children, quiet, within walking distance. ST. PAUL AVE.

TO LET—LOVELY FURNISHED room on Westlake ave.; private family; instantaneouse heater; \$14 month. Calif. T. JOHNSON 812.

TO LET—DESIREEABLE NICELY FURNISHED room, with housekeeping privileges; private family, desirable location. Home 1015 W. 9TH.

TO LET—PLATE BUTTER SINGLE room, new kitchen, new house, new 812 S. Hope; also at 812 S. Spring 140% S. MAIN.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS or single, nicely furnished right; also choices at 712 N. Main. Inquire of VAN VROCK.

TO LET—NEUVLY FURNISHED room in private family close in; every convenience; no partner; gentlemen 812 S. GRAND AVE.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOM private house; over all day; one of 3 if desired; quiet elderly lady preferred. close in. 812 LOOMIS ST.

TO LET—3 LARGE AND 1 SMALL with or without board; lovely private piano, all modern conveniences, near 812 W. 9TH ST.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOM

To Let—

TO LET—

Furnished Rooms.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOM IN private family; modern conveniences. \$12 month; adults only. 608 W. 15TH ST. 12

TO LET—ELEGANTLY FURNISHED FRONT room, single room, sunny, hot water, bath, phone. 1120 week. 1014 E. FIFTH. 12

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED ROOMS with or without housekeeping privileges, in private family. 23 S. FLOWER ST. 12

TO LET—2 NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS in private family; for light housekeeping. \$12, adults only. 609 W. 15TH ST. 12

TO LET—TWO NICE CLEAN SUNNY housekeeping suites reasonable, and two large single rooms. 33 S. FLOWER. 12

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, CENTER of town. \$125 per week and up. 2nd and 3rd per night. 311 W. THIRD ST. 12

TO LET—A PLEASANT FURNISHED room, modern, walking distance, 2nd; corner Main and Grand. 408 W. 15TH. 12

TO LET—ONE FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING suite. \$14; one single front room. \$8. 12 months. 1008 S. FLOWER. 12

TO LET—SUNNY ROOM, HOT WINDOWDOWNS nice for man and wife, or two people; cheap. 220 N. BROADWAY. 12

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED SUNNY front room, close in, all conveniences, reasonable rent. 311 S. HILL. 12

TO LET—2 AND 3-ROOM SUITES AND single rooms, all conveniences and different rates. Please call. 78 RUTH AVE. 12

TO LET—TWO NEW FURNISHED ROOMS on suite or single; 2nd floor; rent reasonable. MRS. J. M. HOWE, 28 Maple ave. 12

TO LET—5 FURNISHED ROOMS, SUITABLE for 4 ladies, location desirable; reasonable. Water Park, 56 Ave. E. 12

TO LET—NICE, LARGE AIRY BEDROOM with all modern conveniences, gentlemen preferred. 1016 S. FIGUEROA. 12

TO LET—1 FRONT ROOM FOR LIGHT housekeeping. 1110 FRANCISCO ST., walking distance of 10th & Hill. 12

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED SUNNY keeping room, close in, all conveniences, reasonable. 647 W. 15TH ST. 12

TO LET—UNFURNISHED, 2 SUNNY FRONT rooms and shower and closet; housekeeping. 1114 1/2 W. 15TH ST. 12

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS FOR HOUSEKEEPING, single room, use of bath and kitchen. 1108 S. SPRING. 12

TO LET—2 NICELY FURNISHED LARGE rooms, all conveniences, in private family; second location. 100 S. HOPE. 12

TO LET—ONE NICELY FURNISHED ROOM with some room for advertising, in private family. 114 S. 26 W. 37TH. 12

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOM PRIVATE family, 1108 S. SPRING, 20 S. FLOWER, or 1108 S. 26th, all conveniences. 12

TO LET—5 FINE LARGE FRONT ROOMS together or separate; reasonable if desired; reasonable. 78 W. SEVENTH. 12

TO LET—HANDSOME ROOMS IN PRIVATE residence, all conveniences; housekeeping. Ladies only. 1004 S. ALVARADO ST. 12

TO LET—HOUSEKEEPING OR SINGLE room, newly furnished. Call at 823 W. THIRD ST., Los Angeles. 12

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED SUNNY front room, all conveniences. Apply at MRS. H. TURN, 100 S. Olive. 12

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, 112 TO 1200 per week; single or on suite for light housekeeping. 311 S. FLOWER. 12

TO LET—FURNISHED FRONT ROOM, single or housekeeping, like large room, \$12 weekly. 302 S. MAIN. 12

TO LET—TWO FURNISHED ROOMS, 112 to 1200 per week; single or on suite, newly furnished, near post office. 78 S. GRAND. 12

TO LET—ONE OR TWO FURNISHED rooms, electric light, bath, only two in family. 120 W. NINTH. 12

TO LET—SUNNY FRONT SUITES AND other sunny rooms, central location, reasonable. 417 W. 47TH ST. 12

TO LET—3 UNFURNISHED ROOMS FOR light housekeeping; rent reasonable. 1127 S. OLIVE. 12

TO LET—2 PARTLY FURNISHED ROOMS, sunny side, screen porch, 311 1/2 W. 5TH ST. 12

TO LET—FURNISHED PLEASANT FRONT bay-window room, reasonable; gentlemen. 49 W. THIRD ST. 12

TO LET—ELEGANT NEWLY FURNISHED room, telephone and bath, for one or two gentlemen. 1016 S. HILL ST. 12

TO LET—4 UNFURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING rooms in a cottage for adults only. 100 W. 17TH ST. 12

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS IN COTTAGE, close in, bath, phone, 100 S. HOPE. Men preferred. 12

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS reasonable; apply new manager. 114 RUTH AVE. 12

TO LET—4 ROOMS, FURNISHED FOR housekeeping, economy and modern, close in. 200 W. 15TH ST. 12

TO LET—TWO NICELY FURNISHED housekeeping rooms and bath, cheap. 1108 S. CARR ST. 12

TO LET—SUNNY FRONT ROOMS, FURNISHED, for housekeeping, close in. 114 GEORGIA ST. 12

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED FRONT room; single room, reasonable rates. 100 S. BEALE ST. 12

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED ROOMS with bath and hot water, close in; call 114 S. HOPE. 12

TO LET—TWO-ROOM FLAT; SEPARATE entrance. 11 month. Rear 1045 E. DENVER AVE., off Twelfth. 12

TO LET—ROOMS ROOMS, ROOMS, BY THE day, week or month. Call at 1004 S. 26 W. SPRING. 12

TO LET—A LARGE SUNNY FURNISHED room in a private family, gentlemen only. 1108 LINWOOD AVE. 12

TO LET—4 PLEASEANT SUNNY ROOMS for light housekeeping. FM. Grinnell Ave. 12

TO LET—TWO FURNISHED ROOMS WITH bath and hot water, close in; call 114 S. HILL ST. 12

TO LET—LARGE SUNNY FRONT ROOM, furnished suitable for two gentlemen. 1108 S. MAIN ST. 12

TO LET—ROOMS, SINGLE OR EN SUITE, all modern conveniences, at the WALLACE 1108 W. SEVENTH. 12

LET—PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOM, monthly; 2 light housekeeping. 311 S. FIGUEROA. 12

LET—FURNISHED ROOMS WITH OR WITHOUT housekeeping; phone Main 3221, 3244. 12

LET—TWO-FURNISHED ROOMS, KITCHEN privates, south and west exposure. Phone HOME 676. 12

LET—BEAUTIFUL FURNISHED MODERN room, running water in room. 311 S. MAIN. 12

LET—NICELY FURNISHED SUNNY room, Highland Park; rent reasonable. 1114 S. AVE. 12

LET—FURNISHED ROOMS FOR GENERAL use, close in, cheap. 262 N. ANDREW ST. 12

LET—IN BURNA VISTA. SUNNY room, well furnished, close in; quiet neighborhood. 12

LET—FOUR FURNISHED ROOMS FOR general use, parlor, chest, bath, phone. 311 S. OLIVE. 12

LET—3 FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING rooms, 114; adults only. 2723 BROOKLYN AVE. 12

LET—FURNISHED ROOM WITH OR PRIVATE bath, 114 S. HILLYARD. 12

LET—FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED housekeeping privileges. 408 S. GRAND. 12

LET—FURNISHED ROOMS FOR LIGHT housekeeping, gas and bath. 113 S. AVE. 12

LET—ELEGANT SUNNY ROOM, fully furnished, bath and phone. 1108 S. HOPE. 12

LET—COMFORTABLE ROOMS CONVENIENT to business. HOTEL ALCACEAR, 12 Main. 12

LET—FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING rooms; children welcome. 23 S. 24TH ST. 12

LET—FURNISHED SUNNY HOUSEKEEPING room; also single rooms. 110 S. WALL. 12

LET—FURNISHED FRONT ROOM IN private family, no children. 408 S. OLIVE. 12

LET—FIRE GAS HEATER. 11; AL ready ready; fix any gas jet. 408 S. BROADWAY. 12

LET—TWO LARGE OUTSIDE ROOMS prepared for housekeeping. 1108 S. MAIN. 12

T9 LET-

To Let - *Parishaded Room*

TO LET - NEWLY FURNISHED room, clean, comfortable, \$7.50 per month.

TO LET - TWO BRIGHT rooms for housekeeping; no board, \$7.50 per month.

TO LET - NICELY FURNISHED keeping room or two rooms, \$7.50 per month.

TO LET - ONE LARGE room furnished, \$6 per month.

TO LET - ROOMS, furnished, comfortable, shape of an "L".

TO LET - NICELY FURNISHED keeping room, \$7.50 per month.

TO LET - LARGEST PLAINEST room from bedroom over kitchen.

TO LET - ROOMS FOR LIGHTING, heat; all modern conveniences.

TO LET - NICELY FURNISHED room for housekeeping, \$10 per month.

TO LET - FURNISHED room with kitchen or without.

TO LET - NICELY FURNISHED two cottages, \$25 and \$15. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - FURNISHED room, family, housekeeping or otherwise.

TO LET - NEWLY FURNISHED room, \$6 per month. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - SUNNY ROOM, \$6 per month, central 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - NICE AIRY FURNISHED room, \$10 per month.

TO LET - THREE NEWLY FURNISHED rooms, close in, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - FIVE LARGEST PLAINEST rooms with bath, 111 West 10th.

TO LET - 4 ROOMS INCLUDING KITCHEN, BATH, etc., near Franklin, \$12 month.

TO LET - ONE NICE LARGE PLAINEST room, \$100 E. 10th.

TO LET - A NICELY FURNISHED room, Inglewood Florida.

TO LET - 4 SUNNY FURNISHED rooms for housekeeping, \$10 per month.

TO LET - NICELY FURNISHED Spanish family, Mrs. S. OLIVE, room, bath, \$10 per month.

TO LET - FURNISHED ROOM, \$10 per month.

TO LET - 100 W. 9TH; NEW HOUSE in every shape of bed.

TO LET - SUNNY ROOM, nicely furnished, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - SAN PEDRO ST. Nicely furnished room.

TO LET - 1 FURNISHED PRIVATE RENTING ST.

TO LET - SUNNY FURNISHED room, \$10. MICHEL.

To Let - *Undeclared Room*

TO LET - UPPER PARLOR room, bath, etc., near school, no objections to children; use of piano; price \$10. MONT.

TO LET - 4 UNFURNISHED above, large and sunny all the time; instances better, walking adults only, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - 5 LARGE ROOMS close house, furnished or unfurnished; chicken yard; the neighborhood 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - BEAUTIFULLY furnished, own and clean, Adams, 100 E. CROCKER. Price \$10.

TO LET - 3 UNFURNISHED large room, bath and sea. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - 2 UNFURNISHED and water heated, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - 4 UNFURNISHED bath, water heated, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - 2 LADIES' FURNISHED keeping room, \$10 per month.

TO LET - 3 UNFURNISHED nice room, bath and sea. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - CLOSE IN, 100 E. 10th, screen porch; adults, \$10 per month.

TO LET - UNFURNISHED, 100 E. 10th, with use of bath, \$10, good neighborhood and taxes. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - BEAUTIFULLY furnished, everything new and comfortable, 100 E. CROCKER.

TO LET - 4 UNFURNISHED keeping room, most beautiful BELLEVUE AVE.

TO LET - 2 UNFURNISHED kitchen of double house, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - 2 UNFURNISHED clean kitchen, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - NEW UNFURNISHED comfortable apartment, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - FIRST FLOOR, unfurnished, housekeeping, \$10 per month.

TO LET - 3 UNFURNISHED room, MARION ST., Apartment 810.

TO LET - TWO UNFURNISHED in a flat, 100 E. 10th.

To Let - *Parishaded or Undeclared Room*

TO LET - CLOSE-IN FURNISHED furnished; one large, roomy, quiet neighborhood; telephone and of course no other roommates. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - STRICTLY MODERN keeping room, comfortable, \$10 per month, or furnished; no roommates, \$10 per month.

TO LET - TOWNSHIP AVE.

TO LET - LARIE SUNNY ROOM, bath, water heated, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - 3 OR 4 ROOMS, either furnished or unfurnished, comfortable, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - FURNISHED AND room for housekeeping, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - LARGE FURNISHED room, bath, water heated, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - 2 MODERN UNFURNISHED room, bath, water heated, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - 4 LARGEST SUNNY ROOMS, bath, water heated, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - FIVE-ROOM, bath, water heated, 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - MODERN 4-ROOM PLATEAU, rent extra for water heat. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - 2 AND 4-ROOM PLATEAU, rent extra for water heat. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - MODERN 4-ROOM PLATEAU, rent extra for water heat. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - BEAUTIFUL 4-ROOM PLATEAU, very greatly reduced. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - 2 AND 4-ROOM PLATEAU, rent extra for water heat. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - MODERN 4-ROOM PLATEAU, rent extra for water heat. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - 4 ROOM PLATEAU, all modern, nearly new. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - FOR \$10, YOU CAN get flat, 2 large rooms with Diamond St.

TO LET - DESIRABLE SUNNY room, modern improvements. 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - Phone Home 2504.

TO LET - AN UPPER 1-ROOM room, at 100 E. Grand Ave., 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - MODERN 1-ROOM room, best corner 100 E. 10th.

TO LET - RING UP 2504.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER

Liners.

O LET—

MODERN PLATS: WATER FREE.
rooms: 200 N. Fremont.
rooms: 200 W. Colfax, B.W.
rooms: 212 N. Fremont.
rooms: 212 S. Fremont.
rooms: 212 E. Eighth.
rooms: 212 W. Diamond.
to 212-2 rooms: 212 N. Fremont, for
to 212-2 rooms: 212 S. Fremont, for
2-ROOM: 212 S. Fremont.
RENDANGER, 212 Laughlin Bldg.

MODERN PLATS—WATER FREE.
rooms: 212 N. Fremont.
rooms: 212 W. Colfax, B.W.
rooms: 212 S. Fremont.
rooms: 212 E. Eighth.
rooms: 212 W. Diamond.
to 212-2 rooms: 212 N. Fremont, for
to 212-2 rooms: 212 S. Fremont, for
rooms: 212 S. Fremont.

RENDANGER, 212 Laughlin Bldg.

2-ROOM: Sat. southwest.
2-ROOM: Sat. southeast.
2-ROOM: Sat. southwest.
A Sat. new, never been occupied.
2-ROOM cottage, new, southeast, close

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Liners.

TO LET—

Furnished House.

TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSE AT

Moorpark piano, machine, one acre of

ground; \$1,000 per month, car allow-

ed. Address: M. AL-CU, Moorpark, Calif.

TO LET—FOR 1 YEAR, A BEAUTIFUL

3-story, completely furnished house,

rent \$1,000 per month, car allow-

ed to 12, 16, Orange St.

TO LET—LIST YOUR RENTALS AND SALES

OF ALL KINDS—We have many

small business enterprises, my car, VAN-

NUCKLE, 200 Capp St., phone 1111.

TO LET—NEW STYLISH MANNER COFFEE

SHOP 4 ROOMS, 1000 FT. 2nd, complete

for housekeeping; very clean; in walking

distance from business district; car allow-

ed to 12, 16, Orange St.

TO LET—SHAM HOUSE, LOCATED AT

16th Vermont ave., elegantly furnished; will

be let to 12, 16, Orange St.

TO LET—HOOTON & LACE, 18th Hig.

TO LET—FURNISHED: FINE, NEW 4-

room house, well furnished, electric,

water, heat, all modern conveniences;

rent \$1,000 per month, car allow-

ed to 12, 16, Orange St.

TO LET—LIST YOUR RENTALS MODERN 4-

ROOMS, Apply at 1611 N. ORANGE St.

TO LET—HOUSE OF 4 ROOMS, NO. 12

16th Street, West Third.

TO LET—LITTLE MODERN COTTAGE ON

RUTH AVE., 12th Street, West Third.

TO LET—4-ROOM COTTAGE, 16th St., 12th

TO LET—MODERN AND COMPLETELY

furnished 4-room modern residence close in

the hills; 2nd floor, 2nd bath, 2nd

garage, 2nd floor,

A BACKSLIDER

Contributed to The Times by F. A. Erick S. Isham.

DURING the period of his domestic life Jack was a little, well-behaved, and trotted in the straight and narrow path of canine responsibility. He did not steal; his frank, brown eyes conveyed no covert impression of rapacity nor latent desire to plunder; his wagging tail expressed only good will for his master, his master's daughter, and all his master's friends.

"Not a bad dog, but shiftless!" was the verdict of the town, with which so many of the community of Utopia Springs, Arkansas, were afflicted, his shortcomings were not only winked at, but regarded as inseparable from his surroundings. Indeed, the man-woman or animal that was not shiftless at Utopia Springs, was a bright and shining exception in that singularly graceless community.

The truth of the matter—the actual depth of Jack's shiftlessness, or backsliding—did not become known until after the tragic happening, when it became apparent that all his fine domesticity was but a conventional veneer, and his civilised, civilised ways a sort of society game.

All that spring he had been a contented and ornamental fixture at the broad fisside of his master's home, where he appeared to realise the full pictorial possibilities of "Papa's faithful friend and companion." Not only that; he seemed destined to enact the role of affectionate and forbearing playmate to his master's son and daughter. When she tumbled over him, he wagged his tail; when she pulled his ears, he carcass the chubby hand; when she walked upon him, he but regarded her with gentle eyes, as if to say: "Take care, my dear, you don't fall!" And when she did fall, he leaped as a canine doormat and express contrition sympathy, this doormat did. Certainly those months were happy ones both for Gladys and Jack, and the latter seemed to have "settled down" in earnest, discarding permanently any vagrant vagabond prodigies.

"Jack's becoming a regular home-bound dog occurred only the night before the dog's last day from grace. "Doesn't get himself lost in the woods for days at a time any more; do you, old fellow?"

Jack's response was effusive, corroborative; but was soon checked, for the child, Gladys, weary of tumbling over him or walking on him, had fallen into the lead stamping of the tail had caused her to open her blue eyes. Now, Jack seemed to know he had disturbed the sweet slumbers of his little mistress, for his brown eyes turned reproachfully to his master as the indirect cause of his thoughtless indiscretion. But the doormat was done; the doormat ceased to be a pillow and the child raised her head.

"Time for bed, Gladys!" She rubbed her eyes, as if trying to rub away some of the fairy dreams of babyland, and, partially succeeding, became sleepily cognisant of Jack and the purport of the paternal command, which repeated.

"I wants to sleep here," she said.

"Nonsense!" replied the doctor. "You come along."

The dog undoubtably sympathised with the child, but the master's word was law, and "early to bed and early to rise" was the inexorable penalty of being young. So, although Jack may have been a trifle dim-witted, his eyes on the master made no outward signs of exasperation, but quietly surrendered to the inevitable. Perhaps, too, the manner of their parting brought a certain compensation of its own, for assuredly it was no small pleasure to have your head tightly encircled by those strong young hands. Society, so Society warned against the streets to exterminate them. But the gray wolf was cunning, and when Society baited a steel trap with a tempting uncocked morsel, he held the others back.

"Beware!" he said, and with a quick, def touch sprang the trap. "Now help yourselves to the meat!" Which they did, with an occasional bite at each other's paws.

"That's what?" At the back of the cave a lean wolf with a litter sat up.

"You'll soon learn," said the gray wolf.

A distant trumpeting succeeded the more mordant tones; then silence. The glittering eyes of the gray wolf alone like stars of fire, and the pup yawned.

"Poor Jack! How thin 'oo looks! 'Ow 'o lost, poor Jack!" And the great feast of civilised food (and coarse fare) called that had been prepared before him! Jack licked his chops. Yes; he would return again, mapped, snarled, fought and struggled with the unequivocal intention of obeying the primal law to kill. But finally the gray wolf reluctantly drew off; both were bleeding, lacerated, covered with frost and blood.

"I guess you'll do now," said the gray wolf, more amiably.

"If you have any doubts—" began Jack.

"Come along," returned the gray wolf, overlooking the infection, "we're going to die tonight."

And Jack was different in appearance from Jack of the fireside—trodden limping through the forest with his new friend. From that day began the different life: the terrible, sanguinary life, where death galloped with the pack or lurked in the dark, hide-tight places of gulch and gully. As they downed Society, so Society, so Society warned against the streets to exterminate them. But the gray wolf was cunning, and when Society baited a steel trap with a tempting uncocked morsel, he held the others back.

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1904.

BUSINESS.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL OFFICE OF THE TIMES, Los Angeles, Nov. 13, 1904.

FINANCIAL.

BANK CLEARING. Bank clearings were \$1,044,618. For the year to date \$1,002,127.50. Last day \$1,002,127.50.

GIL STOCKS.

Stocks on hand \$1,002,127.50. Total Capital \$1,002,127.50. Total Assets \$1,002,127.50. Total Liabilities \$1,002,127.50.

BONDS STOCKS.

Stocks on hand \$1,002,127.50. Total Capital \$1,002,127.50. Total Assets \$1,002,127.50. Total Liabilities \$1,002,127.50.

CANNED FRUITS.

PEANUTS. A carload of U.S. celebrated sunflower peanuts arrived, arrived yesterday and were offered the trade at 7 cents. These nuts are said to be superior to the Virginia nuts.

TEA AND COFFEE.

A. M. Love, with the Bros. of San Francisco says of tea: "The Chinese advanced 1 cent for spot goods last week and a higher market may be anticipated. High-priced selections in China are 10 cents higher than the market, and are ruling higher all along. Central American coffees are 20 cents higher than the market, and are being offered by importers at a short crop and fromness in the New York market. Low grades and grinding coffees are scarce, and are being offered at 10 cents higher than the market, or of greater value. A further advance may be looked for."

LOCAL PRODUCE MARKET.

The Butter Board of Trade on Saturday raised the price of local creamery to 90¢ per two-pound roll, which substantiates the reported clearing out of storage and fresh arrivals. The new price seems to be firm.

There seems to be a small movement in any grade of potatoes at this time, however, the stock is heavy in jobbers' hands. The grades of Salsas are a shade worse.

There was a very first market on onions Saturday. In all cans trade was made at 25¢ per hundred. Most of the receipts were from Santa Barbara county and were excellent stock.

Onions are now in abundance in the market at present. Yesterday several cans of Colorado apples came in. Importers which are not extra early do not call along with Colorado Johns or Colorado Pears.

No change in prices.

Cabbages runs from 90¢ to \$1 per hundred, mostly 90¢.

All beans are fairly good.

All grapes are held at higher values and are being cleaned out fast.

All persimmons are in berries.

Another arrival of the Cape Cod cranberries arrived yesterday and sold at \$1.

PRICES CURRENT.

EGGS—Crated, 100 lbs., 10¢; dozen, 10¢; 100 lbs., 12¢; 100 lbs., 14¢; Cal. Anchors, 10¢; Cal. A. & H. 10¢; Cal. C. & L. 10¢; Cal. D. & L. 10¢; Cal. F. & G. 10¢; Cal. G. & H. 10¢; Cal. H. & I. 10¢; Cal. I. & J. 10¢; Cal. K. & L. 10¢; Cal. L. & M. 10¢; Cal. M. & N. 10¢; Cal. N. & O. 10¢; Cal. O. & P. 10¢; Cal. P. & Q. 10¢; Cal. Q. & R. 10¢; Cal. R. & S. 10¢; Cal. S. & T. 10¢; Cal. T. & U. 10¢; Cal. U. & V. 10¢; Cal. V. & W. 10¢; Cal. W. & X. 10¢; Cal. X. & Y. 10¢; Cal. Y. & Z. 10¢.

FRESH FRUITS—Oranges, 100 lbs., 10¢; 100 lbs., 12¢; 100 lbs., 14¢; 100 lbs., 16¢; 100 lbs., 18¢; 100 lbs., 20¢; 100 lbs., 22¢; 100 lbs., 24¢; 100 lbs., 26¢; 100 lbs., 28¢; 100 lbs., 30¢; 100 lbs., 32¢; 100 lbs., 34¢; 100 lbs., 36¢; 100 lbs., 38¢; 100 lbs., 40¢; 100 lbs., 42¢; 100 lbs., 44¢; 100 lbs., 46¢; 100 lbs., 48¢; 100 lbs., 50¢; 100 lbs., 52¢; 100 lbs., 54¢; 100 lbs., 56¢; 100 lbs., 58¢; 100 lbs., 60¢; 100 lbs., 62¢; 100 lbs., 64¢; 100 lbs., 66¢; 100 lbs., 68¢; 100 lbs., 70¢; 100 lbs., 72¢; 100 lbs., 74¢; 100 lbs., 76¢; 100 lbs., 78¢; 100 lbs., 80¢; 100 lbs., 82¢; 100 lbs., 84¢; 100 lbs., 86¢; 100 lbs., 88¢; 100 lbs., 90¢; 100 lbs., 92¢; 100 lbs., 94¢; 100 lbs., 96¢; 100 lbs., 98¢; 100 lbs., 100¢; 100 lbs., 102¢; 100 lbs., 104¢; 100 lbs., 106¢; 100 lbs., 108¢; 100 lbs., 110¢; 100 lbs., 112¢; 100 lbs., 114¢; 100 lbs., 116¢; 100 lbs., 118¢; 100 lbs., 120¢; 100 lbs., 122¢; 100 lbs., 124¢; 100 lbs., 126¢; 100 lbs., 128¢; 100 lbs., 130¢; 100 lbs., 132¢; 100 lbs., 134¢; 100 lbs., 136¢; 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**Are You Particular With Whom You Associate
Would You Like the Best People for Neighbors
Do You Value Education, Culture, Refinement
Would You Appreciate a Good Home Environment?**

Country Club Heights

Mr. Davidson Says:
I will spare no expense to make this THE FINEST residence subdivision in the City of Los Angeles. Every improvement put on this property will be of the highest possible character.

Did You Ever Realize All That Home Means?

A home, with all that the word implies, is the greatest thing in the world; the one place where one can go for rest and comfort; the one place that by association becomes, as it were, a tangible part of one, and comes to represent a value more than any monetary consideration. How nice to have such a home! How much more should be given the environment of the locality in which the property is situated than the mere value of the lot itself. How much more desirable it is to live in a congenial community with kind and willing neighbors who create the very atmosphere of culture, than amid uncivilized surroundings, where one's nearest neighbor is a cross stage and unknown, and the atmosphere is anything but helpful.

THE HOME OF THE GOOD ENVIRONMENT

A. N. Davidson, Owner,

FINE DRIVE IN GRIFFITH PARK.

MAJ. JONES EXHIBITS BEAUTIES OF WILD SCENERY.

Women of Civic Federation Guests of Park Officials—Lunch at Old Ostrich Farm, Discuss Municipal Betterments in Shade of Friendly Oaks.

Park Commissioner John T. Jones is an enthusiast on the undeveloped possibilities of Griffith Park. Yesterday he took a talisman party of appreciative ladies and gentlemen to view the wild beauties of its scenery. The women of the party were members of the Civic Federation, all mountain climbers. Mr. William J. Washburn witnessed the panoramas of Lake Tahoe and valley from the summit of Mount Tel. C. Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, member of the Sierra Club, has stood on the summit of Mount Whitney, the culminating peak of the range. Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Barbara D. Rodman, pasted beyond the Yosemite gorge off she stood on Mount Dana, one of the thirteen peaks rising above an altitude of 14,000 feet.

The man, Superintendent of Parks Louis Le Grande, Secretary Harry L. Hopkins, and Park Foreman Morley, were present. They were interested regarding the topography of the park, the fauna and flora in the cañons, and the roads and trails which are making these hitherto unknown haunts accessible. Others in the party were Ernest T. Whittier, Dorothy Cleve, David M. Carroll, and William H. Knight of the Highway Commission.

Superintendent Le Grande said this was the first talisman party to visit the new park boundary, which is now completed for a length of five miles of excellent roadway.

It is serpentine through its native cañons, winding in and out among the rugged peaks of the Sierra Madre breaking the sky line in the purple background.

Then a turn in the road past the oak and pine forest growth, wild walnuts of a paler shade, mountain maples with autumnal foliage, clumps of California laurel, wild cherry, and strange low growing plants. Some of these are buried in a silvery recess, and as Commissioner Jones remarked, "out of the world." The environment, the scene, the landscape varies at every moment.

Secretary Hopkins had not forgotten that an excursion of this sort is an appetizing treat. The party sat down at picnic tables under the great oaks of the old ostrich farm and lunched at trees with a delicious view over the park and the city. Then they took up the more serious discussion of the duties of the Civic Federation. Miss Stoddard, who presided, had more to say about provision for children playgrounds. Mrs. Washburn desired to make early plans for Arbor Day; Mrs. Rodman seconded Maj. Jones in the hope that a band of congenial people could be organized between Griffith and Elysian parks.

The party then adjourned to make the ascent of Bee Rock, the massive wall of granite which rises like a sentinel at the head of the cañon and commands a noble view of the sur-

MAY NOT RECOVER.

Henry Prohl Supposed to be Dying at the County Hospital from Injuries.

Henry Prohl, whose home is at No. 827 Maple avenue, is lying at the point of death at the County Hospital as the result of injuries sustained by a fall on the night of the 7th inst. Prohl is the most about the city, and a medical report was published to the effect that he had been set upon by two robbers, beaten into insensibility and left for dead. Investigation by the police has established the fact that his injuries were the result of an accident. While passing along the narrow street adjoining a saloon at Griffith and San Vicente streets he stumbled and fell violently to the ground, striking on his head. He was given assistance immediately and was removed to the Receiving Hospital where his injuries did not appear to be very serious. As he did not regain consciousness, he was taken to the County Hospital, and yesterday his condition became so much worse that it was announced that the chances are decidedly against his recovery. He is 61 years of age and has a family.

CONTRACTOR'S LIABILITIES.

A petition for bankruptcy was filed in the United States District Court yesterday on behalf of A. C. Glidden, a building contractor of Pasadena, who has liabilities amounting to \$332,300, and assets amounting to \$270.

Write D. G. Doubleday, Rialto Building, San Francisco, for market value, showing actual price in all localities, and General Agent. Ask him about properties; he knows them all from personal inspection. Get the actual prices in these stocks—free.

Who would like to play the piano? The Times will take them. Fireman Sunday, Nov. 26. Free to all submitters.

Piano Lessons Free to Times Subscribers.

Great piano lessons will be given free at pianos under the great oaks of the old ostrich farm and lunched at trees with a delicious view over the park and the city. Then they took up the more serious discussion of the duties of the Civic Federation. Miss Stoddard, who presided, had more to say about provision for children playgrounds. Mrs. Washburn desired to make early plans for Arbor Day; Mrs. Rodman seconded Maj. Jones in the hope that a band of congenial people could be organized between Griffith and Elysian parks.

The party then adjourned to make the ascent of Bee Rock, the massive wall of granite which rises like a sentinel at the head of the cañon and commands a noble view of the sur-

rounding country. Superintendent Le Grande pointed out the numerous trees, of which twenty species have been built. These have been well planned, and not only serve to make every part of the park easily accessible, but also afford a check, but are broad enough to form a barrier against the spread of forest fires.

On the homeward trip the party drove through Griffith Park, where there noted the young and flourishing forests, the profusion of flowers on the terraced slopes, and the emerald lawns, the maple trees, and the sun was dipping its lower rim in the Pacific Ocean, beneath a cloud bank decked with hues of green and gold.

**PRICE OF LOTS FROM \$600 TO \$2400
SIZE OF LOTS FROM 50x125 TO 75x130 FEET**

Most Liberal Terms and Choicest Lots to those who will build at once.

All streets are 60 ft. wide, 5-ft. cement walks and curbs, 3-ft. cement gutters.

For unlimited choice of lots investigate Country Club Heights today.

**The Most Desirable and Attractive Residence Property in the Best Section of Los Angeles
Designed for the Discriminating Person.**



No Stores or Business Houses
of any kind can be built in Country Club Heights and average house must cost at least \$2000. In noise or dirt from street cars, yet within walking distance from heart of the city.

Why Country Club Heights Will Make You an Ideal Home

Because Country Club Heights is located in the heart of the most select residence section of Los Angeles. It adjoins Country Club grounds on the north and hundreds of the finest homes in the city are located in the vicinity of the Heights. The magnificence of the entire mountain range from Santa Monica to Baldy presents an awe-inspiring sight. The high elevation enables one to look for miles in every direction, cooling breezes in summer and the evergreen woods in winter keep the temperature uniformly delightful. The building restrictions, and the quality of improvements already made. Besides within easy distance of the street car lines, and not on them, thus avoiding the noise and dirt, and the class of people who should live here.

Los Angeles is getting to be a city, the gradual spread of solid, substantial business buildings on Broadway and Spring streets, the steady expansion of business on cross streets, the growth of such business structures as the famous W. H. Helman building, the Beverly Block, the Huntington Building, the Angeleno Hotel, the Landis building, the G. O. Johnson building, the Grant building, and many other splendid business houses which have been erected here during the past four years, speaks of the rapid increase in the productive area of the city, which is brought about by the increasing number of permanent systems, that are being developed, from both reservoirs, and artesian wells, may be named as among the causes which have helped to make Los Angeles less dependent formerly upon the same spent water system, and the members of the associations which hold their sessions in this city. But the tourist, like friends, are always welcome, and the city, now, as formerly, not only bids them welcome, but would be an enviable reputation for hospitality which it should sustain.

At the same time, the sums spent by tourists, and these persons of means who elect to remain in this country a portion of the year, helps to make easier the scheme of development in which the progressive citizens of Southern California are engaged.

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Los Angeles Sunday Times

Part V-16 Pages

SECOND LINER SHEET.

PRICE 5 CENTS

"HOUSE AND LOT"—The Times' Weekly Review of Real Estate and Building.**FACT AND COMMENT.**

The advantages of this city as a business and pleasure resort are well known, but they are now supported by so many others that it is difficult to discern the gradual improvement of the city by the vibration of the soil, and the number of thousands of acres of land available for development. It is a question to raise almost any kind of fruit known to temperate climates, and grain, and vegetables almost without limit, under the conditions of the winter trade, which brings thousands of dollars to the city. For Southern California, and New Mexico, the growth of mining and other industries in sections which adds to the commercial capacity of those regions, and when these new to the city, but still growing at a rate sufficient to give evidence of importance; and the increase in the productive area due to the increasing number of irrigation systems, that are being developed from both agricultural and water power, may be named as the features which have helped Los Angeles less dependent formerly upon the sun-spent summer, health and pleasure seekers, and the members of the many organizations which hold their sessions here, and the like.

Business is always welcome, but would be home patrons that this city has an enviable reputation for hospitals, which are numerous, and the same spent time and money, and persons who elect to live in this country a portion of their life, to make easier the process of development, in which so many progressive citizens of California are engaged.

Hotel Heights
an Ideal Home

is located in the very best section of Los Angeles on the north, and where the city is located are the magnificence view of Santa Monica to the inspiring sight. The high and low temperatures uniform and ready-made. Because the street car line, and yet the noise of the city is not heard here, as we want to associate.

Hotel Pepper

is getting to be a city, and spread of solid, substantial buildings on cross streets, the steady expansion of gas, business structures, the W. H. Holloman building, the Block, the Huntington Hotel building, the O. T. Johnson, the Grant building, and the like. Buildings that have been erected here for four years, speaks of which is beginning to assume proportions.

Disturbed.
and the steady and continuous that is being made in the city, and, also, as an example of the very slight influence of the late Presidential election on real estate business, it may be mentioned that the leading abstract company received more new work during the week preceding the election than had been received during any similar period the company had business. It also received more work the day before the election than it had ever received in any one day during the history of the company. People buy, sell, subscribe, and have to get hold of some money that is still to be had, rather to bother with Presidential possibilities one way or the other, and much to the surprise of individuals in the instance for an event under ordinary circumstances, the disturbing factor in business.

We Neg Gates.
which must contribute to the value of this city are too well founded, for advance to be disturbed by real estate promoters, to start a few wild-cat and schemes, but if such speculators are numerous in business, and at all events, they are to the welfare of persons in most cases can ill afford the loss which they almost stand on some one. For the Times not only contains such schemes as are of most common occurrence, but conditions which are past experience, and could study of the present are dangerous. Of this are the numerous pretended purchases by speculators, subdividers, and proprietors for whom no place on record. The title remains with the original owner, until all provided for in the agreement, if he so permitted to go to the possession under such a contract, is practically a guarantee. His agreement, and the other party to the contract, are sufficiently liable to him to mislead the pretended and oftentimes consideration under such a contract, as is the case with the corporation, and the action of superintendents, which are unique, and find other prominent too much of the time. They are well as a rule beautiful pieces of architectural work, and sketches and descriptions of them all have appeared in the Times at the time of their construction. The Hotel Pepper is the last to be built by this company, and it is one of the finest that it ever put up. In its erection F. A. Barr, then the active president of the corporation, and the architect, superintended the work, and the actual supervision for the completion of the building, did the last work to be permitted to him to do during his life, for, as is known, he died in 1884. The hotel is in San Francisco, and the prospects of his ever being well and hearty again are dire indeed. Owing to the ill health of Mr. Barr, the corporation decided to seek legitimate means of support, and a few cases, he has explained, where "the house" involving the company, was closed, in the early part of

1884-85.

**A MONG OWNERS
AND DEALERS.**

MARKET MAINTAINS NORMAL ACTIVITY—OUTLOOK GOOD.

All Sales Noted, Are at an Advance on Prior Quotations, and the Number of Transactions in All Classes of Real Estate Up to the Usual Average.

Sales during the past week were uniformly up to the standard of activity that was established early in the season. The prices, moreover, are uniformly at an advance on prior quotations, and there is an absence of any attempt to force sales, or to force prices to an unduly high figure. Owners, when approached, put prices on properties which are fairly reasonable, and state frankly to agents that they do not consider themselves compelled to reduce the price of a property, and induced to do so by the offer of a sum that they would consider a pretty stiff price for the property. There is, moreover, a limited number of speculative buyers in the market, and they, having secured some good properties, can frequently be induced to sell at a reasonably small advance, because they, in many cases, looking for other purchases, or have other purchases in view, and feel like cashing in some of their bargains before loading up to a point that might cause their holdings to become burdensome. On the whole the market is all that could be desired, and the outlook for a continuation of this activity.

Desirable Apartments.
which must contribute to the value of this city are too well founded, for advance to be disturbed by real estate promoters, to start a few wild-cat and schemes, but if such speculators are numerous in business, and at all events, they are to the welfare of persons in most cases can ill afford the loss which they almost stand on some one. For

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1884-85.

George E. Hart has purchased of the

Barr Realty Company, through the

agency of W. A. Roberts, the hand-

some five-story and basement hotel

building known as Hotel Pepper,

with the ground floor occupied by

a restaurant, and the top floor by

the hotel, situated on the northwest

corner of Jefferson and Main streets,

in the heart of the business district.

The hotel is to be completed in

the fall of 1884-85, to be kept in

keeping with the latest style of

hotels in the city, and will be

equipped with every convenience

and comfort.

Robert Marsh & Co. and Strong &

Dickinson have bought of Charles A.

Holloman, the large brick build-

ing on the northwest corner of

Jefferson and Main streets,

which is to be used for a

large hotel.

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Liners. REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE— HOUSES.

GULACH STATE REALTY COMPANY,
101 S. Spring St.,
THE LAPORTE STATE REALTY FIRM IN
LOS ANGELES.

\$125-Lot on 3rd and Central, \$1000.

\$200-Lot on W. 10th st., 2-story, new Party

tree at Water on the Long Beach line, the

new town. Call at office for free transpor-

tation and lots for lots in the Kester area

on Mission ave. and other services.

ACREAGE.

In the El Sereno tract on Long Beach

line, 100x100, 100x120, 100x140, 100x160,

Quartermile, 100x180, half acre, 100x200,

50x100, 50x120, 50x140, 50x160, 50x180,

50x200, 50x220, 50x240, 50x260, 50x280,

50x300, 50x320, 50x340, 50x360, 50x380,

50x400 cash, balance easy for a 4-room

cottage or an apartment. 50x300, 50x320,

50x340, 50x360, 50x380, 50x400, 50x420,

50x440, 50x460, 50x480, 50x500, 50x520,

50x540, 50x560, 50x580, 50x600, 50x620,

50x640, 50x660, 50x680, 50x700, 50x720,

50x740, 50x760, 50x780, 50x800, 50x820,

50x840, 50x860, 50x880, 50x900, 50x920,

50x940, 50x960, 50x980, 50x1000, 50x1020,

50x1040, 50x1060, 50x1080, 50x1100,

50x1120, 50x1140, 50x1160, 50x1180,

50x1200, 50x1220, 50x1240, 50x1260,

50x1280, 50x1300, 50x1320, 50x1340,

50x1360, 50x1380, 50x1400, 50x1420,

50x1440, 50x1460, 50x1480, 50x1500,

50x1520, 50x1540, 50x1560, 50x1580,

50x1600, 50x1620, 50x1640, 50x1660,

50x1680, 50x1700, 50x1720, 50x1740,

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50x1840, 50x1860, 50x1880, 50x1900,

50x1920, 50x1940, 50x1960, 50x1980,

50x2000, 50x2020, 50x2040, 50x2060,

50x2080, 50x2100, 50x2120, 50x2140,

50x2160, 50x2180, 50x2200, 50x2220,

50x2240, 50x2260, 50x2280, 50x2300,

50x2320, 50x2340, 50x2360, 50x2380,

50x2400, 50x2420, 50x2440, 50x2460,

50x2480, 50x2500, 50x2520, 50x2540,

50x2560, 50x2580, 50x2600, 50x2620,

50x2640, 50x2660, 50x2680, 50x2700,

50x2720, 50x2740, 50x2760, 50x2780,

50x2800, 50x2820, 50x2840, 50x2860,

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50x10

Liners.**REAL ESTATE****FOR SALE—**
City Lots and Lands.**FOR SALE—**
City Lots and Lands.**FOR SALE—**
Below is a copy of our last
week's advertisement.

Twenty-four lots, each 50x100 feet, located between 1st and 2nd streets, and extending the Elmyra heights tract on the west.

We have a written contract for the sale of this recently located tract of lots, and will sell at the same as the present residents, and the cost of survey improvement.

To those connected with Elmyra Heights we want to assure you that what we are doing is to make the property available for sale at the lowest possible price.

Of the twenty-four lots, there are two east-front lots of 50x100 ft. east-fronts on 1st street; four front lots of 50x100 ft. east-fronts on 2nd street; four front lots of 50x100 ft. east-fronts on 3rd street; and twelve rear lots of 50x100 ft. east-fronts on 4th street.

Several of the above lots are perfect lots.

Several of them are level and fully graded, and are suitable for which building property is selling.

WALTER E. BROWN,
51 Broadway, Bldg.
Phone 2121.

FOR SALE—
Lots within 12 minutes' walk of Third and Hill Streets, near 1st Street.

100x100 ft. lot, near Vermont.

100x100 ft. lot, near Vermont.

100x100 ft. lot, one block of S. P.

100x100 ft. lot, one block of W. 10th st.

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FOR SALE—Business Property
REAL ESTATE**FOR SALE—**
Business Property

FOR SALE

S. J. WHITE & CO.
REAL ESTATE AND FINANCIAL AGENTS
WITH THE PACIFIC ELECTRIC BLDG.HILL STREET
HILL STREET

NOT ON HILL, BUT IN THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF LOS ANGELES, IT IS LOCATED IN A NEIGHBORHOOD OF HIGH CLASS, WITH IMPROVEMENTS PAYING FAIR INTEREST ON THE INVESTMENT.

BROADWAY

HAMMEL'S BIG GAME.

Home Today With Dare-devil
Juan Puebla.

Cold-blooded Murderer of Six
Years Ago.

Persistent Work of Chief and
Detective.

Today Chief of Police W. A. Hammel and Detective F. J. Talamantes will arrive in the city with the fruits of a six years' hunt, having bagged one of the most desperate criminals on the Coast.

Six years ago a heartless and cold-blooded murderer was committed at Santa Monica. Called by Juan Puebla, a well-known Mexican desperado, and for six years he has been relentlessly pursued by the two men who are now marching him to the gallows.

On the night of August 13, 1900, while a dance was in progress in a dance hall on Main Street, Puebla entered the place and shot on the floor his favorite among the women dancing with a man named Marquez. Without warning, and without the passage of a word between the parties, Puebla drew his revolver and deliberately shot Marquez dead while still in the embrace of the woman whom he had loved. Puebla then escaped into the darkness, and all efforts to locate him were fruitless.

At the time the deed was committed John Burr was Sheriff of Los Angeles county and W. A. Hammel was elected to the office a few months later. Hammel at once took a deep interest in the case and determined to bring the murderer to justice if it took a lifetime. He enlisted with him Detective Talamantes, of the city police force, who is a Mexican by birth and a shrewd and courageous officer.

An extensive correspondence was begun by Sheriff Hammel looking to the authorities of Mexico for help. It was not heard of under arrest and conviction for some lesser crime at Ensenada, Mex., where he was going under the name of Antonio Martinez, in 1902.

Upon receipt of this information Hammel at once began a ringing search by mail and wire with the authorities of this State, the State Department at Washington, and the international authorities of Mexico, all objecting to the extradition of Puebla upon the expiration of his sentence in 1904, but before any conclusion could be reached the Mexican had served his time and had been released.

Nothing daunted, Sheriff Hammel continued the fight only to learn that as the crime had been committed prior to the adoption of the new extradition treaty of February 24, 1890, there was doubt as to the right of the United States to return the murderer to this country, although he was apprehended as the owner of a saloon at Juarez, Mex., still under the name of Antonio Martinez.

Some men might have given up the fight, but Hammel was not made of that stuff.

"Not sir," he said; "I'll land him if it takes me a lifetime."

He kept up correspondence and sent messages to the Mexican government as a result of certain information secured, but still the desperado kept well below the line between this country and Mexico, and it seemed impossible to pick him up. Puebla's taste of American life was, however, soon to prove his undoing.

When Mr. Hammel became Chief of Police of this city he had behind him a record of just such a capture as he was now burning to make. His capture and conviction of Paul Morino, alias Pug, the notorious killer for hire, and of Deputy Sheriff Wilson, is identical with the case now in hand and his new position at the head of the police department only served to sharpen his appetite.

He ironically said in one of his letters recently written to describe Puebla: "He usually wears a coat around his neck, but a rope would fit him better."

There was no reward whatever for the capture of Puebla, but the motive behind the search for him was the love of doing a good job, and they were ready to part with some of their own cash if that would aid in his capture.

Recently one of the correspondents whom Chief Hammel has kept in close touch notified him that Puebla, with the news of a dare-devil in the South, that Hammel and Talamantes had forgotten all about the murder of the obscure Mexican at Santa Monica, had been crossing the mountains into the United States in the neighborhood of Campo, the last settlement between San Diego county and the desert, for the purpose of settling his affairs.

The place is fifty-five miles east of San Diego and is connected only by a telephone line. For a week or two the line between Los Angeles and San Diego has been hot with telegrams in two languages and the telephone line to Campo has carried important messages. These messages may all have been concerning the movements of the murderer or someone else, but it may also be that they were for the purpose of securing his release. Puebla's instant friend at Campo for an invoice of horses which he was to bring over the line, at the proper moment.

If the story is true, two countries would be dim or uncertain, or was mysteriously moved a bit just to suit circumstances. It would not be strange, however, for the two countries to story just to come in that of Chief Hammel and Detective Talamantes, who left for the South on Tuesday, on a "vacation trip." Yesterday afternoon the Chief informed the City Council that Detectives Madrid that they had their man at San Diego, after a hard trip, and would be home today.

Chief Hammel said yesterday: "This is the most important catch made in many a day, as Puebla is one of the old-time Mexican desperados."

THROUGH FROM CAR.

James Stanford, aged 54, whose home is on the Bryson Villa tract near the city, was seriously injured while attempting to cross the tracks of the Santa Fe-Ninth-street line of the Pacific Electric Railway at Ninth and Main streets last evening. He tried to cross the tracks in the middle, ran around a curve, and was thrown violently to the street, striking on his head. He was unconscious when assistance reached him, and was taken to the Receiving Hospital was found to be suffering from concussion of the brain. Later he was removed to his home.

The Rev. Takemoto Ichimura, 35 years old, of Kochi, Japan, is dead at New York from consumption.



The Last Call

Visit San Pedro today and see for yourself what magnificent prospects lie before one of the greatest harbor cities on the Pacific Coast. There are only a few lots at San Pedro available for harbor purposes and when these are gone there are no more. Buy now and get the benefit of the

25% Increase in Value

The first increase of ten per cent. will take effect Tuesday, November 15, 1904, just as predicted. The present value of the lots in San Pedro Harbor, just as Vice-President Corral of Mexico says, is small to what it will become in a very few years. If you could fully appreciate what a thriving, bustling harbor city San Pedro is you would not hesitate.

Big money will surely be made by those who invest at San Pedro now.

No Lots Sold on Installments After November 14, 1904

Secretary Shaw Says:

Buy every foot of San Pedro harbor front, no matter what the price. The near future will see the few dollars invested grow into a fortune.

Vice-Pres. Corral says:

You can make no mistake in buying either harbor or beach property on the Pacific Coast. The prices now are insignificant to what they will become.

tion capital that is being spent there, the shipbuilding interests which have just been located there, the lumber companies which handle more lumber than any harbor on the Pacific Coast, and have you thought of

THE PANAMA SHIP CANAL

on which President Roosevelt has centered his hopes? His election Tuesday insures an early completion of the canal. All government work will go forward with renewed energy.

Prices must advance and if you buy in Nevill's Tract, San Pedro, before Tuesday, Nov. 15, you get the benefit of first 10 per cent. Advance.

Lots \$850 and Up; \$10 Down, \$25 Month ONLY TODAY AND TOMORROW

For every \$100 you invest before November 15, nets you 10 per cent on price of lot which means from \$85 to \$180—CAN YOU DO BETTER?

Take the electric car at Sixth and Main Streets, the Salt Lake or Southern Pacific steam lines.

Select Your Lot Today—Pay For It Monday

T. B. TOWNSEND, San Pedro Agent
Beacon Street, Near Fifth

Long Beach Office 129 E. Ocean Ave.

OFFICES OPEN SUNDAY

HENRY P. BARBOUR CO.

Fifth Floor Johnson Building
Member Los Angeles Realty Board

Fourth and Broadway, Los Angeles.

APPEAL TO MEN.

Men who suffer from Waste of Strength, Nervous Debility, Varicose, Early Decay, Rheumatism, Weak Back, Stomach and Kidney Trouble, I WILL CURE YOU.

No man should be weak; no man should suffer the loss of vital element which renders life worth living. No man should allow himself to become less a man than nature intended him; no man should suffer for the sins of his youth; when there is at hand a certain cure for the waste of strength due to the loss of strength.

Most of the pains and aches of the waste of stomach, heart, brain and nerves, from which men suffer, are due to early loss of nature's reserve power through mistakes of youth. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may as happy as any man that lives.

My Electric Belt, with special Electric Suspensory, will restore your strength. It will check all drains and give back the old vigor of youth.

I have cured thousands of men who have squandered the savings of years in useless doctoring. I can cure you and I will let you pay me after I have done the work, providing you will secure me.

My Belt is easy to use; put it on when you go to bed; you feel the strong heat from it (no other belt is as old-style belts) and you feel the strong tension of the belt flowing into them. You get up in the morning feeling like a two-year-old.

G. T. King, Free o. Cal. writes—I used your belt for two weeks and am glad to tell you that it cured me of my back, kidney and bladder trouble. I am now sound and strong again. Your belt is more valuable to me than it ever was.

Every man who uses my belt gets the advice and counsel of a physician free. I give you all that any medical man can tell you, and it is free.

Try my belt, write me today for my beautifully illustrated book with cuts showing how my belt is applied, and lots of good reading for men who want to be "The Noblest Work of God," A MAN. Inclose this ad. and I will send you this book, sealed. Call for free consultation.

Dr. M. B. McLaughlin, 129 S. Spring St., Los Angeles
OFFICE HOURS—8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sundays 10 to 1. Not Sold in Drug Stores.

F—DECKER & ADAM'S—T FIGUEROA STREET TRAC

WHERE ARE THE BEST VALUES IN REAL ESTATE?

All agree that FIGUEROA STREET leads all others. It is then only a question of location and advantages on that street. GO OUT AND SEE.

WE HAVE THE SIZE Lots 50x168 ft. Nearly one-fourth of an acre.

WE HAVE THE IMPROVEMENTS Streets graded and oiled, cement curbs and sidewalks.

WE HAVE THE WATER Better than city water at city rates on each lot. THIS IS AN IMPORTANT POINT.

WE HAVE THE LOCATION West side Figueroa St. Only out to 40th. Lots perfectly level and front of soil.

WE HAVE THE TREES About 50 tall, graceful trees on the rear of each lot.

WE HAVE THE TERMS Price only \$600 for these large lots; one-third down, balance easy terms.

WHAT OTHER ADVANTAGES DO YOU WANT?

GO OUT TODAY. Take Redondo-Gardena cars to Baxter Street. Free tickets at our office, 702 South Spring Street. Phone Home 7000.

INVESTORS AND HOMEHOLDERS

Call and see ARTHUR W. LEAVEN

FOR REAL ESTATE BORROWING
AND INCOME PROPERTY

Home Phone 8392

21-28 Pacific Electric
Building, 8th and Main.

Moderne-Turlock

Bridgeton District, Stanislaus Co., Calif.

Land 50x100 to 100x100 on c. 80 feet or more front on Modne-Turlock River.

Land over the water. Water tax 10c per month.

Small ranches, 10c per month.

COTTAGE AND ONE

\$1250.00

\$200 Down. \$50 per

GRAVES & FOUNDATION

HOME 100.

The Society Sheet.

MUSIC AND THE PLAYHOUSE

XXIIIrd YEAR.

The

CASINO THEATER—

Special

FOUR NIGHTS ONLY, WITH ME

COMMENCING T

ARTHUR G. ALSTON AND Z

JANE CO

SUPPORTED BY ANDREW DAVIS

SCENICALLY BY FRANCIS AYER

PRICES: \$1.00, \$1.25 AND \$1.50.

VENUE: 128, 2nd and Main Sts.

TIME: 8 P.M. TUESDAY

66 Pretty

THE GREATEST DRAMA

LOUIS DUARTE OF THE VALES AND ROBERT

THE ORIGINAL POND

COMEDY IN FEVER DREAMS OF LOVE

LAST TWO PERFORMANCES

OLYMPIA COMEDY

PRESENTING A MARVEL

66 SAID

WITH MISS LOTTIE KENDALL

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 16TH, 8 P.M.

THURSDAY, NOV. 17TH, 8 P.M.

FRIDAY, NOV. 18TH, 8 P.M.

SATURDAY, NOV. 19TH, 8 P.M.

SUNDAY, NOV. 20TH, 8 P.M.

MONDAY, NOV. 21ST, 8 P.M.

TUESDAY, NOV. 22ND, 8 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 23RD, 8 P.M.

FRIDAY, NOV. 25TH, 8 P.M.

SATURDAY, NOV. 26TH, 8 P.M.

SUNDAY, NOV. 27TH, 8 P.M.

MONDAY, NOV. 28TH, 8 P.M.

TUESDAY, NOV. 29TH, 8 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30TH, 8 P.M.

THURSDAY, NOV. 31ST, 8 P.M.

FRIDAY, DEC. 1ST, 8 P.M.

SATURDAY, DEC. 2ND, 8 P.M.

Music—Art and Artists—Personal News—Pointed Paragraphs.

her concert. The numbers of Miss Rogers, Mr. Opell and Mr. Krause were doubtless the features of that evening. When those artists amateur their auditors may be sure of hearing genuine music.

Symphony Orchestra.

Harley Hamilton and his band of musicians are now rehearsing the series of compositions to be rendered at the Mason Operahouse Thursday evening, December 1.

Mary Schenck has written a new great novel, and it will receive its first public reading on this occasion.

The Symphony will be Haydn's Ninth, in D minor. Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" will also be given. Miss Lydia Green will be the soloist.

Cabinet Recital.

Wednesday evening, November 22, Clarence Cohen will give his grand recital at Tolson Auditorium. Mr. W. is the young girl's first public appearance since her return from Berlin, where she spent last season studying under the tutelage of the great German masters.

Miss Cohen will be assisted by Miss Clara Lott, who is programmed for four other numbers. Miss Sophie Rogers will be the accompanist.

Apollo Club.

The Apollo Club, under the direction of Harry Barnard, has decided upon "Creation" as its second scenario. The membership of the organization has now passed the 500 mark.

Wade Concert.

Miss Rita Green, daughter of Dr. Mary J. Green, will give a recital December 6, at Harry Barnard's studio. It is said that Miss Green is a talented young woman. She has been studying in the East for some time, and this is the first chance her friends have been given to hear the greater development of her voice.

Music Compositions.

Marcus Miller has composed another song entitled "The Warbler," which will be arranged as an anthem for choir use. He has also composed a ballad for Carl Hayda, the Olympian tenor, entitled "Twilight Hours." It will be introduced in New Orleans.

Metropolitan Opera.

The Metropolitan Opera Company has issued the prospectus for the coming season in New York.

Most of the singers are well known, but there are a few new ones. None, however, among these is Francisco Maito, a tenor, from Paris, whom Mr. Conrad heard when he was abroad this summer. Eugenio Giraldoni has already been announced as the new bass.

The season will open November 21 with "Aida." "Gianni" will be the first quasi novelty. "Rigoletto" and "La Tosca" will probably be received. The most notable of other revivals will be "Puritani," "Martha" and "Der Freischütz."

"Der Freischütz" will be given for the first time in New York. Barro Casini may sing "The Glazier." The Wagner operas in the repertory, besides "Puritani," are "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Lohengrin," "Der Meistersinger," "Tannhäuser," "Tristan und Isolde" and "The Ring."

Special performances of "Puritani," besides the regular subscription performances, will be given during the season. The dress will be Friday, November 24 (Thanksgiving Day).

The usual Sunday evening concerts of popular prices will again be given, with the company and orchestra accompanying. Fraulein Froehlich and Signor Vassalli, the two prominent danseuses, who were here last summer, will be here again. Louis Alberth, who will have supervision of the ball.

The orchestra will be under the direction of Arturo Vigna, Alfred Hertz and Nathan Frisch. Pietro Nepoli will have charge of the chorus.

Germany and Austria.

The important role played by music in Germany and Austria is illustrated by the fact that Vienna is better known to the world at large through the great composers, who dwell there—Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, Brahms, Strauss, and others—than through the achievements of great men in other fields, while the neighboring Salzburg is as inseparably associated with the name of Mozart as Bayreuth is with that of Wagner.

Every summer Salzburg has its festival devoted chiefly to the music of Wagner, and the world has marveled at—there. Lilli Lehmann, who adores the Mozart opera, and sings it well as the does Wagner's, is always the bright particular star of those performances. This year further brilliance was given to the festival by the cooperation of Fausto Leoni, Mark Hambourg and M. Thibault. Mr. Maito, who has accepted the invitation to conduct the sonatas of the Philharmonic Society of Vienna, directed this famous orchestra on this occasion for the first time. There had been little time for rehearsing, but a great man still could do more with one or two rehearsals than an ordinary conductor can with ten, so the enthusiasm of the audience, as well as that of his players, to a high pitch by his interpretation of Bruckner's "Romantic Symphony" and other works. It is well known that Mr. Maito, after the commercial severance of his wife, who bore him six children, has more than his composition. It was a very well understood, therefore, when he spoke of the untried, ugly, hideous aspects of some of our contemporary music, and it was significant that this rally was greeted with "stormy applause." But when Maito accepted the invitation of the Society of all amateurs, he indulged in a more festive mood, and created many beautiful melodies, but he was not a bit of a reformer.

Music Critics.

If a census were taken to ascertain the ambitions of the women of the United States it is safe to predict that the result would show that the top half of a large majority of Uncle Sam's feminine subjects, if they could

have their chosen desire, would be to win the fame and riches which come to the successful opera singer. Certainly no other field of artistic endeavor has anything like so potent a fascination. That a girl, unless she be wealthy, must suffer endless privations and disappointments ere she can attain a position of prominence and popularity in the field, does not in the least deter the young woman under the spell of such a career.

Undoubtedly the growing enthusiasm of the women of the republic for an operatic career is due in part to what might be termed the "American spirit" of the grand opera stage. Until a comparatively short time ago it was almost unheard of for an amateur-born singer to attain a position of first eminence in grand opera, but of late years quite a number of Yankee women have gained this distinction. Indeed, two of the "four great sopranoes" of the stage claim allegiance to the State of Connecticut.

Another of the all-pervading lure of opera, is found in the almost fabulous salaries paid to the successful singers of the present day. Even in this era of rich rewards for skilled feminine workers, payments ranging from \$1250 to \$2500 a night constitute the average of prima donnas. Moreover, there is no secret about the things in future, since for more than a third of a century the trend of operatic salaries has been steadily and constantly upward.

Years ago Farinelli is said to have enjoyed an annual income of \$20,000 as a result of his art. His salary ran up to \$100,000 in a single season. Malibran was paid \$85,000 for eighty-five performances, and for the ninety-five concerts which Jenny Lind gave under the management of F. T. Barnum she was paid the sum of \$200,000. Next came Rubin, who on one occasion was offered \$100,000 a year, yet stands preeminent as an example of the wealth-winning power of song. Early in her career the famous singer made a contract for a series of concerts at a rate of \$4000 each, but later her invariably was \$5000 per concert, paid in advance. When she died, it was learned that the artist had cost the theater owner a fortune that cost \$85,000, and some idea of her lavish expenditure may be gained from the fact that one season she was in the third set of "La Traviata" a glove decked with diamonds at a cost of half a million dollars.

While it is only within recent years that American singers have won recognition as prima donnas, the art of singing abroad, even the earlier operatic stars of the republic won fame and fortune—usually, however, after a period of privations and hardships. Prominent among the pioneers who was success in the face of adverse circumstances was Clara Louise Kellogg, Minnie Hause, Adelina Patti, etc. etc.

"The Star" will be given at the Savoy on November 21 with "Aida." "Gianni" will be the first quasi novelty. "Rigoletto" and "La Tosca" will probably be received. The most notable of other revivals will be "Puritani," "Martha" and "Der Freischütz."

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The orchestra will be under the direction of Arturo Vigna, Alfred Hertz and Nathan Frisch. Pietro Nepoli will have charge of the chorus.

EDWARD VANCE COOKE.

Another event in the Imperial course of entertainments will be given at Simon Auditorium Thursday evening. Edward Vance Cooke, the well-known poet and author who appears in readings from his own works. He will be assisted by instrumental and vocal music, given by local artists.

Cooke has lectured here before, and his works abound with dashes of wit and merriment, touched with scenes of tender pathos.

He is a good entertainer.

EDWARD TYNDALL.

Dr. Alexander J. Melvin-Tyndall is lecturing upon the philosophy of living, and his talks maintain their popularity. This afternoon at Blenheim Hall he will speak again.

"They tell me," continued the contractor, "there is a bar about every half mile."

"A bar."

"Every half mile."

"Every half mile."

"How long does it take a canoe to travel a half a mile?"

"About ten minutes."

"I might need to arrange to go."

"Tell me a rest. Tell the boys to hold the place for me. I'll be with them if I don't break a leg!"—[Kan-

ville City Journal.]

You don't know the real pleasure of life until you have seen it.

—Peter St. Gaudens.

Fat Folks.

I reduced my weight 10 pounds, best I can, and I feel much better. In a short time I can increase my weight without getting fat. I will tell you how I did it.

S. C. McFADDEN, on Wall st., Los Angeles.

Plane Lessons Free to Times Subscribers.

Comming Sunday, Nov. 18, The Times offers plane lessons free to its subscribers. For those who can learn in five weeks.

Who would like to learn to fly the plane? The Times will teach them. First lesson, Nov. 18. Free to all sub-

Art and Artists. M. A. B.

Art's Limitations.

HOW often the painter looks mournfully upon his faithful color box and confesses, however reluctantly, that there are scenes in nature that can never be painted. So says an art critic, and continues:

"The densely wooded hills on the eastern slopes of the creek after sunset on that memorable evening in the full flame of pure golden light reflected from a cloudless sky of soft and burnished copper took on a gilded radiance of rich vermilion and orange, tempered by that myriad of intervening trees that antedate the whole, the whole being saved from any hint of crudeness by an insatiable atmospheric veil of translucent gray.

The western bank of the creek was dark, very dark. A blue violet richness of rainbow siste, rich as the "purple" of a peacock's breast in shadow, was the only color that could be discerned against brilliant sky. Crimson oaks and gray maples in this lowly lay snarled like coils of fire upon a darkened earth. The soft, kid-like surface of a beech tree here and there, tender in color and graceful as a gloved hand, offered a sheltering greenness out of the mysterious shade. The tall trees repaid the wealth of color above them. Along the banks, gray rocks and dull green moss, worn to almost colorless tones, made a pleasing dividing line between the fire and the reflection. In infinite variety of composition and line the woods were a till of many colors, a wafer of polished silver, and gathering shadows of night enveloped the over-beautiful valley.

"What is the use of wasting time over such effects if they cannot be painted?" is often asked, but never by the true nature lover. The latter knows that his art serves him never by his eyes to a degree, however intelligent his appreciation of the beauty of nature. He knows, furthermore, that visions like this are glimpses of the "promised land." The wavy and wool, out of which are woven in the inclusion of the studio, the scene and the object, are the opportunity of comparison with those of the first exhibit, which occurred last spring, when Whistler's earlier methods were displayed, including the etchings made in Venice. Whistler left something like four hundred plates representing the different aspects of his career, and were great as Venetian changes in manner as time moves along. The qualities of line and tone are shown to splendid advantage in this magnificent exhibit.

"The more sitting down before me and painting what I see is a natural method," such pictures as these, it is often said, are the result of a natural instinct. It is rather the hint from nature, received on some unusual day as that described, which the painter, with a fine fancy and delicate color sense, enlarges upon, with other intent than simply to make the picture beautiful. That is the highest mission of the landscape painter."

JAMES HENRY MOSEY of the Washington Post, who gives us the foregoing glimpse of nature in the language of a poet, is a picture maker, and I am quite sure he uses color as well as white to make his picture more effective because he is not so fully satisfied with his own work.

The above is too exquisite to be passed by.

New York Water Color Club.

The first exhibition in the Fine Arts Building in New York is the annual show of the Water Color Club, its fifteenth exhibit. The catalogue lists over four hundred pictures, water colors, gouaches, pastels, and charcoal drawings, of the latest events in the art world. After commenting upon several special contributions, the Tribune's writer says:

"We leave the collection in a mildly appreciative mood. It might have been a good deal worse. It might have been a good deal better. Like more than one of its predecessors this show is an affair of more or less engaging 'bits,' with here and there a picture rising slightly, but only very slightly, above a hundred level.

James Henry Mosey is represented in the New York water color exhibit with a drawing of a landscape of a poet, a picture maker, and I am quite sure he uses color as well as white to make his picture more effective because he is not so fully satisfied with his own work.

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J. Frank Currier Returns.

J. Frank Currier returns to Boston after a long stay of many years in Bavaria to display a collection of water colors and bold pastels, not so virile as his work of old time, we are informed, but combining rather the sober tones of the great masters of added years, perhaps, when all things "tong down" for us; or it may be the influence of the Munich School, with its charming way of seeing things." Some of us remember Currier's color as used to us in his day, and his dazzling technique which might well go for current impressionism. He was delighted work there, I suppose there is another "epoch" now.

Reservoir and His Work.

A recent issue of the Studio contains a number of sketches by Paul Reservoir, who is one of the ablest and most original illustrators in the world. The results are really good, and contemporary.

Carrie Duran. The exhibition took place with much ceremony. This is the first time that Reservoir has exhibited in the art world, and he is more than well received. A member of this club, G. H. Hallwell, has been awarded the \$200 prize offered by William H. Real.

The prize picture represents log drivers on the Wisconsin.

Opening of the Autumn Series.

On the 14th of October an important art event, the opening by President Lorelei of the Autumn Salon in Paris, occurred. The exhibition took place with much ceremony. This is the first time that Reservoir has exhibited in the art world, and he is more than well received. A member of this club, G. H. Hallwell, has been awarded the \$200 prize offered by William H. Real.

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St. Gaudens' Loss.

Building and studios, including some finished work of the sculptor St. Gaudens at Windsor, Vt., were recently destroyed by fire. Could any disaster more sad befall an artist?

St. Gaudens was absent at the time and everything was lost.

The O'Connell Memorial.

Judge and Mrs. O'Connell of California have presented a superb memorial tablet to the Catholic University of America. Mr. Moser says of it: "The composition consists of a central platerette square panel, upon which the history of the gift will be told. This is enclosed in a light frame of simple architectural design. The space to the right is occupied by

CURRENT COMMENT.

Not the Old Clown.

HOW often the painter looks mournfully upon his faithful color box and confesses, however reluctantly, that there are scenes in nature that can never be painted. So says an art critic, and continues:

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News of Society

Gossip of Men and Women—Weddings, Parties, Dinners

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1

Out-of-towners

Bixby, William Wallace MacLeod, Mary Nichols, Johnston Van Cuylenburg, Charles Simonds, J. E. Stover, Simon, McQuade, Z. L. Grover, John Fowler, Don Gandy, T. H. Ahier, Richard V. Custer, R. B. Jackson, H. Phillips, Scarce, Walter D. Raigh, James H. Nichols, Lois Peeton, Butterfield, A. C. Morris and Ralph Hain; Misses Josephine John, Harry Higgins, Florence Fitch, Hazel Ballou, McCallum, Anna Roseler, T. McAuley and Caplin.

Delightful Reception.

A reception was given on Friday afternoon by the members of the Child Study Circle of the Tenth-street school at the home of Mrs. H. L. Yerger of No. 227 Valencia street. The reception was planned in honor of Miss May Stannard, principal of the school, who has recently returned from a year of absence. A handsome suit case was presented by the circle. Mrs. R. Y. McBride made the remarks, to which Miss Stannard responded. Corporate decorations were arranged throughout the house, roses, ferns and sunials being utilized in the scheme.

At All Saints Church.

Miss Hazel Martin, Leney and Burdick R. Ellis were married Thursday morning, the ceremony taking place at All Saints Mission, corner Avenue 36 and Hill. Rev. A. G. L. Trew officiated and Misses Mary, Dorothy and Leslie Ellis stood with the couple. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis are spending their honeymoon at San Francisco, after which they will make their home in South Pasadena.

All Day Meeting.

The Angeles Thimble Club of Hive No. 1, S.T.A., was entertained at luncheon Monday by Mrs. E. Williams of No. 62 West Twenty-second street. During the afternoon games were played and music enjoyed. Plans were made to have a party to be given by the women on the afternoon and evening of the 20th inst.

Dinner Party.

Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Church of No. 348 South Alvarado street entertained at dinner Wednesday evening, when covers were laid for Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Mark Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith.

Mystery Tallyho.

On Saturday afternoon the members of the Alpha Upsilon Chapter of the Sigma Chi fraternity entertained in honor of the girls of the Entre Nous Sorority at the Mystery Tallyho Inn, left on the 21st on Lake Tahoe at 8:30 o'clock. They were met at the Altimont Inn, where their tally-ho, which was sent down the day before, had been left. After a short trip about the city they were in the parade. The tally-ho was gained by the leaders of the U.S.C.C. cardinal and gold and Sigma Chi colors of blue and gold. Long robes of blue and gold ribbons were on the tables, and the men, presenting a gay effect. After the party was driven to their picnic ground, the tally-ho spread was enjoyed. They then went to the football game, where contestants were adorned with college yell and songs. Those who enjoyed the affair were: Miss Montgomery, Mrs. Warden, Dower, Bunker, Rider, Stevens, Mrs. Newmeyer, and Mrs. Edwards. W. D. Bunnell, Mrs. Howard, A. Butler, Bell, Black and Mrs. Mrs. Arthur Campbell Macnah.

Entertained at Dinner.

Mrs. H. E. Williams of No. 429 West Twenty-second street, was entertained Sunday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ackerman, who were married on October 25. Mrs. Ackerman was Miss Mabel Whittle. The young couple was of American beauty and symmetry, the room pink and white corseted. Covers were artistically arranged. Covers were laid for twelve.

Society to Attend.

Society men and women will attend the concert to be given on Wednesday evening, the 21st, at Dobinson Institute. Miss Gretchen Cohen, young pianist, among others whose names are given are: Misses Roy Jones, Karl Kastner, Mrs. J. Scholl, Herman Barwick, Louis M. Cole, Frank W. King, U. C. Denning, H. Newmark, C. L. Jones, and R. R. Meyer. Los Angeles; Misses Arne Bain, Adelene Collier, and Misses Evelyn Meyer, Los Angeles; Mrs. E. M. Williams, Mrs. Mary Glassman, Mrs. A. Gunderson, Mrs. C. W. White, Mrs. Miss Mildred Hawkins and Miss Louise Mitchell.

Will Visit in City.

Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand will visit in Los Angeles again this winter. She will be with her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rand, of Whistler boulevard, soon after Christmas season. Doubtless the many friends she will be glad of her return, since she was a favorite in both musical and social circles when here before.

Return Soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Deacon of No. 8 Chester Place, who are in New York City, expect to leave soon for Los Angeles. On their way East they visited the St. Louis Fair, Chicago, Niagara, Boston, Worcester and others of the large eastern cities.

Theater and Dinner.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant of No. 60 Wilshire, Twenty-eighth street will entertain Monday evening with a dinner and theater party.

Attendees Announced.

Miss Edna Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark of No. 119 West Adams street, has announced the attendees for her annual dance to the Immanuel Presbyterian Church on December 1. Miss Adelade Brown will be the queen of honor, and George Gordon of Cleve, and O. has been chosen as best man. Those who will assist as maids are

Misses Edwinna Hammond of San Diego, Anita Abascal, Battie Santiago, Jane Campbell and Anna Van Nuya.

The usherette and Anna Van

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Topic

now often it happens that the
and comfort of the boy, in
is overlooked, while the
more consideration
due.

We hear so much about the
which should be given
and with reluctance, for
are apparently quite natural.
is a corresponding time
of a boy—or time when he is
either boy nor man, just as
stripling, all hands and
wardness, and impatience,
that one realizes the
the power of wisdom.

The will in the wind's will;
this time, a boy stands by his
patience and motherly love;
frequently his little girl is
ridiculed by the entire family;
he suffers agonies of mortification
nagged at continually about
personal unfitness; this and
that, as an abuse, is
almost as an abuse;
ever blighted being
he is.

though he may not voice
iments, you may be certain
wherever in his consciousness
a half defined thought of
done him.

This mother realizing
long for appreciation, now
often gives her boy marks
for certain of his attainments
personal attributes.

she asks his
to handle him.

In every way she invites
and receives it, too.

never have the members of his
been allowed to ridicule his
and awkward ways.

in his life, he receives
other gifts, a bottle of
and roses.

The uniform
accomplished what
paternal threats, a
not, even "military hair" had
failed to do. The boy's
had been awakened to
ments of personal fitness
down to breaking point
with the result that
of pollen, neckline pain
was his crowning glory
been expended upon
which was parted in an
signing line, and plastered
a, water, occasionally
in either cheek.

the moment proved a crucial
the uprightness of the family
a smile was indulged in.

the first opportunity the
indulged him upon his
ness. He replied in an
of confidence. "It's not
Gee! but they make
it to be clean, whether
be ya, or not."

the moment came, a failed
on "old old thing," was
sufficient enough for the
He was given an
room, in which was placed
solid and good, of
with an eye to durability,
withstanding of the
followed.

followed. It is as natural
"mope" and indulge
strength, as it is for girls to
take, do embroidery, etc.,
so this room was
a mixture of utility
as many touches of
boy would tolerate in
you have a boy, you
will find him a most
delightful companion.

LOUISE TAN

BARNARDS OF BABYLON
recent translation of King
code, writes about 2000
gives an insight into the
city of Babylon at that
time, and the way in which
no question was handled
there. Nearly all the
and liquor at that time
as many of the laws were
the code speak only of
of drink. Several laws
against those who
the wives or mixed them
so as to safeguard the
privileges for the use of the
herald was held responsible
drunkenness or drunken
promise, and death was
for those who did not
laws of drunkenness to the
wives who were compelled
hostilities under pain
forbidden to them.

THE LITTLE DORYPHORA
DECIMELLINEATA.

animal, indigenous to most
farms, is a small thing
which many persons have
themselves to become prejudiced,
strange to say, those
the most unreasonable
for the diminutive creature
includes the ones that harbor
and drive him.

has had the prosperous
who has not set out to ride
streets of Doryphora decom-
posed. It has come to be
as a regular business, and
now, at the proper season, one
Mr. Joby, and frequently
the family, at work in the
field, is engaged in getting the little
the season is well advanced
Doryphora have arrived at
not being viable till then
treated with a tonic of brine
the world, which will pro-
duce effects taken into the
system, and will sometimes
the Dorypha in a trance. Now
one will die, but I don't know
the end and aim of
and while he may be no
I think he must have some
living, because so many con-
tinued energies to the cultiva-

D. PRIZES

AT ST. LOUIS, TO
MANUFACTURING CO.

SWING MACHINES

6"

the lightest roping
the world.

and Tapestries
times for family use.

recent improvements

fabricating process.

Machine shows

its striking process.

its purpose to address

ON THE FARM
AN URBAN HOMER'S OBSERVATIONS IN THE
COUNTRY

BY LOUISE KELLER

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH.

To one who has not tried it, plant-
ing promises looks easy. And it is
an easier task merely the act of
planting. When you come to throw
the seed—“that is another story.”
The trick is to plant it perfectly
straight over. I don't see why this
should make any difference, but it
makes all the difference in the world.
If you take the egg or the green or
yellow seed to propagate it, the young
will grow sickly. If, on the other
hand, they are planted right in a
mathematical sense, the touchy
young will blossom as the Canada
poppy.

I planted potatoes one day for my
son, and he said, “Mother, you
know the most beautiful
things in the world.”

“What?”

“Our Anniversary.”

The Field of Fresh Literature—What Authors Are Saying, Doing and Writing

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY PROF. GUY CARLETON LEE,
Of Johns Hopkins University.
Reviewed by other distinguished critics
and connected with other leading col-
leges and universities.

LITERARY LANDMARKS.

With Hutton in Scotland. By GUY CARLETON LEE. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50. A CRIMINAL STORY. By Justin McCarthy. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25. HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE FIELD OF FRESH LITERATURE. By Laurence Hutton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Many have been the journeys, varied and always delightful, that we have made with Laurence Hutton. That reverence for things that is known to only the few, that indescribable inspiration that the reader draws from touching and seeing those things that some favorite author seemed and saw, that holy joy in works that are great and good, the delights of the lights of literature—all these made of Laurence Hutton an admirable guide, and made of his comments on books and men, and of his personal friends, though they may never have known him in the body. Laurence Hutton was not popular in the way that he was perfectly popular; though he was perfectly more popular than he had ever been popular. His work has given him a privilege; he joyed in his work, and his readers joy in the result of that joy. He turned to a field that made but a limited promise of success because that field was one in which he delighted to roam; and the field of literature is a field that he delighted to him for his labors of love. There is a certain class of writers who do much to sustain the high standard of literature, but who may not stand prominently before the public. These men—usually essayists or the type of Laurence Hutton, write of world greatest authors in a way that diffuses the old admiration of the past, and makes the new. They are the ones who have done most for the higher forms of letters. Hutton has given close to the heart of the world's literary stars. He has revealed art and beauty to us all, and those who would see the beauties in which these men found their inspiration, in the training in which they found their materials, in the ways in which they found their materials. His life and his work have been, it were, an introduction to the best of English literature, and who have been more intimate with Hutton than those who have, as through his personal labors as a citizen of this country, and a man—though a bit tired with melancholy—has done more for the welfare of the last work on one whose pen has been laid down for all time. The world could have stood for many Huttons, but there has not been one now taken from it, and though the world may not be conscious of that loss, that unconsciously it is, is no wonder that our contemporaries find their role more attractive.

We do not care altogether for the name with which Mr. McCarthy has burdened his book. "An Irishman's Story" is in name, but in the period-form, the two-part sonata-form of the three-part song-form, enhancement of the three-part song-form, the second round-form, the third round-form, the sonatina-form, the sonatina-form, and irregular forms. McCarthy is not up to the task of application of the terms. The book will prove of interest and value to those who are fond of history and to intelligent interpreters of the more complex musical compositions. M. C. H.

FICTION.

THE UNDERGROUND ROUTE. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page & Co., Boston.

COMPAGNIE IN MUSIC FORM. By Percy Godwin. Cassell, Son & Co., Boston.

LESSONS IN MUSIC FORM. By Percy Godwin. Cassell, Son & Co., Boston.

THE HILLS OF PRESTON. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

THE HILLS OF PRESTON. By Percy Godwin. Cassell, Son & Co., Boston.

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THE HILLS OF

Fare to Los Angeles One Cent

If You Wish to Go Shopping.

One cent is required in a post card mailed to us which practically pay the traveling expenses of a short trip to Los Angeles. No matter where you live, a postal card will put you in touch with us. Our department store offers you the best service and your money will be well spent. You can buy a lot of things for less than you expect. Goods will be shipped the day the order is received, and you can return a right in your own home and save a lot of time and trouble.

We have some cases, too, for Broadway Friends you know are the jewels on the Pacific Coast.

Stylish Boys' Suits \$2.98
 For Boys of From 5 to 10 Years...

Nobby fall suits for boys from 5 to 10 years of age; materials the very best; all wool cheviots, tweeds and fancy wovens; popular colors and neat patterns; tailoring first class—no better suits in town at \$4.00. Monday each \$2.23.

Boys' Suits 95c.

Odd lots of boys' knee pants suits made from wool cheviots and tweeds; neat patterns; ages 5 to 10 years; not all sizes of any one style but all sizes in the lot; values up to \$2.00; Monday each they last, choice 95c.

Boys' 40c Overalls 25c.

Boys' overalls made from good strong blue denim; large bib fronts; sizes for boys from 5 to 10 years; worth regularly 40c; Monday the pair 25c.

75c Knee Pants 42c

Boys' knee pants made from mill ends of high grade wovens; tweeds and casimores; slightly worn; sizes for boys from 4 to 16 years of age, actual 75c values; Monday the pair 42c.

Boys' Shirt Waists 17c
Actually Worth 40c

Boys' shirt waists made of good strong percales; light, medium and dark colors; neat patterns; well finished; all sizes, regular 40c waists; Monday each 17c.


Suits and Overcoats \$6.48
 Fall Styles for Men

EXCELLENT \$10.00 VALUES

A big lot of men's fall and winter suits and overcoats: starting values at \$10.00. The suits are made from all wool tweeds, cheviots and fancy wovens—stylishly cut, well tailored and elegantly lined; also all tweeds, and some patterns; overcoats of blue and black kerseys and moltons and fancy Scotch mixtures; some long garments with belted backs; also medium and short lengths; stylish, serviceable garments in sizes for all; choice Monday suit or overcoat \$6.48.

Men's \$2.50 Trousers \$1.50

Men's trousers made from all wool gauze cloth; popular colors and neat patterns; belt colors; neat stripes; checkered and mixed; all sizes; 51 to 42 waist measure; regular \$2.50 values; Monday each \$1.50.

\$7.50 SMOKING JACKETS

\$4.98

Men's smoking jackets made from good wool gauze cloth; popular colors and neat patterns; belt colors; checkered and mixed; all sizes; 51 to 42 waist measure; regular \$7.50 values; Monday each \$4.98.

ALSO BATH ROBES

\$12.50

Men's bath robes made from good wool gauze cloth; popular colors and neat patterns; belt colors; checkered and mixed; all sizes; 51 to 42 waist measure; regular \$12.50 values; Monday each \$12.50.

Men's \$2.50 Feit Hats \$1.48

Medium weight corset coats in 24 and 30 inch lengths made from good quality cloths; some collars, others with velvet collars; strapped seam sizes for women and misses; values up to \$15.00; Monday each \$1.48.

\$11.00 Dress Skirts \$5.98

Pretty dress skirts of voile, tulle, cambric, cheviot and granite cloth; trimmed with folds of the same material; some with taffeta straps full sweep skirts worth \$11.00; most of them blue; Monday each \$5.98.

Splendid Showing of Furs

In the center of the second floor directly in front of the elevator you will find our fur stock. It's a comprehensive collection of dependable high class furs. Prices are unusually low. Fur coats will be on sale Monday. We'll have the latest designs to offer you that made out Toy Department so popular last year—ideal location. Our toys are located right in the center of the store on the ground floor, no stairs to climb, no stuffy elevators to be crowded into—plenty of light, good, pure air and lots of room. The stocks are broader and better assured than ever before. You're already acquainted with a portion of our doll family, the old favorites, (the dressed dolls) and a party of new and young arrivals to the party. Don't fail to attend for the dolls are looking forward to a big crowd.

Men's 85c Overalls 35c

Men's bib overalls made from best grade gauze denim full cut; finished with 6 pockets; all sizes; 50 values; Monday the pair 35c.

Carpenter aprons for men, made from heavy brown or white drilling; 3 large pockets finished with rivets; worth regularly 35c; Monday each 12c.

Men's 25c Overall 25c

Men's overall made from good strong percale; light, medium and dark colors; neat patterns; well finished; all sizes, regular 40c waists; Monday each 12c.

Boys' 40c Overall 25c

Boys' overall made from good strong blue denim; large bib fronts; sizes for boys from 5 to 10 years; worth regularly 40c; Monday the pair 25c.

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Boys

Union Strikes Are Largely Responsible for the Increase in the Cost of Living

UNIONS RAISE LIVING COST.

Their Strikes Cause Great Advance in Prices.

Workmen Chief Victims of Demands of Agitators.

Some Interesting Figures Prove the Case.

Some time ago the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor instituted a careful investigation to determine whether or not prices of the necessities of life are higher now than in previous years, and if so, why. Its exhaustive report has just been issued, and it contains some extremely interesting facts and figures presented with particular regard to accuracy and fairness. The report is summarized in a dispatch to the Chicago Chronicle in part as follows:

PUT BLAME ON UNIONS.

While the report draws no conclusions as to the cause of the increase of living prices, it blames the attitude of union labor than upon any other thing. Many of the correspondents of the bureau declare that the frequent strikes and the enforced demands of the labor unions for more pay and shorter hours and the payment of equal wages to men and women workers have forced the manufacturers and producers to raise prices as a measure of self-protection. It is pointed out by these correspondents that the uncertainty of operation entailed by the knowledge that manufacturers and producers may at any time be forced to shut down their plants for an indefinite period makes it necessary for them to charge an increased price for their product in order to be prepared for such an emergency.

MANY EXPRESS THEIR VIEW.

In seeking to secure a comprehensive expression on the subject the bureau caused to be sent to 654 persons engaged in the various businesses of the State a circular letter in which inquiry was made as to the reasons governing the higher prices of all articles of consumption in general. Out of the total number of inquiries 181 voluntary answers were received and 254 reasons given. Of the answers received 117 made specific statements, of which fifty-eight declared prices were higher, thirty-eight that prices were lower, while twenty-one said that there had been no change in the prices at the same level. The answers received satisfied the efforts of the bureaus that probably a wider range of opinion would have been received had all those to whom inquiries were addressed made answer.

While the reasons given are to some degree speculative as to their connections against combinations of labor and capital as to responsible causes for high prices, the case exercised by the bureau in distributing its inquiries and the completeness of the range of opinions received certainly leaves no foundation for an accusation that the results were obtained in order to sway public opinion or sustain any particular view.

ARRAIGNS WALKING DELEGATE.

In the regime directly charging the increase of prices to the attitude of unions and the arrangements of the crisis due to labor unions and labor leaders are made. One of these says:

"When labor ceases to form unions and unions discontinues to dictate hours and amount that the laborers shall receive for his toil and dispense their organizations, thereby doing away with the walking delegate in each branch of labor, and allows the laborer to receive the amount of value that his talent will permit him to receive without dictation from organized bands, then capital will cease to organize combinations which bring business upon a common level. For when one branch of business increases its profits, the other branches follow, which principally is caused by dictation of the price of labor on all articles of manufacture or production."

LABOR BOSS THE WORST EVIL.

Another correspondent places the

LEADERS ARE "VAGS."

Justice Says Walking Delegates, Workmen and Worthless, Are Vagrants.

Walking delegates of labor unions are likely to be treated as vagrants, according to Justice Caverly of Chicago, who gave two labor unions a lecture. Frank Shor, business agent of the Building Janitors and Window Washers' Union, and James McLean, secretary of the International Union of Building Employes, were before the Harrison street Justice. McLean was charged with assaulting Sebor.

Justice Caverly said, after placing each under \$500 to keep the peace for six months:

"Both of you are walking delegates and admit that you do not work for a living. If I learn that you have committed an offense of this character again I will have both of you brought into my court on a charge of vagrancy."

FIGHT ENDS AN IDEAL.

Hutchins Hapgood, Friend of Labor, is Slugged.

His Experience in Chicago Changes His Views.

He Gets a Glimpse of the Worst of Unionism.

Hutchins Hapgood, Socialist and author and erstwhile good friend of labor, went to Chicago recently from New York in search of local color for a story on union labor conditions. He found it—in the shape of his own r& blood streaming from his face to his garments. He was viciously "slugged" by a unionist, and the Tribune tells of the encounter on radical lines:

"When he was safely away from the fight and was among friends, Hapgood declared that he came to the city to study the working-class attitude of union labor than upon any other thing.

Many of the correspondents of the bureau declare that the frequent strikes and the enforced demands of the labor unions for more pay and shorter hours and the payment of equal wages to men and women workers have forced the manufacturers and producers to raise prices as a measure of self-protection. It is pointed out by these correspondents that the uncertainty of operation entailed by the knowledge that manufacturers and producers may at any time be forced to shut down their plants for an indefinite period makes it necessary for them to charge an increased price for their product in order to be prepared for such an emergency.

MORE ANIMAL PRODUCTS SHIPPED.

In this connection an interesting feature of our export trade for the last fifty years is the increased importance of animal products as compared with vegetable products. In 1851 56 per cent of the agricultural exports consisted of vegetable matter and 44 per cent of meat. In 1902 the ratio of the United States iron and steel industry to the "boss" of the structural iron works who died a convicted felon in the New York penitentiary.

"It seems to me," the writer said, freely expressing his opinion, "that the labor movement would be much better off if we were the "crooks" and "grifters" instead of the "leaders"."

"Park's was a thief—but not a plain thief, nothing better."

"What's that you're saying," one of the unionists interrupted. "Park's was a friend of mine. You can't say nothing against him here, young fellow."

"I did not think there was any reason about it, but the writer was standing in front of the saloon and to his right was the "boss" of the structural iron works who died a convicted felon in the New York penitentiary."

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"The author walked outside. Two of the structural iron workers followed him and seized him with renewed vigor and gave him a severe beating. As soon as he was able to get away he ran to the office of a friend.

"I did not think it possible," moaned the author. "Why should they set on me like wolves? Why, I have been a member of the structural iron workers' organization of New York and other cities and never—never—have I seen the time or place when a man was not safe to express his individual opinion."

"It is not so much the "slugging" and the bruising I have received, bad as that is, that I care for. It is to know that I should have to leave town as those I am told are there are making as the leaders of the workers, the defenders of the toilers, who are obliged to trust their fortunes to them."

HOW A STRIKE AIDED AN INVENTION.

Writing on the building of the New York subway in World's Work for October, L. G. Canniff tells this story of engineering enterprise: In digging the New York subway the men uncovered many sewers, which had to be rebuilt. At first they built new sewers, but the cost was so high that it is predicted that no union will ever make this demand again for many years to come.

MUNGER'S ANNIVERSARY.

One of the many large business concerns that has been transferred to Los Angeles on account of this city's freedom from industrial upsurge, is Munger's Laundry, who are this week celebrating their first anniversary here.

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Not being able to picket the factory of Greenies Bros. & Co., 225 West Twelfth street, Chicago, in person, strikers have adopted the plan of "picketing by letter."

PICKETING BY LETTER.

Chicago Unionists Use the Mails in Effort to Intimidate Independent Workmen.

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Owing to the number of assistants committed on non-union workers the company secured an injunction against the pickets and has applied to have ten men punished for contempt for sending threats by mail.

The letters were signed "Picket Committee," and informed the workmen that in order to save their personal appearance and preserve their peace of mind they had better leave Greenies'.

DEMAND FOR LABORERS.

The employment bureaus were besieged by men this morning and in most cases all were placed in some position that seemed to satisfy the applicants. At the present time there is great demand for factory labor as well as railroad work. In the woman's department the demand for help exceeds the supply. A woman who wants work can easily get it at the same time be a little choicer in what she takes. Last week the Homestead strike was over and there were applications and placed eighty-eight while in the woman's department thirty-four out of forty applicants were supplied with positions.—(Pewit, Ill.) Star.

stopped." The indispensable bricklayers left the subway. But the old adage came to Mr. Hapgood: "There are more ways to kill a cat than by choking him with cream." Concrete work was cheap; why not build the sewers of concrete? Experiments were unexpectedly successful. Thereafter concrete was used almost exclusively—a new kind of sewer which never cracked. This is one of the many contributions the building of the subway has made to engineering.

DOOM OF UNIONS SEEN BY LEADERS.

CRUSHING DEFEAT OF "CLOSED SHOP" IS A WARNING.

Barney Cohen, President of the Illinois State Federation of Labor, Predicts Annihilation for Labor Unions Unless There is a Complete Reorganization.

Annihilation for labor unions is predicted by Barney Cohen, president of the State Federation of Labor, and Richard Stuebel, a delegate of the Machinists' union, unless there is a complete reorganization on radical lines:

"When he was safely away from the fight and was among friends, Hapgood declared that he came to the city to study the working-class attitude of union labor than upon any other thing.

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"Park's

of Living. WORKINGMEN ARE SLUGGED.

*—Union Laborers Attacked
by Union Thugs.*

*—Siege at a Chicago
Manufacturing Plant.*

*—Amite Used in War
Against Independents.*

*—by violence of an aggravated
police to dominate the steel
plant of the Goodyear
Company, Chicago, and
a strike was called meeting
victoriously in it a strike
the men having been made
more obnoxious, during which
were fired and an attack
was made in which were a
number of workers.*

*—This woman would be on top,
winning every time she
had a wad of money. These she
had a losing streak, and would
not even do that for her diamonds and
even of her clothes.*

*—We just that way with the schooner
and after her has always been
good, and the wife made a lot of good
and other catches, and pile up
a dozen or the equivalent
over to a vessel and there's
nothing on the owners to pay
I don't know what became
of New York sporting lady, but
she had a boat that the schooner".*

*—The Rev. Mr. William
Cable, who was
old fellow who made
a lot of money and had some left to him,
and he'd never seen it often. Oh, he'd
drink about once every three
days, and a year, regular, he'd
have a good time, but he'd
not let it go, the result
and after him has been dead.*

*—An hour before this
another non-union competitor
that was caught by pickets
of the Wisconsin Central
and left for dead. The
laborer struck another
and took him to the West
Bank, and John Verna
and John Anderson, John
Koopler, the business
machinists, arrested
in connection with a
strike, were discharged, but
when reaching the street
they were plied against
A. Edwards, a man
employed, was assaulted
on leaving work.*

AT SULPHUR

*—Human Body in Bush
Disease.*

*—Action will result in
the early days when our
members give in our daily
work, and the members
will be more than willing
to do their duty, and
make all the work, and
make it a pleasure.*

*—The man was
not used, but the
man was a different
kind of person. She either
didn't do any housework,
but her mother, the
father, said they were
and wouldn't have
done with them.*

*—He went to the sleeping car, but
not to go to bed, as the train was due
at St. Joseph late in the evening. It
deserted him, however, and finding
that it hardly could arrive before
morning he ordered his hands up.*

—As the porter finished his turn, Mr.

*Jefferson said: "This is the
worst road I ever traveled on. I fancy I'm
for a full night of it."*

*"Dad, I rock you, sah," re-
plied the porter.*

*"Probably the slowest road! It'll
be morning before we are there. Do
you think you'll get in before I'm
awake?"*

*"Slow road, sah? Bound to be plumb
mornin', sah. But one of the passen-
gers, sah, was tellin' me that you're
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to sleep and slept twenty years; and I
rock you, dad, if you take one o' dem
girls well be able to land you mighty
close to St. Jo 'fore you wake, sah." —(Philadelphia Free.*

TIME FOR A NAP.

*Joseph Jefferson is in his
play many parts," so closely is
he identified with "Rip Van Winkle,"*

*that the public never thought of it
when it had the privilege of seeing
him. While he was playing in Mis-
souri once he heard a notoriously
ugly name for St. Joseph.*

*He went into the sleeping car, but
not to go to bed, as the train was due
at St. Joseph late in the evening. It
deserted him, however, and finding
that it hardly could arrive before
morning he ordered his hands up.*

As the porter finished his turn, Mr.

*Jefferson said: "This is the
worst road I ever traveled on. I fancy I'm
for a full night of it."*

*"Dad, I rock you, sah," re-
plied the porter.*

*"Probably the slowest road! It'll
be morning before we are there. Do
you think you'll get in before I'm
awake?"*

*"Slow road, sah? Bound to be plumb
mornin', sah. But one of the passen-
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Varieties—A Little of This and a Little of That and a Little of the Other.

SHIPS' NAMESAKES.

*UNUSUAL BELIEF ENTERED
BY PEOPLE IN NAME.*

(Letter to New York Sun.)

Dear Sirs:

—The name of the ship "Name" is

now a household word.

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French Corsets Worth \$10 at \$5

They are our own importation—newest styles and include La Vida, Trouvill and Bonheur models; are of imported silk Batiste in floral designs; colors white, pink, blue or black. Most of them have both hip and front supporters; for all figures, and sizes range up to 34. Choices \$5.00
SECOND FLOOR.

"Royal Regent" Corsets at \$2.00

For women of heavy physique—have medium bust; low under arm; extremely long over hip and abdomen; are of white or drab imported Couli and range in size up to 36. Price \$2.00
SECOND FLOOR.

HAMBURGER'S

WANT PLACE TO TRADE
127 to 147 N. SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES

\$5 Japanese Pastel Pictures

Some of them are 10x12 inches, 2 inch gold frame with mat; all of them are landscape scenes to select from; others are 6x8 inches oval frames 2 inches wide, 6x12 inches pastel pictures shaped gilded yet showing. They are all worth 12.00 special for Monday at \$5.00
FOURTH FLOOR.



SIXTH YEAR.
ANNUAL \$2.50.

Annual Formal Opening Toyland and Dolls

California Coaster—top board 32 inches long, painted red, striped and ornamented with rounded edges, brake lever, large metal fifth wheel; \$2.25 value at \$1.95

Automobiles—Largest assortment of up-to-date reliable automobiles in all the latest designs and colors ranging in values from \$7.50 to \$72.50 at \$6.50 to \$27.50



Musical Orchestra—A whole orchestra in one instrument; can be easily played by anyone; a harmonica, bell, drum, cymbals, all in one, made shape of cornet; \$3.75 value at \$1.95



Iron Toys—The Kitten is a marmalade kid; when you pull the cart they are riding on, their mamma gives them a treat; a very nice toy; as they run along, they make a jingling noise. Each 75¢

98c



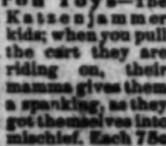
Game of Bowls—A regular bowling alley for hall and parlor, complete, latest improved pattern; \$2.50 value at \$1.95



Electric Motor—This little motor is an efficient and compact motor; good workmanship; \$1.25 value at \$1.95



Truck Barrel—Oxidized or nickel combination safe; \$6.00 value at \$1.95



Modern Staples—Pretty ornamental, with two horses and cart; stable has hay loft with hayloft door; cart; size of stable 14x18 inches; \$2.50 value at \$1.95



Wooden Stable—Large size double stall; 2 bay lofts, with pulleys and brass chain; cart tower; 4 horses; cart and wagon; size 32x36 inches; a very fine toy; \$12 value at \$8.50

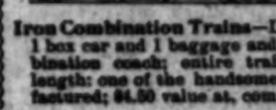
\$12 Fire and Police Patrols at \$8.50

The best made, most attractive looking patrol on the market; the seat, side rails and dash are detachable; body is hung on improved elastic gear. The wheels have latest improved pattern spokes; also turn-under body; size of body 32x16 in.; wheels 13 and 18 in. Spec. for Opening Sale at \$8.50

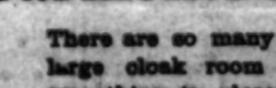
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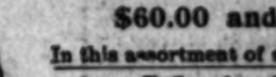
Police Car—Elegant and trim; \$12 value at \$8.50



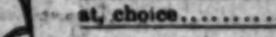
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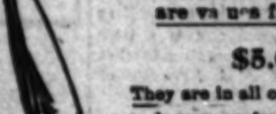
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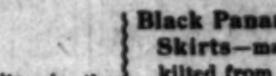
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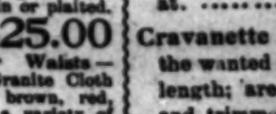
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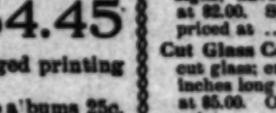
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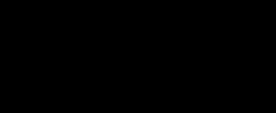
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Wanted Weaves in Dress Goods and Silks

All the standard weaves and all of the novelties in the handsome blendings of colors or plain shades; also black. Every line of merchandise selected with care and priced to conform with the limits of all pocketbooks.

For \$1.00 and \$1.25 Shirt Waist Suit Silks

An assortment of thirty-five pieces—newest, most fashionable in street shades of red, emerald and burnt-orange, gray navy, royal purple, blue, golden brown, red, moire, castor, two shades of gray, black and cream. The Granite, a rough pebbled weave, very new; the Grenadine, a sheer open weave, light weight. Both strictly pure wool. A special feature for Monday at \$1.00

21-inch Glass Crepe Taffeta—25 pieces; every new combination from the lightest to the darkest; also white, yellow, green, blue, red, orange, pink, etc. Many new solid colors, very new; also soft chiffon, silk; no dressing; every yard guaranteed; strictly pure silk; 21 in. \$1.00

25-inch All Wool Crepe de Chine—50 pieces; in the new gray, light and street shades; also white, ivory, cream and black; are a crepe weave; intricate finish yet very soft for tucked and plaited suits; every yard guaranteed; strictly pure silk and are the same that \$1.00 other stores charge. Our price \$1.00

25-inch Black Crepe Taffeta—10 pieces; of this dark color, chintz finish, plain in design and soft plaid; silk plaided on it, roses and lining. It is a crepe we are thoroughly recommend for wear; is a rich black, pure silk and worth \$1.00. Our price per yard \$1.19

21-inch Glass Crepe Taffeta—25 pieces; every new combination from the lightest to the darkest; also white, yellow, green, blue, red, orange, pink, etc. Many new solid colors, very new; also soft chiffon, silk; no dressing; every yard guaranteed; strictly pure silk; 21 in. \$1.00

25-inch All Wool Crepe Egypt—a light weight wool material for fancy evening dresses; washable, durable wear, crepe weave will stand nicely; is a crepe of crepe, strictly pure wool and worth \$1.00. Our price, per yard \$1.00

50-inch All Wool Venetian Cloth—every new fall shade, also black and white; are soft and shiny; colors are taken from nature; separate skirts. A fine twill weave with smooth back, soft finished and when sponged will not spot. Worth \$1.35. Our price, per yard \$1.00

50-inch All Wool Crepe de Chine—10 pieces; every new fall shade, also black and white; are soft and shiny; colors are taken from nature; separate skirts. A fine twill weave with smooth back, soft finished and when sponged will not spot. Worth \$1.35. Our price, per yard \$1.00

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\$1 and \$1.50 Grenadine and Granite Cloth, Yd.

Two popular all wool weaves, 44 and 48 inches wide; are in the wanted shades of navy, royal, cadet, rose, hunter's green, golden brown, red, moire, castor, two shades of gray, black and cream. The Granite, a rough pebbled weave, very new; the Grenadine, a sheer open weave, light weight. Both strictly pure wool. A special feature for Monday at \$1.00

44-inch Black Peau de Soie—10 pieces; a soft, mellow satin finished silk for suits and coats; from fine drapery, not sheer; neither split nor cut; very strictly pure silk; fall 27 inches wide and would not be overpriced at \$1.15. Our price, per yard \$1.25

44-inch All Wool Crepe Egypt—a light weight wool material for fancy evening dresses; washable, durable wear, crepe weave will stand nicely; is a crepe of crepe, strictly pure wool, popular for tucked and plaited gowns and matchless elsewhere under \$1.00. \$1.00

44-inch Silk and Wool Acetone—and Crepe de Paris, two of the most popular soft weaves. The Acetone is a fine cord weave, the Crepe de Paris is a crepe weave showing cord effect; are pure silk, very rich, filling in shades of champagne, tan, red, green, brown, three shades of blue, black and cream, good value at \$1.75. \$1.50

44-inch Silk and Wool Crepe Egypt—a light weight wool material for fancy evening dresses; washable, durable wear, crepe weave will stand nicely; is a crepe of crepe, strictly pure wool, popular for tucked and plaited gowns and matchless elsewhere under \$1.00. \$1.00

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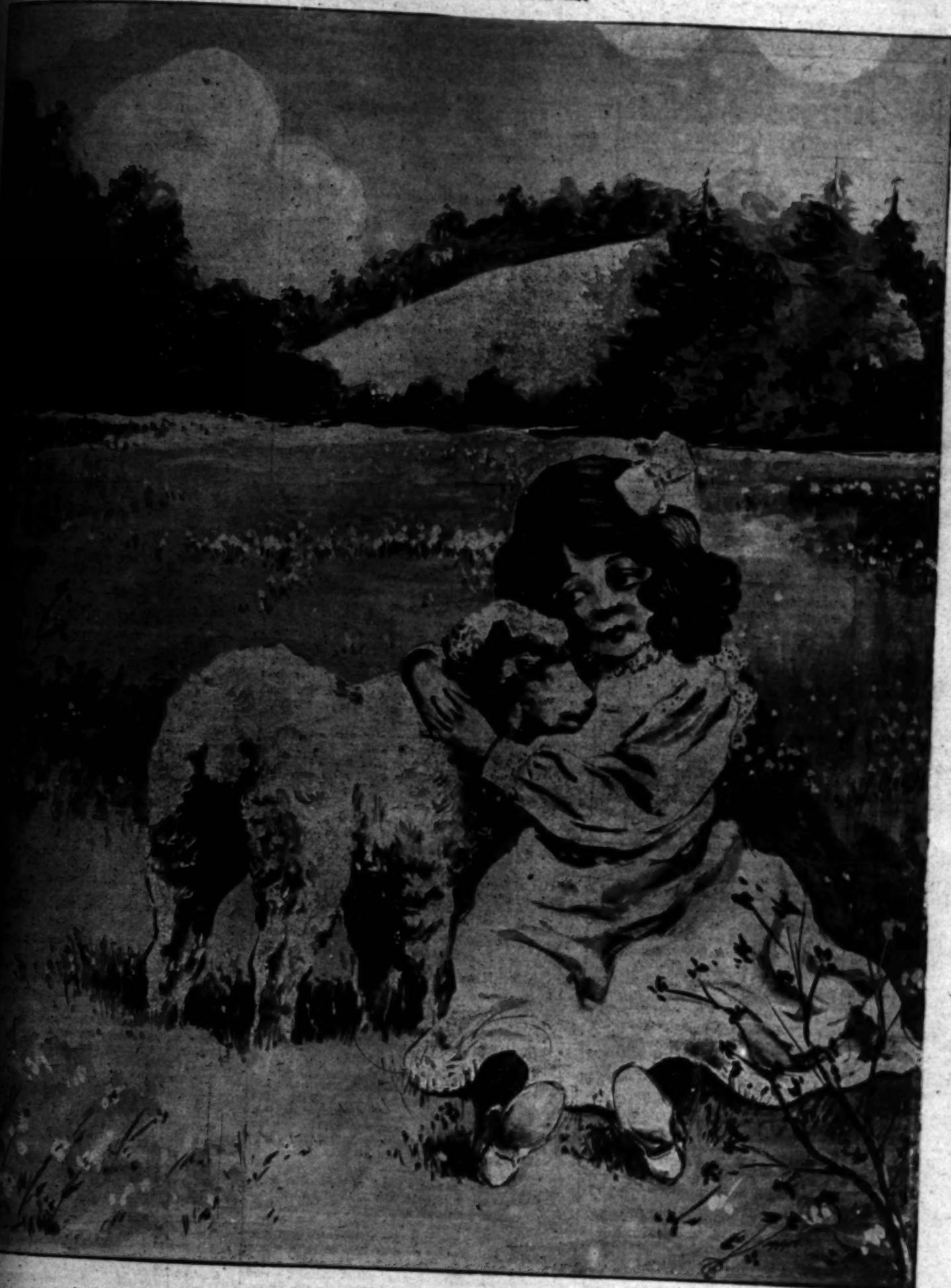
Los Angeles Sunday Times

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION.

NOVEMBER 13, 1904.

FIVE CENTS

STUDIES OF LIFE.



Me and Toodles

OUR ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.
A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

California in tone and color, *Southerners* in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, the slopes, the valleys and the plains.

Devoted to the development of the country, to the exploitation of its marvelous natural resources and to the word-painting of its wonders and beauties. The contents embrace a wide range of good reading matter: Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles, thoughtful and picturesque editorials, brilliant correspondence, poetry, pictures and bright miscellany.

The Magazine being complete in itself, may be served to the public separate from the news sheets, except through the mails. It is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

Each number has from 25 to 32 large pages, equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. The numbers will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Address THE TIMES-MIRROR CO., Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



Editorials by Eliza A. Orr.

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THE AMERICAN FAIR-PLAY SPIRIT.

VIEWING in retrospect the national campaign which culminated last Tuesday in the election of Theodore Roosevelt by one of the largest pluralities, if not actually the largest, ever given to a candidate for President of the United States, there is one development which stands out boldly as perhaps the most notable feature of the entire campaign.

It was a dramatic eleventh-hour development; and it emphasized the existence and force of the American spirit of fair play.

Driven to desperation by the obvious hopelessness of his cause; goaded by his political "backers" into rashness and the use of undignified and unwarranted measures; and with his better judgment weakened by a series of political blunders, Judge Parker, chief opponent of the President, so far forgot himself as to make a furious assault upon the President and upon Mr. Cortelyou wherein he impugned and even impeached their personal and official integrity.

Stung by this unexpected and unspeakable attack, the President, with characteristic promptness and forcefulness, not only parried the thrust and turned his opponent's blade aside, but sent his own weapon straight to the heart in a vigorous, strong and magnificent reply and clarion defiance.

The effect was instantaneous. The country from coast to coast was electrified. Republicans therefore apathetic awoke to life and indignation; Democrats and "Independents," whose Americanism is stronger than their partisanship, were astounded and resentful; members of all parties forgot their political affiliations and raised their voices in a mighty chorus, crying: "Stop! Fair play, fair play!"

And with indignation running high; with resentment stirring their blood; and with the determination to punish the man who so flagrantly violated the American fair-play spirit as well as decency, manliness and simple justice, they went to the polls on Tuesday and administered to Alton B. Parker a defeat so crushing that it forever eliminates him from the national political life.

There are many lessons to be drawn from the late Presidential campaign, of which the single one here emphasized is by no means the least, viz: "Be fair; be honest; be manly."

Judge Parker's attack was not fair; it was not honest; it was not manly. It was a cowardly blow struck "at that which every true American holds dearer and

more sacred than all else—his personal character and his official integrity, his honesty in administering a trust reposed.

With what force the President met and conquered that assault; with what effectiveness his known personal character and his public record made nugatory that ill-advised attack, are made manifest by the verdict of the ballot.

Had Judge Parker refrained from his eleventh-hour resort to disgraceful tactics, the result of the election might have been the same; but he might have been spared the humiliation of such a crushing, punitive defeat as was administered to him.

"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS ARE GONE."

ND now, "back yonder," the crimson is on the maple and the oak—to endure awhile and give place to the sere brown. Jack Frost—ruthless vandal!—defeats each leaf's hold upon its bough, and then his rascally co-conspirator, the North Wind, seizes the strong trunk in his devastating hands and shakes it till the frost-stain leaves tumble in a rustling shower to the ground. Bare limbs, denuded of their verdure, shivering protrude into leaden skies—muted but eloquently protesting against the merciless vandals who have robbed them of their glorious raiment.

Such pathos in it all! The "melancholy days" indeed—the unutterable melancholy of a hopeless struggle against an inevitable fate.

And then, too, the skies are cold and gray and sad "back yonder." Low-hanging clouds, wind-driven, scurry across the great blue dome, screening its bright color and light and warmth. The peacock on the barn roof sends forth a clarion warning. Some truant snowflakes, harbingers of early storms, flutter downward from nowhere and then dart swiftly away and are absorbed into the vast gray color scheme of the universe. The bitter North Wind, with almost human instinct, strikes without warning and flies on, beyond human power to retaliate, and leaves only his taunting whistle and shriek and the chattering jeers of the rustling ground leaves.

What, ineffable hopelessness and heartlessness in it all! Death and dead glory—the powerful, unstayed hand of devastation against the world's brightness and cheer and gladness—the merciless crushing of what is worth while! Sadness everywhere—in the sere Fall-time "back yonder!"

And here?

The golden sunlight from a field of blue—cloudless and warm and bright. The fragrance of myriad blossoms; the gleam of the many-hued humming-bird amid the new-born roses; the chorus of the feathered-singers in the verdure.

And only the great sea mist to dim the stars—the soft sea mist that nourishes the blossoms through the still night and rolls silently into Nowhere Land when the new day is born.

New life—new hope—new cheer—and gladness everywhere!

Benignly, graciously, sweetly this dear land of ours lifts its fair head and smiles and beckons a welcome to the dwellers in the land "back yonder," and bids them come to that blessed spot where the "melancholy days" are forgotten in the perpetual joy of living; and where the heart sings ever a song of gladness taught by Dame Nature's bird choir in this her choicest garden.

REMARKS BY MEN OF THE TIMES.

The American people could hardly be said to be crossing a stream; nevertheless they didn't seem to be in a mood for swapping horses.

The voting machine is steadily and surely making its way toward the front. The more it is used the better it will be liked by honest men.

If the politician continues to improve in his methods as he has improved during the past ten years, he will become a very decent fellow in a generation or so.

Now that the election is passed one does not need to put his ear to the ground to hear the rumble of the trains bringing tourists and settlers to Southern California.

It is worthy of note that the increase in the total vote in Los Angeles at the election last Tuesday over that of four years ago corroborates the enthusiastic estimates that have been made as to the growth of the population of the city. "Watch us grow."

By one of those unfortunate accidents from which the best regulated newspapers are not entirely exempt, the pictures in the "House Beautiful" department of this magazine last week were transposed. However, the character of the pictures was such that a little study enabled the reader to locate them properly.

One of the encouraging features of the recent political campaign is the fact that the battle was fought on rational rather than on emotional lines. There was not the old-time bluster, the tooting of horns and the flashing of flambeaux, but the more quiet and sane method of a deliberate consideration of policies and conditions prevailed. There is, too, less evidence than usual of corruption at the polls. All of which is a very gratifying indication of moral progress in the nation,

NOVEMBER IN SUNLIGHT.

In the far East the Autumn's fires are burning. The forests burst into a crimson glow. The air is full of whispers of the winds. The winds awake, the river's tides are rising. To meet the frosts that will smother them. And weld their icy fetters till the sun

Of the glad springtime. But here the sun still lingers, the many blossoms wane. And color, sweetness from the sunsets. They show no signs of fading or of death. The summer trails her lovely garments. And smiles at us from ev'ry vale and hill.

The leaves are green, the waters ripple by. And bird song floats upon the sunny air. The butterflies are flying everywhere. On their wings, like blossoms in the sky. November comes with heart of sunny June. With summer's loveliness 'tis all one.

ELIZA A.

HIS AMBITION.

My Uncle Joe, he's awful nice.

An' lib'ral, yes, indeed—

I never had to tell him twice;

'Bout anything I need;

He jest says: "Broke again? Well,

Now, that seems mighty queer.

Just give me your hard luck to see.

O, now what do I hear?

"N a half-n-a-half,

"N a-goin' at a half,

"N a half-n-a-half!"

'Cause he's a auctioneer.

My Uncle Joe, one time he come

To our house when I was

An' my maw told him, non he knowed

An' hawed an' said: "That's not

I don't know who 'ud want to buy

Bad boys—it's hard to tell."

An' non he says: "I'll have try-

O, here's a boy to sell!

"N a half-n-a-half,

"N a-goin' at a half,

"N a half-n-a-half."

Nan maw says: "Joe, don't you"

My Uncle Joe, he tell my maw

"At the jest shouldn't mind,

"At baddest boys she ever saw

"Grew to good men, she'd find;

He said: "One time I sold a man-

You, sir, that's what I did.

I told 'em—I was a first-rate plan-

He's bad when he's a kid—

"N a half-n-a-half,

"N a-goin' at a half,

"N a half-n-a-half!"

Each fellow raised his bid!"

My Uncle Joe, he says 'at I

Will go right to the front;

My maw, she says 'at by-an'-by

I may be pre-dunt.

But I jest practice all th' time

To talk out loud and clear;

So he's at some day they'll let me off;

A box and say: "Look here!

It's a-goin' at a half,

"N a-goin' at a half,

"N a half-n-a-half!"

I'll be a auctioneer.

—[Chicago]

NEMESIS.

(By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of Great Britain.) Still surging, surging, surging onward, were the winds before.

Human billow-battalions rolling to the western shore, curving, swerving, breaking, reforming, on the foaming tide,

Wending, they know not whither or why, a noisy, tempestuous crew, kin have died.

From wailing matrons and weeping maidens homes afar;

Roofless, sleepless, heedless, lifeless, doing battle with the Czar.

But sloughing the raiment of graceful peacock feathers with the scales of war,

And grafting on thoughts and things that are not, An ancient People, impaled by wrath of triple wrong,

Than doggedly dauntless yet dauntless men, whose iron strength more strong,

Scale peaks and passes, and clamber up amid the thunders know,

Till the granite Muscovite ranks are shattered, scattered like drifting snow.

And the strong young Selots of yet young Selots watch, but with war flag furled,

And British sentinels motionless stand at the gates of the world,

While Nemesis nears fraud-pilfered Port with the knots of steel,

And the prowling Sloth stalks snowward over the foot of Fate at its heel;

And high in Heaven reigns Right Divine, with the scepter and rod,

And worshippers throng to Buddhist shrines, the will of God.

Chateau D'Oex, Switzerland.

—[The Inter-

Modern Business Methods. By F. G. Carpenter.

MERCHANT OF TODAY.

WHAT HE IS AND HOW HE MUST ACT
TO SUCCEED.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—If you want your blood stirred, come to Chicago. Pull up your genealogical tree, and you'll find out of your decayed surroundings and surroundings money is worth more than 3 per cent. and is striving for a fortune. Boston and New York hold themselves as the most important part of the United States. They are small in comparison with the great West, and by far more provincial than the "big city" on the other side of the Alleghenies. You have forgotten that the giant of American progress, who died in his seven-league boots, has long since crossed the Appalachian Range, has peppered the lake states and the Mississippi Valley with towns and cities, has gone on over the Rockies, and that he now stands on the western shore of the Pacific reaching out for the business of the Orient.

A Business City.

For this by way of prelude to an interview which I had with you today from this twentieth-century city on the twentieth-century merchant. Chicago has businesses surpass those of New York, Boston or Philadelphia. It has one firm which does more merchandising than any other establishment in the world. This is Marshall Field & Co., which does a business of from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 a year, which largely controls the retail trade of the West, and whose retail branch has a greater army of clerks than that which Xenophon set on his march to the sea. The man I have interviewed for you was for years the leading spirit of Marshall Field & Co. He began as a clerk, became manager of a small store, and when he left it a few months ago became one of the partners. Now he has a big dry goods establishment of his own, which he started last summer, which already employs thousands of clerks and is the best part of a Chicago block. This man's name is Harry G. Selfridge. He is one of the youngest and most successful business men of Chicago, and is well worth a talk about the twentieth-century merchant as he stands in the great West.

Twentieth-century Merchant.

Mr. Selfridge, in response to my questions: "Merchandising is changing everywhere, and nowhere so much as in the West. It has ceased to be a science and is becoming a science. When A. T. Stewart ran his store in New York it was considered a science. Now we have one retail dry goods establishment in Chicago which has 10,000 clerks and its annual amount to tens of millions. The standing of the merchant is rising. In our Eastern States I am told we stand next to the man engaged in trade. It is the same in the West. The merchant is as much respected as the manufacturer. He looks upon his position as a prominent and proud of it."

"What caused the change?" I asked.

"I suppose it is somewhat due to the growth of the business. Such a business today requires the very best man to handle it. It needs large capital, wide knowledge and more than ordinary education and intelligence. The successful twentieth-century merchant is a good man. His goods come from everywhere, and must know the world and its markets. He must understand financial conditions, and be able to profit by them. He must have an army of clerks, and he must have or, at least, a knowledge of men and the ability to make them take a personal interest in the business. He must understand mechanics and labor-saving devices, and something of an electrician and an engineer. In short, he must be a professor of details, of science, of progressiveness, of public opinion, of systems, of fashions and of the world's civilization. Our business is now a science which must be learned."

Department Stores.

"Now you refer to the department-store proprietor, and what do you mean? I am speaking more of the dry-goods merchant, but the same might be applied to the department-store proprietor. There is a difference between the dry goods merchant, such as that of Marshall Field, my store, and the department-store. The department-stores have many divisions, but they are separate establishments, pure and simple, and we do not say 'take your photograph,' or 'cut your teeth,' 'take your photograph,' or 'cut your teeth while you wait.' We do not like to have the department stores applied to us, and we call the different divisions of our business 'sections' rather than

"at the front door. Mr. Selfridge," said I, "has the big store, and almost everything under the sun, with many sections to stay?"

"There is no doubt of that," was the reply. "Such stores are demanded by the times. They are in the interest of the consumer and are in accord with the spirit of progress. They may be bad and are injurious to society, but trade, as far as that is concerned, is low, except the survival of the fittest, and that will not this system keep growing until there are no more good men."

"In fact, there will always be small stores," said Mr. Self-

ridge. "But they will be restricted to localities where they are a convenience to the immediate neighborhood, or else to the smaller towns away from the great centers. The retail business of the big cities will always be done in big stores."

A Great Merchants' Trust.

"But are not such stores against the interests of the consumer? Will they not monopolize trade, and then swallow up each other? Is there not danger that we

"In the store of Marshall Field & Co. we offered a dollar for every suggestion of value made by a clerk, no matter what that suggestion was. We also gave a dollar to every mention of an error or waste that might be remedied. I remember one clerk got a dollar for pointing out a leak in the water cooler on the third floor. We do the same in my store, and we also pay for any error or mistake discovered in our advertisements, either by placard or by the newspapers. This is to show the clerks that our advertisements are to be relied upon, and also to prevent any deception of the public by them."

Women Clerks.

"What do you think of the woman clerk? Has she come to stay?"

"She has a place of her own in the twentieth-century store, and one which she will always hold. Women are excellent clerks, and in certain places do much better than men."

"How about wages? Are women as well paid as men?"

"No. But there is a reason why they are not. Their term of service is shorter, and they do not secure the advance of salary which comes from a long stay in the same store. As a rule, the woman does not expect to make her employment her life work. She looks forward to marriage, and rightly so. Were it not for that she would soon become more experienced, and would command higher wages."

Advice to Young Merchants.

"Would you advise a boy to adopt merchandising as a profession?"

"That would depend upon the boy," said Mr. Selfridge. "If he has a bent toward merchandising his opportunities will be as great there as in any other profession. If he has no such bent he had better choose something else. I cannot recall when I did not want to be a merchant. I remember I had a stand on the street, and played at selling goods when still quite small, and many of my school vacations were spent in the store."

"Give me some suggestions for the boy who wants to succeed."

"I would advise him to do his very best when he starts out, and to study how to do it better and better. Every clerk should try to make himself valuable to his employer. He should fit himself for the next position above that which he holds, and it will not be long before that position is vacant. One secret of success is in using the time not required for business, sleep or meals for study. One should read good books and cultivate the habit of reading. He should make his reading of a practical nature, and such that it will be of practical use to him. I know one of the best railroad men in the country who began life as a deckhand on a Mississippi steamboat. He worked at first for \$3 per month, but devoted his leisure to study, and he is now a leader of men."

"There are some things that every young man must have, if he would succeed," Mr. Selfridge continued. "He must be honest. He must have good habits; he must have tact, judgment, energy and stick-to-it-iveness. I don't know that I should advise him to come to the big cities. They perhaps offer examples of the greatest successes; but the competition there is also greatest. I would especially advise the young man not to be in too great haste about getting married. It is said that it costs no more to support two persons than one, but that is a mistake. It does cost more, and the young man should be sure he can support a wife and still have something left before he marries. Among other qualities necessary to success are economy, willingness, prudence, self-confidence, pleasant manners, an even temper and a good personal appearance."

Marshall Field on Success.

In connection with this advice of Mr. Selfridge I have some words to young men from Marshall Field on the same subject. They were written some time ago in a letter to Newell Dwight Hillis, now pastor of the Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn. A condensation is as follows:

"I would say that the young man should first consider his natural bent or inclination. He should take stock of himself, find out what business he is adapted for and get into that business with as few changes as possible. Once in, he should strive to master the details of the business and to make his services of value, wherever he is. He should also be alert, and be ready to seize opportunities when they present themselves."

"The trouble with most young men," continued Mr. Field, "is that they do not learn thoroughly. They work carelessly, forget that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and degenerate into drones, relying upon chance to bring them success. The business world is full of such young men; they are content with simply putting in their time somehow and drawing their salaries, making no effort whatever to increase their efficiency, and thereby enhance their own and their employer's interests. There are others who want to do what they are not fitted for, and who thereby waste their lives in what might be called misfit occupations. It is far better to be a good carpenter or mechanic of any kind than a poor business or professional man."

Build up Your Character.

Marshall Field is very emphatic on the duty of young men to pay attention to the formation of their characters. One should do everything that will tend to build up a strong personality. Says he: 'The young man



H. G. SELFRIDGE.

may some day have a great merchants' trust, which will hold all consumers by the throat?"

"Such a thing is not possible," was the reply. "I know it has been talked of, but each locality has its own peculiarity and following. Any attempt to combine stores would be resisted, and overcharges or large profits would induce immediate competition, resulting in new establishments. There is no danger of any mercantile trust ever monopolizing the business of the United States."

Chances for Young Merchants and Clerks.

"I should think, Mr. Selfridge, that the twentieth-century stores which you describe would be the death to individual ambition. In the past, with a few thousand



MARSHALL FIELD.

dollars, a clerk could open a store of his own. Now one must have a vast capital to do so."

"That is true to some extent, but not altogether so. The clerk, on the other hand, receives better wages now. There is a greater demand for good men and more chance to rise. The clerk can still start a store in a small way, or he can make himself so valuable that his salary will be greatly increased."

"Do you have trouble getting good clerks?"

"The best are always in demand, and good men are steadily advanced," replied the merchant. "Clerks are always studied by their employers. Those of the lower grades are watched, and an effort is made to interest them in their work to the general improvement of the business."

who has a conscience that cannot brook the slightest suspicion of wrongdoing, that insists on truthfulness, honesty and strict devotion to duty has a fortune to begin with. It is often the case that boys of excellent ability are ruined by evil associates, and they cannot, therefore, too early guard against forming friendships with those whose tendency is to lead them on a downward path. They should be careful of their companions and should cultivate acquaintances whose conduct and influence will enkindle high purposes. The ability to restrain one's appetite, passions, tongue and temper is of the first importance. One must be master not slave of himself; if he cannot govern himself he cannot govern others. Indeed, a good character is vastly more important than a great fortune. A United States Senator who died recently, wrote the following in his will: "I hope that my sons will above all, early in life, realize that the only thing more difficult to build up than an independent fortune, is character, and that the only safeguards of character are the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount."

Take Care of the Nickels.

"Careful saving and careful spending invariably promote success," says Marshall Field. "It is not what a man earns, but what he saves, that makes him rich. John Jacob Astor once said that the saving of his first thousand dollars cost him the hardest struggle. As a rule, people do not know how to save. The average young man of today when he begins to earn is inclined to habits of extravagance. He gets the idea that he must indulge in habits corresponding to those of some other young man, without regard to what he earns; and he imagines he cannot be manly without. The 5, 10 or 15 cents a day that he squanders, while apparently a trifl, would if saved in a few years amount to thousands of dollars, and go far toward establishing the foundation of his future career. Too few realize that in order to acquire dollars one must take care of the nickels. The young man should begin to save the moment he begins to earn, be the saving ever so little, and if he does so the habit will be of incalculable benefit to him in after life."

Why Business Men Fail.

Everyone knows of Marshall Field's wonderful success. He was raised on a farm in northern New York, and began his business life as a clerk in a country store in Pittfield. He came to Chicago a few years before the Civil War, and entered a wholesale house as a clerk. Four years later he was one of the partners, and, after the war was over, the firm was reorganized under the name of Field, Palmer & Leiter. The partners were Marshall Field, Potter Palmer and Levi Z. Leiter. Two years later Potter Palmer retired and devoted his time to the hotel business, and the firm became Field, Leiter & Co. About twenty-three years ago Mr. Leiter sold out, and since that time the firm has been Marshall Field & Co. Now, no one but himself knows what Marshall Field is worth; but I venture he knows it to the cent. There is no doubt but that he can count his money by the tens of millions; and that he has always been a success along the business road of Chicago, which is marked by thousands of failures. In this letter to Parson Hill he answers the question: "Why so many business men fail?" Here is what he says:

"If the elements herein outlined promote success the logical conclusion is that a disregard of them forebodes failure. The man who is characterized by want of forethought, idleness, carelessness or general shiflessness cannot expect to succeed. There are other causes, however, such as extravagance in living or living beyond one's means, outside speculations, gambling, etc.; want of proper judgment; over-estimating capacity or undertaking more than capital would warrant, or, in other words, attempting to do too large a business on insufficient capital; assuming too heavy liabilities and relying on chance to pull one through; lack of progressiveness, or, in other words, dying of dry rot, and, also, selling on too long time.

"Another cause of failure is trusting out goods to irresponsible people. Retail business should always be done for cash. There is no longer occasion for long credits, as even the farmer of these days can get cash for anything he has to sell.

"Merchants who keep their business well in hand, who sell for cash and pay for goods on short time, taking advantage of all cash discounts, who keep good habits and give strict attention to business, very rarely fail.

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THE NORSE NIGHTINGALE.

Ay lak dis Shakespeare falier party gude—
Ay tek he write some-dandy stuff, yu bet.
Last night Ay read about dis har Othello,
He ban a big black fighter, lak Yoe Gans.
Othello go to call on Desdemona,
And after vile he marry her and go
To keeping house.

A falier named Iago
Ban butting in, and try to making love
To her, and she just snub him gude and hard,
And tal him "Please go back and soak yure head."
Iago he ant lak dis very gude,
And so he start to knocking Desdemona.
"Othello, yu ban dandy friend of mine,
Ay tek yu better vatch yure wife," he say.

And so dis mak Othello purty mad,
Because he have a yealous disposition.
He got so mad he ant can sleep or eat,
And so he tak a dandy sofa pillow.
And smother Desdemona. Ef yu girls
Vould lak to live until yu have gray hair
Yu better pleass ramember Desdemona.
And let dese niggers marry someone else.

—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

The Usages of War.

ACTS BARBAROUS IN ONE AGE, LAWFUL IN ANOTHER.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

WHILE theoretically nations are expected to adhere to the laws of war adopted by the Geneva convention, which have been accepted as part and parcel of the statutory regulations of the United States army, yet the experience of the past goes to show that a strict observance of these ethics becomes almost impossible in actual warfare.

Every now and then a press dispatch from Russian or Japanese headquarters in the field says that protests will be lodged with the powers because "the wounds of our men prove that the enemy is using dum-dum and explosive bullets;" that "the use of floating mines in extra-territorial waters is dangerous to neutral trade and should be interdicted as being contrary to the usages of warfare among civilized nations;" that "fireships are relics of the barbaric age and should not be tolerated;" that "shells containing deadly or poisonous gases should be stricken from the list of legitimate weapons," and so forth.

Officials of the War and Navy Departments at Washington do not attach much significance to these so-called protests, merely referring to history for an explanation, and contending that every invention, while new, strange and unusual, met with opposition from the party against whom used, but that when they themselves have become familiar with its nature, use and effectiveness they have by general tacit consent accepted it as a lawful member of the family of legitimate weapons.

Use of Fireships.

Only a little over a century ago fireships, though frequently a part of the outfit of a fleet, were considered unlawful, and their crews, if captured, suffered death, and not so many years ago Lords Cochrane and Gambier, of the British Admiralty Court, denounced their use as a "horrible and anti-Christian mode of warfare." It was argued that punishing the crews with death would make their use only an extreme measure, the crews knowing that they took their lives in their hands when they volunteered for this hazardous service. Their use was infrequent, but rather on account of the extreme danger of navigating such craft than from any great fear of the consequences of capture.

In 1812 the *Ramillies*, a British seventy-four, was lying at anchor off New London. Two Americans, knowing her to be short of provisions, fitted out a vessel with a holdful of powder and a deckload of flour. A clock-work affair was arranged to explode the powder at a given time. The vessel was captured, as was intended, the crew escaping to the shore. The vessel was ordered to lie off at anchor near another prize, and was not hauled alongside the *Ramillies* to unload, as was expected. When the explosion did take place, only the small prize crew went aloft instead of the 600 men in the *Ramillies*. This act was loudly decried by English writers, and there is no doubt that the crew, had it been captured, would have been summarily hanged.

It is a remarkable historical fact that rice-beet firing for a long time encountered much opposition and many commanders forbade their gunners to use it. The Congreve war rocket was at first loudly denounced as an unlawful implement.

Throwing Hot Water.

Wheaton, one of the greatest authorities on international law, rather doubtfully asserted that a steam vessel on the defensive might throw steam or boiling water and a later critic asks the question, without answering it, however, "May a ship on the offensive boil enemies alive?"

In the Crimean war the wrath of the people of France, England and this country was greatly excited because it was reported that Russia had accepted and adopted the invention of an ingenious American, as an infernal machine, could blow up a line of battleships and instantly destroy all on board. This invention had been rejected successively by the governments of the United States, England and France, probably because they doubted its efficiency, but, as alleged, because it was unlawful. Nothing was said against the subterranean mines of the combatants at Sebastopol, which daily sent to their deaths hundreds of men on both sides.

There was intense excitement in the North in the Civil War because the Confederates tried to blow up one of the Federal ships by surreptitiously introducing into the bunkers a torpedo disguised as a lump of coal, and again when the United States ironclad *Housatonic* was destroyed by the submarine affair known as the *David*, which was denounced as "unusual and secret," and therefore illegal.

Down to the so-called days of chivalry history throws little light upon any distinctness as to legitimate or illegitimate weapons. To give or accept quarter was the exception, and no need was felt for discarding any particular arm for fear of punishment for its use by death at the hands of the captors. The weapons, except bows and arrows, were entirely manual, and whatever could reach and destroy the enemy was considered lawful. The laws of war were few in number and vague in form, and were based entirely upon "might making right."

In the days of the Romans and Greeks, who with reason classed themselves as the polite nations, the use of poisoned weapons alone was barred, though rather because the surrounding barbarians, from whom they wished in all possible ways to be distinguished, used them than for any humane reason based upon philanthropic sentiments.

For several centuries preceding the invention of gun-

powder the only questionable weapon of war whose power was the famous Greek fire, characterized by destructive properties many fabulous according to legend handed down. It appears, however, to have been highly inflammable, and to have possessed the quality of burning under water, and wherever it fell it was consumed from its incendiary nature.

For many generations the process of its manufacture was kept a profound secret at Constantinople, the secret of the Byzantine empire. Other nations, however, by necessity from its use, were energetic in endeavoring to learn it. The knowledge of its composition, however, gradually spread, and at the beginning of the present century it formed a recognized defensive and offensive weapon in most wars, from Western Europe to Asia.

In the so-called days of chivalry certain weapons prevailed as to the kinds of weapons and methods and circumstances of using them, but when it came to the field of battle the gallant knights of the period made no scruple to avail themselves of every possible means of injuring and killing the enemy, such as molten oil and boiling oil poured on the heads of the foe, and the ghost after prolonged agony.

The battle axe would be used to lop off an arm, and the victim be left to bleed to death in the field of honor. The iron mace studded with sharp spikes would be brought down with stunning effect on the heads of the unfortunate within reach, and the bruised brains and mangled features they gave to the ghost after prolonged agony.

When, however, early in the thirteenth century the valiant chivalry of Europe began to fall beneath the overwhelming power of gunpowder, it raised a great outcry against this new weapon as being an invention of the devil and its use unworthy of a true knight. As the arms became more general the slaughter of the foe diminished, for an army outmaneuvered was as safe in the enemy's mercy, and therefore beaten.

The minds of mankind soon became familiar with the new explosive agent, but while all civilized nations quickly adopted the projectile weapon, many were slow to regard as unlawful certain forms of projectiles and methods of use. Each advance step in the perfection of firearms or manner of employing them was met with a stout opposition. This sentiment, as history proves, was, as a rule, general and unanimous, and therefore beaten.

Opposed to Hot Shot.

The French vice-admiral, Marshal Cardigan, dictated the use of hollow shot against the enemy as an unusual and infernal weapon, and therefore it was to be used by polite nations. Within 175 years it was to be hot shot, grape, canister, split balls, etc., we may see denounced by the writers of the day as illegal and military. At the naval battle of the Nile the English were charged with the use of unlawful and horrid chivalry, because they succeeded in blowing up the battle-line-of-battle ship *L'Orient* with all on board. This shot had probably penetrated the magazine.

At this period there seems to have been a compact made between the use of certain missiles on land and sea. The use of chain shot on the field was found to be lawful, but afloat no objection was made, as it was designed for cutting the masts and rigging of vessels regardless of the equal liability of having men torn in two by the projectiles. In those days a naval commander exercised his authority as frequently on the sea as upon the land, and while he would long before using against a vessel in the sea any device which would at one blow destroy the same, he withheld not his hand from resorting to such on land. It was iniquitous to send a ship to the land giving the crew no earthly chance for salvation, a thousand men could be caught conveniently over the prospective crater of a mine it was said, a grand stroke to fire that mine at the happy hour and blow these warriors skyward with mutton and bury them under the falling débris.

At this period, also, the better judgment of mankind continued to forbid the use of poison gas, and this prohibition was held against them intentionally so prepared, as, for instance, belief of copper or other metals liable to inflame the wound. The intent was that an enemy may be wounded in such a manner as to disable him, but there was no right to take his life by being so disabled.

Slaying Non-combatants.

In the earlier and more barbaric ages, when nations engaged in war, it appears to have been common to destroy not only the armed forces of the enemy, but also as many non-combatants as possible, regardless of age, sex or condition. This custom to a great extent arose from two causes—the tribal organization of nations and the inferior social condition of women. The tribe was the family enlarged; the nation only an aggregation of nomadic tribes.

The adult male members of the family were the warriors and the women and children their slaves. As they did the work and bore with the drudgery of camp in peace and in war tended the flocks and herds and garnered the supplies. When their masters defended their rudely fortified towns or villages they worked on the ramparts or when on the march assisted in the siege by their manual labor. The destruction cut off in a measure the aggressor or the resources of the enemy and also deprived them of a source for the supply of young warriors. This therefore followed as a necessary war measure.

As this custom, however, in a generation or two seriously reduced the fighting forces on both sides, the rude statesmen of the day inaugurated the rule of sparing alive the women and young children, the former for breeding purposes, the latter for training the warriors on the side of the captors.

The Yellowtail.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CALIFORNIA'S OCEAN.

By a Special Contributor.

YEAR and year, to left and right, distant as the eye could reach, the world was blue. Blue was the sea and blue the sky, inverted like some great bowl above it. The swelling floor of the water no white mark marred the unbroken surface, and from horizon to horizon not a cloud trailed its way across the amethystine heaven. Back the thin haze that marked the distant mountain coast was of the same color, only of a deeper shade, less deep and strong than that of the sun, less pure and bright than the hue that dyed the white distances of air. To the west, dream-bound, enshrouded in the mystery of a world and a people long gone, a chain of islands reared sharp mountain peaks and they were blue—not of heart nor of real color, but because they were so far away, almost out of reach of the level rays of the sun striving their hardest to gild the line of the sea as in the earlier hours of the day they had gilded the hoary heads of many mainland countries miles away. Indeed, the sun, round as the moon itself that opened and closed with every fresh current of water, was the only bit of strange color in the world, the only intruder that could not be gainsaid. But beneath the surface of the sea, an arm's length apart, widely scattered yet moving together with the swiftness of a mighty army, swam great numbers of small fish—fish golden in their fins and tails and along the edges of their bodies as the rays of the great sun through which they passed. Noiseless was their swimming and going, and even now, as they neared the shore, their ranks became more and more broken as one and then one sprang through the green depths in other larger form of life, or little squads of two or three played, rising alternately almost to the surface of the water again, like leaden plummets, to the bottom depths of the boundless sea. But always, whether in questing their food, or in following those in front, toward the great kelp beds that lie, miniature ranges now, a few miles from the mainland coast, where the returning yellowtail come back from the spawning grounds, hid no one knows where, in darkness of the blue ocean. And their numbers were infinite, so many that the lesser fish forsook for this part of the sea, fearing the great mouths of the enemies they had known so well the season before, now armed to swallow their hapless selves. Among all the large fish, swimming in a sort of loose square, shone the youngsters of the season, thirty-fives of five and six pounds, small indeed when compared with the great fifty-pounders that moved freely in the very van of the school, but giving promise now, in the powerful strokes of their stubby tails, that the sudden dashes they made after the thinnest of the schools that crossed their way, of what they would be when another twelvemonth had swung round.

Land at, over from the south and west they swam, especially from the great plateau that lies many thousand miles in the midst of the South Pacific. And, by night, and as the sun dropped slowly into the west, ever changing that part of the sea whence he rose, the ranks drew closer together until the school seemed almost to floor the waters at a little depth. When one tail "moved, beating its way through the turbulent water, it played against one of the solid walls on either side, and when the front of the swimmers moved a bit faster, then from out a still swifter spurt, up came the rank and file school, no one striving to out the leaders, each endeavoring not to lag behind. On either side the body in front swam long, like fish of vocation, quartering the sea in every direction, although bands of smelt and perch, paying not much attention to them, but all the while watching, seeking something which they feared and did not exactly expect in this particular place. The smallest of the school, those for whom this journey must have been the first long trip through the ocean wherein they had been born, followed excitedly the scurrying perch that, fat and toothed, like a fish, occasionally dashed through the moving mass. And yet, so quiet was all that not a ripple disturbed the calm floor of the ocean on the watery plain told of the passing crowds below; even the great fish, with motionless wings above the sapphire depths, quivered with a shrill scream when he saw the small fish leaping beneath him, knowing full well that these tireless pirates passed no small risk to left for him.

But then, just as the screaming bird lifted himself to the golden afternoon, there came rushing along the bank of the swimming school those outposts of the school, many and many a mile along the head. But now their movements were like lightning that plays above the kelp beds in storm; hither and yon, along front and back with they swam—the speediest of all the race of swimmers—giving warning, telling of something bad that shortly. Then through the whole of his pack, packed closer than ever since the coming of the sun a shudder; a wave of understanding, the more touching of bodies with those that were outside, and the many, not as individuals, but as a swimmer, sank noiselessly down, down, into the green depths, until light was no more and

sight became a matter of feeling. And still down they sank until they lay along the sandy bottom, scarce moving fin or tail, trembling with the fear that had driven them down. Above, cutting the surface of the sea with their sharp tails, swam four great creatures, long and heavy of body and with their heads set across their massive necks. Now and again one of them opened his mouth, flashing row after row of ivory teeth in the sun. They were sharks, huge hammerheads, searching the sea for just such choice bits of life as this yellowtail school would have brought them. But the travelers were too wary, too skilled in the arts of the hunted, to be caught out in the open sea by these their old-time enemies. Infinitely swifter in moving through the water, more skilled in the craft that makes for safety in the deep, one of the older yellowtail alone could have escaped easily from all four of the sharks, but the young fish were an added handicap, and as the school had done in years before, so did they now seek safety for the one in the safety of all, making the power of the weakest of the youngsters the standard by which they measured the strength of the school. This is by no means unusual among the tribes of the land, for in fleeing from hounds the mother fox accompanied by her brood of half-grown young, will accommodate her pace to the strength of the weakest of those she has with her, and sooner will she give up her life than desert that one when it can do no more. With the dwellers under water, where, with few exceptions, there are no ties of individual parentage, the whole school takes upon itself the guardianship of the helpless young until they reach an age of ability to meet the world as they know it upon a somewhat more equal footing than that with which they were equipped when they started out. The life of the water-people is no less full of pursuit and flight, of the killing of the weak that the strong may live, than is that of animal tribes as we know them, only the element in which they move is so different that the ways of hunter and hunted must of necessity be adapted to it. So the yellowtail knew that, if they lay quietly on the sandy bottom, the great sharks, owing to the peculiar structure of their jaws, could not harm them, though in mid-water one of the hammerheads could cut the largest of the school in twain as easily as the fish could have seized and eaten the smallest of the smelt. It is a mistake to suppose that a shark of any kind is compelled to turn over on its back to take its prey into its mouth, and none knew this better than the leaders of the yellowtail band. Better than anyone else, too, they knew that there is but one shark in all the seas of the world that takes its food from the bottom of the ocean's bed, but one the structure of whose mouth will permit him to do so, and that is the despised shovel-nose, small and of no consequence to the larger fish, but of dire importance to many of the smaller swimmers that live their lives along the sandy floor of the sea.

By and by, lying motionless, fins and tails moving only enough to keep their bodies in a vertical position under the pressure of the water, the sense of fear passed somewhat from the yellowtail school, and, first rising by ones and twos to within a few feet of the surface, the whole band at last got under way, headed once more inshore toward a portion of the channel which, under the light of the rising moon, lay dull red amid the wide expanse of blue. Mile wide and many miles long, the root-stalks of its uncountable plants running down to the bottom of the sea, there were mingled in this great sea garden myriad kinds of kelp, and in and out, forever weaving invisible trails through the whispering waters, swam fish of all sizes, the larger ones on the outside, the smaller safe within the tangled labyrinth of the very heart of the kelp bed. As the school of yellow swimmers approached this, their resting place for seasons after seasons and for many years, the solid formation broke and the youngsters, seeming to know what was expected of them, drove straight on to a safe haven among the seaweed, pursued to the very edge of their refuge by countless bonita and other fish of the size of a grown yellowtail or larger. But once inside they were safe, as were the older and larger fish of their kind outside—for sharks, the only enemies grown yellowtail have, rarely approach the kelp beds and then only in times of greatest hunger, knowing full well that the fish they seek can escape within the tangle of slippery stems and leaves long before they are able to lay hold on them. For predaceous fish, such as those who had just come and the swift blue "skip-jacks" that made perpetual home around this floating growth, the small fish furnished a plentiful and easily-obtained food supply. In turn, from the mainland came human fishers to prey upon these far-called wanderers, and many were the strange devices they brought with them to lure from the depths the fish they sought. Of these the younger members of the band must needs learn, and that speedily, for the time of their stay among the kelp was the time of the coming of the men that hunted them.

Here ceased the care of the older fish for the younger; safe from the far scene of their birth they had been brought, and here the guardianship was to end, here each must look out for himself, and, in order to avoid being killed, must himself kill. Already the younger fish knew of the ease with which they could lay hold of some of the smaller fish swimming in the open sea, but here in the kelp beds a new problem presented itself: the smaller creatures could slip around the seaweed stalks and through holes between the floating leaves, so that the slower yellowtail, young though they were, at first had great difficulty in getting enough to eat. Fortunately, however, the young of all the hunting creatures learn very rapidly, much more so than the young of those whose lives are bound in ways of peace. Of actual instruction from the older fish they did not have much, nor does any young animal, but their ability to watch and to learn by watching was large, and the days were few until even the smallest

they that had been hatched last before leaving the safety of the spawning grounds—knew as much of the ways of escape and of getting their food as did the oldest one in the school, though by no means so much of the ways of the great swimmers that hunted them, as they were to learn in after months.

So, moving about in a band of many, the young fish grew rapidly until, in the second month of their coming to the kelp beds, those that had been largest at the time of the migration were now of a size to carry them far from the fringed protection of the kelp bed; in fact they had grown so in every way that they could no longer slip through the tangled net woven by the seaweed, and some few died from trying, in their haste to escape larger fishes, to break their way through the labyrinth and finally being unable either to back out or to go ahead. And those so drowned became legitimate prey for the many little creatures that, had the yellowtail lived, would have been food for them. The leaves and stems of the seaweed held the dead fish down and protected the little marauders from larger hunters that might have been called from all parts of the surrounding sea by the numbers of small swimmers. So goes the life of the sea, they that kill today are killed tomorrow, only its tragedy is infinitely acute, for the mightiest of earth as well as the tiniest are dwelt in the depths. Here and there, too, one of the younger fish disappeared into the throat of some wandering pirate of the sea. A school of great bass, black as night along their sleek sides and opening great jaws in hot pursuit, gleaned heavily from the band, and an occasional shark succeeded in cutting one off from the haven of the kelp and so removing him from the company that had come so far together. But it was when the long, white-winged boats began to put out, in early autumn, from the mainland coast, trailing strange things over stern and alongside, things that seemed so alluring to fish eyes, that the real troubles of the yellowtail began.

Swimming about the seaward edge of the great plain of seaweed one afternoon, chasing the smelt and seizing great mouthfuls of them, the largest members of the school played in the golden half-light of their world a few feet beneath the surface of the water. Now and again one rose to the level floor of the sea, lifting half his body into the air in pure joy at being alive, splashing the water, as he fell, with broad, golden tail. Then through their midst, causing the whole band to sink as if of lead, passed a huge black shadow, wheezing and puffing like the great whales they knew in southern seas. Behind it streamed a trail of foam such as the whales leave on their journey toward the Southern Cross, but from its head there came no jet of spray, such as they were wont to expect when the schools of whales passed by, and from this alone the sharp eyes of the older fish told them to sheer away and let the great traveler alone. But as it passed, trailing from over stern and from far back on the sides of the monster hung many kinds of fish, all small, all of the kind that yellowtail love, and, intermingled with them, now and again a toothsome squid, moving at such a pace as the yellowtail had never seen before, but unmistakably alive and swimming with all their might to keep up with the great creature ahead. So, too, with a few powerful strokes of his tail, the leader of the band started forward. Many lures had he seen in his life, but never any that moved as did these, and with a sudden leap through the water he seized upon a slender white squid that swam so tantalizingly ahead of his nose. For the moment he forgot the caution he had learned through the years, mayhap because he was hungry, mayhap he just forgot; at any rate his jaws closed, not upon the soft body of a squid, but upon something hard, something that pricked his mouth at first, and then something that he could not throw out again, as in years gone he had thrown out the lures of other fishermen. So he followed the pulsing launch away, perforce, because he could not get rid of the clinging thing in his jaw. For awhile, having seen their leader drawn from them by this new terror, the rest of the band lay in silent fear at the very bottom of the sea, then, one by one, the largest and the bravest first, they rose and swam swiftly to the shelter of the wavering seaweed fronds.

HARRY H. DUNN.

DECLINE OF LATIN.

In the day of its pedagogical glory, Latin was the universal tongue of the learned. But how changed all this is now! Statistical studies show that five hours a week for a year gives command of but a few hundred words, that two years does not double this number, and that command of the language and its resources in the original is almost never attained, but that it is abandoned not only by the increasing percentage that do not go to college, but also by the increasing percentage who drop it forever at the college door.

Its enormous numerical increase, due to high-school requirements, has been attended, perhaps inevitably, by steady pedagogic decline despite the vaunted new methods, until now the baby Latin in the average high-school class is a kind of sanctified relic, a ghost of a ghost, suggesting Swift's *Tristibugus*, doomed to physical mortality, but shriveling and with increasing horror of all things new.

In 1892 the German Emperor declared it a shame for a boy to excel in Latin composition, and in the high schools of Sweden and Norway it has been practically abandoned.

In the present stage of its educational decadence the power of the dead hand is strongly illustrated by the new installation of the old Roman pronunciation, with which our tongue has only remote analogies, which makes havoc with proper names, which is unknown and unrecognized in the schools of the European continent, and which makes a pedantic affectation out of mere vocalism.—[G. Stanley Hall.]



Canada's Royalty. By Frederic J. Haskin.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

A FIGUREHEAD DRAWS FIVE TIMES THE SALARY OF THE PREMIER.

From a Special Correspondent.

OTAWA, Nov. 5.—The present social season at the Dominion capital promises to be extremely strenuous because of the ceremonials attendant upon saying farewell to one Governor-General and his wife and welcoming their successors. For the information of those who do not know, it may be well to state that His Excellency, the Governor-General, and Her Excellency, his wife, are the personal representatives of Their Majesties, the English King and Queen; and, furthermore, that it is the duty of Their Excellencies to maintain a vice-regal court and perform, by proxy, the functions of the crown.

Such a provision is not necessary in the case of Canada because, while being nominally a dependency, it is virtually a free country. An example of the gross anomaly of the situation is shown at the opening of Parliament when His Excellency mounts the throne and reads a speech outlining the legislation which will meet the King's pleasure, when in reality this address is invariably prepared for him in advance by the members of the provincial Cabinet. It is true that he has the veto power, but only in the most remote instances does he ever make use of his authority. It is truthfully said that a Governor-General who became dictatorial would likewise become obnoxious, and that he would straightforwardly lose his job.

Canadians Pay the Fiddler.

Thus it will be seen that the duties of Their Excellencies are largely of a social character. They provide a court atmosphere and the Canadians settle the bills. This matter of playing King always was expensive business, and the Canadians have to pay rather handsomely for their importation of royalty. The annual salary of the Premier of the Dominion, who is a statesman, is only \$10,000, while that of His Excellency amounts to \$50,000, with house, grounds and servants thrown in. The purple comes high, but the Canadians think they cannot get along without it.

Although the Dominion government pays more for sentiment than it can afford, neglecting its public servants in the meanwhile, the people make amends in a private way. When a premier grows old in their service, as Sir John McDonald did, they pass the hat and give him a substantial donation. It is said that before Sir Wilfrid Laurier became Premier, his colleagues subscribed to his maintenance rather than lose him as their leader. He is known as a man of incorruptible character, and it is a sad commentary on the calling of politics in almost all countries that when we find honest men in them they nearly always are poor as church mice.

"Thee is Strange, Martha."

In returning to the subject of Canada's vice-regal court, and the atmosphere it creates, I am reminded of a remark that comes in well because it is a failing of humanity to become too critical in judging others. Once an old Quaker said to his wife: "Everybody is strange

but me and thee, Martha, and sometimes methinks that thee is strange." The individual viewpoint is narrow. Recognizing this it is well to say that these observations are offered in all good humor; that they are given with the intention of showing the differences in custom, rather than with the idea of reforming our Canadian friends to the American standard.

The social life of the Dominion naturally revolves around the royalty, because that is what they are hired for. When a new pair of Excellencies comes out from England, Ottawa rushes pell-mell to Rideau Hall and writes its name in the guest book. An aide-de-camp looks up all individuals who sign the register to determine whether they are proper enough to mingle with royalty. "Is your name written there?" becomes a paramount issue in Ottawa society, just prior to a levee at the government house.

Hired Man Receives.

When President and Mrs. Roosevelt entertain their friends at dinner, they receive their guests personally, but at the court of Canada the receiving is done by the hired man, the aide-de-camp. After all have arrived Their Excellencies appear and lead the way to the dining-room. At the conclusion of the meal Her Excellency leaves the room, followed at once by the other ladies, each of whom must pause before making her exit to execute a deep courtesy to His Excellency. To per-

skating parties, garden parties, receptions and theatricals follow each other in rapid succession during the season. Although they dispense entirely a lavish manner they never accept hospitality. A matter of tradition that no Governor-General or member of his family has ever been received in a private house in Ottawa. When the prince attended a church wedding recently his hosts made considerable comment, because it was a royal precedent, and was interpreted as a sign of favor which was unwarranted. On another occasion His Excellency appeared unexpectedly at a skating party in the capitol grounds. He was attired in footman's uniform and complaint immediately arose from the local Beau Brummels who were there in fancy dress. Had they been apprised of His Excellency's visit they would have dressed for the party.

Cause for Strained Relations.

The retiring Excellencies, the Earl and Countess Minto, have two very charming daughters, Lady Grey and Lady Ruby. Some of the more favored girls in Ottawa may occasionally be permitted to dance with the young ladyships, or to skate with them at the rink, but as for taking them to the theater, or to tea, or to call—never. Furthermore, they must not see their ladyships unless an aide-de-camp is present, so that their presence is desirable. It not infrequently happens that an imperial summons comes just at the moment the young townsmen are paying their respects to other than royal belles. Under the circumstances there is just one thing to do, and that is to do as a civilian girl like a hot cake and report to royal headquarters. In this proceeding there often arises what in parlance is termed "a situation."

To the mind of a citizen of a republic, where we have no Kings except the shoddy kind that the movies make, and where the law ordains that all men share alike in the privileges of State, it would seem that His Excellency should unbend a bit and go among his neighbors—especially when he is in Canada.

II. However, the Earl and Countess Minto, through, and Canadians in the British manner, are of sentiment throughout. All improbable things may happen to them themselves, but they may be represented as being on in the meeting, access to the royal court. They may at the open house and attend a showy special event, a sentimental relief, a visit of the Black Prince to the Senate, or the like. There is no place in Canada claims to be the home of the Earl and Countess Minto.

The Canadians are entertained when they afford it, and there is certainly no colonialism. But their importance and the grand ceremony would be a good opportunity for supporting the cause. Thousands of names to be known, and the like. Their Excellencies are to be honored. I mean of Their Excellencies, the Earl and Countess Minto.

AN OLD TAILOR
Tall grass
In trying
Near dull
The market
Of memory
Across

The child
With a
In quiet
The hunt
The love
Will be

There down
Of step
Once past
The saddle
The dog,
And, a

The sun
Milk
It shines
And victory
To victory
Doubt



Lady Ruby,
Second
Daughter
of the Countess of Minto



Earl Grey,
The New
Viceroy
of Canada

Countess
of Minto
Wife of
Governor
General



Rideau Hall

form this courtesy is no small undertaking for the matron who may be handicapped with excessive avoidance, or the one who has suffered a tinge of rheumatism. Despite the preparation of frequent rehearsals in the boudoir, it is decidedly a critical moment when the stout dowager reaches the lowest stage of the salute and attempts to rise. On more than one occasion a slipper has been lost in the performance, necessitating a stocking-foot retreat, to the boundless merriment of the onlookers and the everlasting embarrassment of the unfortunate.

Never Guests.

Their Excellencies entertain almost constantly. Balls,

\$50,000 a year for being sociable. But the Earl hastens to explain that it would not do at all to do not the kingly way. Why, if a King were strong enough to go visiting among civilians, he would be august, and therefore would not be worth visiting.

Skates With His Tailor.

Yet we are told that Lord Minto is a rare sort of man, that if he were not bound by the traditions which govern the conduct of a man of title he would be a great mixer. What better proof of a determined man would one want than the fact that His Excellency skates with his tailor? While it is not overwise to be overly charitable in our estimates of royal personages, in view of the evidence it is remotely possible that Lord Minto may be a rather good sort of man.

the Canadian Government will give him the benefit of the same. He is a fine judge of a horse. In his young days he was one of the most celebrated gentlemen in England. He is known as an all-round sportsman who plays hard and fair. He is not considered brilliant intellectually, but is accepted as a thorough gentleman with sufficient dignity and tact to discharge the duties of his office in an acceptable manner.

The Governor a Diplomat.

The Countess of Minto is a charming hostess and a successful diplomat. She is one of the finest skaters in the Dominion, but during her sojourn in Canada has greatly increased the finances of the Victorian Order of Canada Nurses, an organization to provide cheap medical service for people unable to pay the usual fees. Aside from being the wife of the present Governor-General, Her Excellency is the sister of Earl Grey, who is to be its successor. It is not at all improbable that her popularity in Canada, together with her influence at court, had something to do with the appointment of another member of her family as the Canadian Envoy. The daughters of Lady Minto are pretty, accomplished, and unaffected. They are as popular as young ladies of their restricted habits could possibly be, and will be greatly missed when they return to England.

The New Vicar.

Earl Grey, the new Governor-General to Canada, who will relieve the present official in December, is said to be very acceptable to the Canadians. He is an administrator of experience, if he should have occasion to exercise such functions, and has a family connection with the Dominion aside from his relationship to Countess Minto. His father, who was private secretary to Queen Victoria, was in command of the Seventy-first regiment in English politics Earl Grey is a Liberal Unionist, but above and beyond all else he is an Imperialist of the most uncompromising type. He believes in maintaining, to their fullest integrity, the ties which bind together the colonies and the motherland. At this time Chamberlain is beating the drums to hold the empire together. Earl Grey's sentiments will coincide exactly with Canadian ambition.

Political May Change.

If, however, the preferential scheme should fall through, and Canadian products be denied an advantage in the British market, there is likely to be a reversal of sentiment throughout the Dominion. It is not at all improbable that before the end of his term Earl Grey will witness a tendency among his colonists to turn themselves from their long connection with the mother country. The Canadians show signs of wishing to go in the world. They are in earnest about getting access to the British market. They really care for that than they do about the pomp of the present court. The theatrical arrival of His Excellency at the opening of Parliament, attired in robes of state and attended by gorgeously uniformed outriders, may be a style but it is really nothing more than ceremonial robes of mediævalism; the capers of the Duke of the Black Rod, summoning the House of Commons to the State Chamber are mere masquerade which has given in the government of a free country like Canada.

On Being With Swells.

In Canada smile and look upon it as a form of amusement which they can afford because they have created it, but if the Chamberlain crusade should continue it is certain to be a shrinkage in the loyalty of the nation. Somebody is likely to father the idea that the imported style is costing more than it is worth the passing of the make-believe court with its ceremonials may follow. On the whole it is a good thing because the price that Canada is paying for a branch of the throne cannot be measured by the salaries paid to the emoluments of the thousands of people in the Dominion are so well known for their association with titled swells as to become a style which they are by no means ashamed of. It is certain that the coming and the going of Excellencies, aside from creating much expense which are not shown in the in-

FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

AN OLD GARDEN; A MEMORY.

Old grass hides the door
In ivy-covered wall,
The dull gray steps of stone which bore
The marks of Time—a hidden store
Of memories sweet which evermore
Across the years will call.

The child who loved to stray
With book of fairy lore
In quiet paths, the boy at play.
The huntsman at the dawn of day.
The lover in the time of May
Will keep their trust no more.

There down the old stone flight
Of steps, with moss o'ergrown,
Once passed the bride with roses white,
The soldier eager for the fight,
The guest, who, living, made our light,
And, dying, left us lone.

The sunset's fiery gold
Makes radiant the sky;
It shines upon the garden old
And visions come like tales told,
So warm as the night wind cold
Beneath a gentle sigh.

—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

New Facts About Burns.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE POET BY
A RELATIVE.

From the London Sphere.

AFTER a century of diligent gleanings in the field in which Robert Burns so fruitfully sowed himself a few hitherto undiscovered sprays of poetry have been secured, and a curious corroboration of the truthfulness of the most revealing portrait of the poet has come to light.

The welcome lines have been found unimpaired by time in the memory of a relative of Burns, in whose person we have a most interesting link of connection with him, forming one of the very few traditional sources through which it is still possible to obtain ungathered reminiscences. Mrs. Low—in whom the Burns features, which Burns and his sister, Isobel, inherited and which show so strongly in the portrait of Burns painted in the year preceding his death, appear again very strikingly—is now in her seventy-fifth year and is living at Woodside, Aberdeen. She is a granddaughter of Mary Broun, cousin to Agnes Broun, mother of Burns. Her grandmother migrated from Ayrshire where her ancestors dwelt and settled in Stonehaven (Kincardineshire). She married a linen-weaver there, William Walker by name. In her sea-girt home Mary retained a lively interest in her Ayrshire relatives, and shortly after Burns visited her in Stonehaven she went to see them, taking her little daughter, Betty, then about nine years of age, with her.

She left the lassie at Monsgiel, where Agnes Burns, her cousin, kept house with Isobel for Gilbert Burns. There Betty received indelible impressions of Burns, his people, and the things that interested him.

From Monsgiel Betty went to Dumfries and stayed "a long while" with the poet. It seems her stay was prolonged on account of the sickness and death of her sister at Stonehaven.

Burns wrote a letter to Mary Walker after the death of her daughter and enclosed two violets, one purple and the other yellow, as a floral message from his wife and little Betty, and on his own account wrought the flowers into the consolatory verselet:

HEART'S EASE.

Go, little flower, go; bid thy name impart!
Each hope, each wish, each beating of my heart;
Go, soothe her sorrows, bid her anguish cease;
Go, be the bearer of thyself—heart's ease.

The prolonged stay of Betty at Dumfries made her intimate with the poet at the most pathetic period of his broken life. She picked up many snatches of composition cast away by him in careless exuberance. Her daughter tells of such repeated by her when she was reminiscent of the Dumfries experiences, but with the exception of three or four they have faded from memory. With clear recollection of her mother's fervent rehearsal she repeats the following lines no less redolent of Burns:

LOVING CONDUCTOR.

She asked why wedding rings are made of gold;
I ventured thus to instruct her:
"Why, madam, love and lightning are the same,
On earth they glance, from heaven they came;
Love is the soul's electric flame
And gold its best conductor."

Another fragment remembered by Mrs. Low relates to an entrancing look which the poet had of the face of some fair traveler:

CHARMER GONE.

Speed the coach in its swift flight!
It took away my charming stranger,
Took her, bless her, out of sight,
And me as quickly out of danger.
Mrs. Low's mind is haunted by a memorable couplet the connection of which she cannot remember:

Locked in passion's dark embrace,

Wrecked on the coral reefs of beauty.
These late-recovered fragments have all the peculiarities of the poet's random effusions, and are welcome now as lingering golden grains from the field of his singing.

From the poet's home at Dumfries, Betty carried an hour glass given to her by Burns. He had brought it from Edinburgh as a souvenir of the charming city wherein time passed so gayly. Another relic which Betty Walker kept with careful regard is a white muslin cap sewn and given to her by Isobel Burns. It displays dainty taste, and though the "logs" are cut off it is a quaint specimen of old-time needlework. These heirlooms are of an interesting nature and may well be regarded as valuable finds by the hunter after relics of Burns.

The most remarkable thing in the relationship with which we are now dealing is the manifest facial resemblance between Mrs. Low, Burns, and his sister, Isobel. The resemblance is all the more striking because it is to the last aspect of Burns that it applies. When Betty first knew Burns the all-revealing look which the final portrait preserved was being permanently fixed upon him. It is the maternal look, the Broun features, characteristic of a sturdy but "air handen doon" Covenanter ancestry.

The various portraits of Burns have a history which need not be retold here. Our immediate interest lies with the last portrait of all. Of it Burns himself wrote thus to Thomson: "There is an artist of considerable merit just now in the town (Dumfries) who has hit the most remarkable likeness of what I am at this moment that I think was ever taken of anybody." Dr. Waddell has told the story of this portrait in his edition of Burns. It must be admitted that the final portrait is not to be chosen for its pleasantness. We are at first

repelled by it. Its story is so heart-wringing that we are constrained to cast it away. But on a deeper study the portrait fascinates, and when we catch the sad significance of it we realize that it is an all-too-faithful representation of the look of Burns at the consummate moment.

There, we are obliged to admit, is the evolved Burns bearing in his marred visage the unspeakable anguish of his passion-driven soul. It is a portrait that Carlyle would have gasped at with penetrating amazement and wept over in an ecstasy of compassion. We there see the man who wrote "The Jolly Beggars," the "Address to the Deil," and "Man Was Made to Mourn." It shows Burns after he had plowed abortively and been on the "eusty stool," after Clarinda correspondence and anguished prayers, after all his struggling in developing and damaging circumstances, with the whole glory and bluntness of his high and pain-stricken career written on his declaratory features. The declaration is so terrible that in mercy to Burns it has been kept out of sight until we could bear it. We can study it now with sympathetic wonder. Far more than his autobiography or any account of his life it tells of his inevitable career. At last we have a face that matches the marvelous writings.

The features of the Kerry miniature show a strong likeness to those of Agnes Broun. The large upper lip, the set of the nose, are the same in both, and in the general contour of both faces there is an evident correspondence. The son's face is indicative of a larger range of experience, but it is the mother's face developed.

In the portrait of Isobel Burns the same facial outlines are shown, the large rounded eyes, the nose deeply set into the brow, the broad, deep upper lip, the plastic chin. But in her the mouth is sweetened. Mrs. Low's face shows the same outlines. The framework is the same in the three faces, but the resemblance of Mrs. Low to Burns is the most striking. In her case the likeness is heightened by a high-tanned, swarthy complexion corresponding to the darkness of skin inherited by Burns. The present writer can never forget how he sat in her garret handling the engraving of Jean Burns and her grandchild treasured by her granny and listening amazed at the rehearsal of the memory-locked fragments.

ALEXANDER WEBSTER.

ALPINE TOBOGGANING.

SLIDE UPON WHICH ALMOST A MILE A MINUTE HAS BEEN MADE.

[Electrical Review:] St. Moritz is one of the highest villages in the Engadine, having an altitude of about 6000 feet, and is a great center of winter sports; it is consequently much frequented by English and other nationalities who enjoy the sports of skating, curling, tobogganing, skiing and bandy, which can here be obtained under the best conditions. Good toboggan runs may be had in other places, but at St. Moritz it is carried to a fine art, and only an expert can expect to compete successfully on the renowned "Cresta" toboggan run, with its wonderful curves and banks. The name Cresta is derived from a small village of that name near the finish of the course.

The course is a little over three-quarters of a mile in length, with a difference of elevation, from the start to finish, of about 600 feet; the gradient varies at different points, being most steep at the church loop.

As only one toboggan can occupy the track at a time, the races are all decided by the time taken to complete the course. The record time from the start to the finish is at present 61 6-10 seconds, this entailing a speed of sixty miles an hour or more on the fastest parts. The curves of frozen snow are built up with high banks accurately shaped to allow the tobogganer to go around them at the greatest speed, the highest bank being about twenty-five feet in height. These different banks have well-known names, such as the Battledore and Shuttlecock, Scylla and Charybdis and Belpett's Corner. The whole track is practically of ice, and after passing the finish it has for a short distance a steep upward gradient, the great momentum obtained carrying the tobogganer uphill.

The toboggans used are of the "skeleton" pattern, with steel runners, the tobogganer lying in a prone position and steering with his feet, by means of spikes attached to the toes of his boots. The principal race run on the Cresta is the Grand National, which takes place at the end of February or beginning of March, and might be called the Derby of toboggan racing, competitors coming from Davos and other places to take part in this contest.

WONDERFUL WARNING INSTRUMENT.

The fall of the Campanile of Venice aroused terror in the breasts of all those who have the care of the old buildings of Italy, and it was specially felt in Milan. The authorities, to reassure the Milanese about the Duomo, at once had an instrument fitted up which registers the slightest movement. The mechanism is one of the most delicate imaginable, and most wonderful. It shows oscillations produced by the winds, and the most imperceptible inclinations in the pinnacles. It is hung in the highest pinnacle, and may be called the pendulum register. In itself it is of great weight and very strong, thus obviating movements of its own, and is nearly sixty feet long, but at the same time it is, as indicated, very sensitive. At once, when put in position, it showed the periodical movement of the whole cathedral through the action of the sun on the stone. Who would have believed that this were possible, but so it is! While, strangely enough, such being the fact, it is also shown that, through the special way in which it is constructed, the chief pinnacle resists the action of the wind better than an ordinary tower.

Special care has been taken that the point of suspension of the instrument shall not vary with the years. Thus Milan feels safe. Her great church cannot fall without fair warning.—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

California's New Park.

GREAT RESULT ACHIEVED BY A CLUB OF WOMEN.

By a Special Contributor.

THROUGH the untiring efforts of a single club, and that club composed entirely of women, with the exception of its secretary, California has secured one of the most beautiful natural parks in the world. The club in question was the State Sempervirens Club, whose president is Mrs. Lovell White of San Francisco, but whose general membership comes from many parts of the Golden State. Its home is in San José, Santa Clara county, where from time to time the club meets to act upon such matters as are deemed important.

The prime object of the club is the preservation of the

purchased by the Park Commission, and of the main appropriation about \$200,000 expended in purchase of land and park improvements. The park has been officially named "California Redwood Park."

Although the territory included in California Redwood Park lies within fifty miles of San Francisco and its sister cities of the bay, and within twenty-five miles of either San José or Santa Cruz, it still remains comparatively isolated from the world. The principal reason for this condition of affairs is the rugged nature of the surrounding country. The park is surrounded by a great mountain range, whose altitude varies from 1600 to 2400 feet. The nearest railroad point is Boulder Creek, on the Southern Pacific, eleven miles away. From this point the State has constructed a wagon road, and this at present affords the principal avenue of ingress. But other roads are being planned, and their construction urged upon the Park Commission.

On the 30th of September, 1904, a special meeting of the Sempervirens Club was held at San José for the pur-

pose, and could be made to serve the purpose. Apartments should necessarily arise on the sides of the mountains. Around the entrances of these caves grow many different varieties of ferns; at least that is the opinion of the naturalists who have explored the region.

In the same neighborhood is another interesting feature, thick with ferns, known as "Echo Rock," from which it is said that it gives an echo of a seemingly large amount of water, while nothing of the kind, except a babbling rivulet, can be discovered. Geologists have thought that the echo may possibly be caused by falls already described, but which are distant several miles.

Waddell Creek, for a considerable distance, flows through a series of falls and rapids, that present a very interesting spectacle, and at the same time produce a quantity of falling waters. It has been estimated that there are more than fifty of these falls and rapids in the series, varying in height from three to six feet.

A stroll along the north fork of Waddell Creek affords views of equal interest, such as overhanging ledges covered with moss and ferns; waterfalls, deep wooded glens. The upper waters of this stream are places spanned by the trunks of huge trees almost as ancient as to be completely clothed in rich green moss. The creek also abounds in a myriad of speckled trout.

What has been named the "Trail Boundary" runs along the banks of the south fork of Waddell Creek. This leads to the summit of a ridge from which a view of vantage nearly the entire park opens in the distance, presenting a perfect panorama of natural beauty. The trail also leads to a small tract of table land covered with magnificent redwoods, some of which are two or three feet in diameter at the base, and rear their heads high into the sky. Beneath these trees the ground is level as a lawn, and covered with a vigorous growth of wild strawberries.

California now has three of these large forests—the Yosemite, Sequoia and Redwood. The Yosemite is really a national park held in trust by the State of California. It was discovered about the year 1850 by Mrs. Jessie Fremont, wife of the famous explorer.



A Forest Road in Redwood Park.

Excursionists Banqueting in Redwood Park.

forests of the State, both from an artistic and from a practical standpoint. As the California redwood is the favorite tree among all classes the club adopted the name of that tree as a patronymic. It is to the preservation of the redwood forests that the club devotes its best efforts. The club is now congratulating itself upon the fact that in the formation of the California Redwood Park it has preserved to the present and future ages upward of 4000 acres of virgin forest, composed almost wholly of this noble tree; saved it at least from the ravaging hand of commerce.

The Sempervirens Club by itself and its representatives went before the Legislature of California at its session two years ago, asking that a special appropriation of public funds of \$250,000 be made for the purchase of a tract of redwood forest in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and included in a region known as the "Big Basin." It looked at the outset like a forlorn hope to expect that such a project could be carried through to a successful issue. But the club and its friends were nothing daunted, and, taking the matter up, fought it through until it finally became a law. The public park bill met with determined opposition in committee, in open debate, and even after it had gone to the Governor for his signature. It was confidently expected by its opponents that it would certainly be vetoed, but the women of the State Sempervirens Club were not to be defeated after the victory had been more than half won. Upon the then executive—the Hon. Henry T. Gage—they brought to bear every known favorable influence, and were at last rewarded by seeing the bill become a law.

The new law provided that the purchase and control of the State park should be in charge of a commission, to be composed of five members, one of whom should be the Governor of the State, and should be a member ex-officio. The commission as now constituted consists of Governor George C. Pardee, Hon. Arthur W. Foster, Hon. H. F. Kron, Hon. William H. Mills and Prof. W. R. Dudley. The law also provided that the park should be in the immediate charge of a warden, and to that important office was appointed W. H. B. Pilkington. An extra appropriation of \$5000 was also made to cover the salary of the warden for two years, or until the meeting of the next Legislature.

Up to the present time about 2800 acres, or six square miles, of the "Big Basin" redwood forests have been

posed of advocating the construction of a second road into the park, this road to lead from Saratoga, Santa Clara county, for a distance of about seventeen miles.

A widespread interest in the opening of the park to a wider public patronage is being awakened, and the coming Legislature will be asked to lend further aid to the project. Through the efforts of the California State Board of Trade an excursion was taken from San Francisco to the park during August, 1904. The excursionists consisted of 100 representative men from San Francisco, Oakland and other points. Included in the party were Gov. Pardee, United States Senator George C. Perkins, Congressman Needham, Hon. W. H. Mills, Col. John P. Irish, Hon. Henry Kron, Prof. David Starr Jordan, Arthur R. Briggs, Prof. W. R. Dudley and others. At Boulder Creek, the party took stages to the park, where the members spent several days in camping, exploration, and banqueting.

The redwood forests of the California State park are described as being among the finest in the Golden State. Many of the trees are of immense size. Prof. Fornas, forester of Cornell University, who recently visited the "Big Basin" and devoted a considerable time to taking the dimensions of redwoods, says that the tallest tree found measured 365 feet, and that the height of the larger growth of redwoods in the park ranges from 250 feet to the maximum named. As to the plant growth to be observed in California Redwood Park, Dr. David Starr Jordan, who has made a study of it, declares that no equal area in the world possesses a greater variety. There are also beauties of landscape that excel in kind and variety. On West Waddell Creek are Fernglen Falls, which are 82 feet high. The water of the creek is precipitated over the edge of a perpendicular rock, and falls the entire distance with hardly a break. On either side of the walls of the cliff is almost one mass of luxuriant ferns, a feature that gave the locality its name.

To the right of Fernglen Falls, about 100 yards up the mountain side, is a huge rocky shelf, some 300 yards in length. This shelf forms a basin, and this basin is filled with water, and for the greater part of the time the water falls over its entire brink in crystal drops, so nicely balanced is the source of water supply to the holding capacity of the basin. Extending into this cliff are small caves with perfectly level floors. Some of these are large enough to accommodate a full grown per-

son, and could be made to serve the purpose. Apartments should necessarily arise on the sides of the mountains. Around the entrances of these caves grow many different varieties of ferns; at least that is the opinion of the naturalists who have explored the region.

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Now that the national government has established precedent for national parks in the setting aside of Yellowstone and Sequoia parks, it is suggested that the State of California should do the same at national expense. To strengthen this contention the fact is called attention to that country contiguous to the Yosemite the government has set aside an extensive forest reserve, and that the maintenance of the two frequently results in a conflict of authority between national and State officials, and it is suggested that it would be much better all around if the park receded to the government, so that the park and forest reserve could be maintained under a single management.

California favors this proposition for both financial and national considerations. Could the State be induced to take the financial burden of maintaining the two parks, it would be enabled to devote larger amounts to the maintenance and improvement of California Redwood Park, thus both the national and State parks, which should be maintained for the benefit of the country at large.

H. A. M.

Birds and Their Ways.

STUDIES AMONG FEATHERED FOLK OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By Elizabeth Grinnell.

VI.—THE BLACKBIRDS.

The yellow-head, red-wing, bi-colored, and tri-colored, form a family group by themselves known as the marsh blackbirds. They are the "starlings" of the Old World. All these gay, really very beautiful birds have the pointed conical beak, fitted to bite either grain, seed or insects. All have the crow-blackbird characteristic, the same gait, walking, not hopping; the long, strong feet formed for running over rough or sandy ground, or for clinging to swaying stems; the same musical voices, and the love of gregarious sociability. All nest in summer anywhere in the marshes of the lower lands, especially favoring the tule beds where the dry grasses are convenient for nest material. These wisteria soft ribbons are fastened about the green stalks of the present year's growth, in an interlacing fashion both artistic and strong. As the nest progresses narrow ribbons are used, and at last the finest and softest from the lining.

The eggs are from 4 to 6, pale blue, mottled irregularly as if by special purpose of marking no two alike. Just

below. I was a culprit and felt every twinge of conscience said to attack the miscreant.

I picked up a truant birdling, fallen prematurely from the nest, thinking to photograph it for my friends. It looked so droll. The wings and tail, only half-grown, were ragged, and the feathers of the entire body loose and rumply. On the head were bits of down sticking straight out, and the fellow squeaked and struggled, calling in shrill tones for "mamma."

I hid it in my dress skirt, wrapping it closely to make it think it had been put to bed. It ceased to cry, and so did all the birds which had congregated from all the trees. Evidently the old ones thought the young one released, and began looking for it everywhere. (This joining of all the neighborhood birds in case of trouble in any one family is a very common custom among most of our birds.) After I had gotten its picture I carried the young bird back and laid it down in the plowed ground. Immediately the whole flock of old birds sprang for me, not looking at the released captive, but driving me out of the place. I covered my eyes with my arm in actual shame for what I had not done, and yet glad I had the picture. Hardly any other animal, unless it be a young colt, could boast of such legs; and look at the toes! He will have use for both in the future life that will come to him unless a prowling cat makes a meal on him. There is a blackbird in Pasadena observed in different parts of the city, hopping along very well on one foot. Some accident has deprived him of half his means of locomotion; yet is he as agile as his fellows, keeping up with the crowd on the lawns, posing not as a martyr to any cause. Our "one-legged blackbird" is respected, but not encouraged as a common beggar. He is able to take care of himself so long as he has a good head.

"FRUITOGRAPHY."

A FASHIONABLE FAD AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR FOLLOWING IT.

[London Express:] Considerable interest was recently aroused by the statement that apples had been offered for sale at Covent Garden Market bearing photographs of His Majesty the King, six of them realising the not inconsiderable sum of five pounds.

This is one of the latest developments of the photographic craze, but there is nothing to prevent anyone who boasts an apple tree in his garden photographing himself and his whole family on the growing fruit, to be later served up to surprised guests as dessert at dinner. If he does not possess the necessary tree, he need only go to a fruit-grower to have the portraits made.

Given the tree, all that is necessary is a paper stencil portrait; a few weeks of sunny weather will "do the rest," and there is no bother to press any button. One is not limited to portraits; any sort of picture can be secured, from a simple design to an elaborate sea or landscape. It is only a question of providing the paper pattern.

So far, English fruit farmers have not gone into the business of producing picture apples to any extent, and the specimens shown at Covent Garden were offered simply to discover if there was likely to be any demand for the novelty. In the suburbs of Paris, however, there are fruit growers whose harvest consists largely of picture apples and peaches, for which there is a large demand among such first-class hotels as the Ritz, and the Elysée Palace, where at private dinners and large banquets they come as a surprise to diners who have never before seen them.

The method of securing such pictorial fruit is simplicity itself. The stencils are thin white paper, the patterns and portraits being stamped out by specially constructed cutting dies.

Different farmers have different methods of affixing the designs to the fruit, but the best adhesive has been found to be the saliva of the common snail.

While the fruit is growing to its full size, it is protected from insects and the ripening effects of the sun by being enclosed in paper bags, each apple or peach having its own particular covering.

Directly the fruit has attained its full growth, the bag is removed, and the apple is disclosed beautifully green in color. Then the farmer "bags" his snail, takes a camel-hair brush and a selection of the stencils he intends utilizing. With the brush he irritates the snail into emitting its fluid, pasting the same over the back of a stencil, which he sticks on the apple.

In due time the sun does its work, coloring the fruit a beautiful red all round and through the interstices of the pattern. But it does not penetrate through the paper, and the result, when the stencil is removed, is a picture in the two natural colors of the fruit.

Success, however, is not so easy to attain as it is to describe the process. The farmer has the inclemency of the weather to contend with, and a heavy downpour of rain following the work of affixing the stencils may mean so much labor lost. This is not so serious when it happens immediately after the patterns have been placed in position as it is when the coloration of the fruit has advanced so far as to leave but an imperfect picture when the stencil falls off before it should be removed.

There may be those to whom the idea of using the snail does not appeal, but it has to be borne in mind that the snail is a creature common to all gardens, where it wanders at will without leaving offensive indications of its travels. Gum, glue, paste, and other adhesive mixtures have been tried, but these have not improved the taste of the fruit.

The percentage of successful pictures is not more than ten as a rule, consequently, with a demand, the producer is always certain of realizing good prices. Small apples bearing a royal head retail at fivepence each in French fruterias; while those bearing two heads, say,

of the King and Queen or the Czar and Czarina, sell at a franc, and more elaborate pictures of country scenes, houses, etc., fetch as much as fifteen pence.

EDOUARD CHARLES.

STANLEY'S TOMB.

Lady Stanley wished to find some great monolith fashioned by the ages, tempered and colored by time, untouched by man, to mark her husband's grave. She summoned the Art Memorial Company of West Norwood and suggested the searching of Dartmoor to find such a stone, indicating the northeast corner as the most likely spot. Amid thousands of stones few contained all that was essential to such a scheme. It became evident that more attention should be given to the moorland farms which have roads leading into the border towns, and many were the offers of stones for Stanley's memorial. After several days thus employed a large granite monolith was discovered on Frenchbeare Farm which seemed at once to impress itself as being "the" stone, and upon careful examination it was found to contain all that was essential, its extreme length being twelve feet, width four feet, varying from two feet to two feet six inches in thickness. It was in a recumbent position, forming part of a fence on the roadside; three faces had been fully exposed for many years. The owner, Mr. Robert Stark, and the tenant, Mr. George Mortimer, cheerfully gave their consent to its removal, only stipulating that a brass plate should be fixed to a smaller stone stating that from the spot was removed the stone which now stands at the head of Stanley's grave. The five smaller stones which form the boundary of this simple inclosure were found in the immediate neighborhood. After much labor the great stone, weighing upwards of six tons, now stands in Pirbright's Churchyard, imperishable as the name cut deep into its face. The words of the inscription were chosen by Lady Stanley. She wrote:

"I desire simply his name, Henry Morton Stanley, beneath it his great African name, Bula Matari—the Rock-breaker. For epitaph, the single word, Africa, and above all, the emblem and assurance of life everlasting—the cross of Christ."

These moorland stones are for the greater part recumbent. The few which stand today were raised as memorials to chieftains; others form circles, huts and avenues, and remain to us the silent witnesses of a race of whose history we know so little.—[London Sphere.]

WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY.

The application of electrical railway devices to all sorts of industrialism affords material for a book all by itself—ranging, as it does, from the great electrical locomotive and the huge overhead crane to the broiling of a beefsteak or curling of my lady's hair by means of the magic current. In almost every workshop electrical tools may be found. In these, and in compressed air appliances, may be found the greatest advance in shop mechanics during the decade. There is a new automatic or mechanical telegraph sender, transmitting messages forty times as fast as a human operator. In fact, it is well known that science and invention have, during the last ten years, made telegraphy so easy and cheap that, if we had in this country a government or postal telegraph instead of semi-public companies, short letters could be sent by wire almost as cheaply as by post. Unless I read incorrectly the signs of the times, postal telegraphy is imminent in America; it is demanded by progress, and progress cannot be denied. The automatic telephone is coming rapidly into use, and promises to carry the convenience of telephonic communication to hundreds of thousands who cannot now afford it. The rural telephone is growing at an amazing rate, too, and already scores of thousands of American farmers have the 'phone in their houses.—[Success.]

A VALUABLE LOVE LETTER.

The eternal interest of romantic love, even to dry-as-dust collectors of autographs, was shown when at the Todtberg sale of a love letter of the poet Keats brought the top price of the session. A long letter of Abraham Lincoln on the Mexican question, written in 1848, sold for \$200; a whole correspondence of Garrick for \$180, notes by various kings for \$2, to \$4 apiece. Poe, Franklin, Edmund Kean and Washington Irving letters ran from \$25 to \$55. But one of Keats's passionate outpourings of his heart to the stolid and commonplace Fanny Browne, whom he idealized with all the virtues and graces of mythology, represented \$210 in cold and calculating cash.

Keats was not a very notable character. He was a "weakling" and died of consumption at 25. His little span of life knew more weeping than fighting. But he had the art to frame in deathless words the universal feeling of youth and romance, and the world will never permit to be verified his self-wrought epitaph: "Here lies one whose name is writ in water."—[New York World.]

LAFCADIO HEARN'S FUNERAL.

The great author's funeral took place on September 30. The body was carried from the residence of the deceased at Okubo to Kobo-dera, and after a Buddhist service had been performed the remains were transported to the crematory for ultimate burial at Zoshigaya, in the Waseda suburb. An address presented by his former students, accompanying a handsome gift of flowers, spoke of the pen of the deceased having been more powerful than Japan's vigorous sword, and alluded to his love for Japan as well as to the great honor that he had done the Japanese nation by assuming Japanese citizenship and making this country his place of residence. Very few foreigners attended the obsequies, but the relatives of the great writer and many Japanese were present.—[Japanese Mail.]



A YOUNG BLACKBIRD.

the young are ready for those special attentions that are leaving of the nest, when the parents are nervous and agitated and solicitous, the old males "light another for the hills, where they carouse among the woods that are best just out of the milk. Of course, the leaves the mother birds in sole charge of the young, their cares being thus doubled at the season responsibilities should be shared equally.

The usual note is the "chuck" common to all the species. Still, during the love season, the males are often seen to make droll attempts at song which are described as resembling the "creaking of a door on rusty hinges." Neighbors and relatives, the meadow larks, must keep in their sleeves" to hear such grotesque singing. Before the hilarious notes of the marsh birds mingling with the croaks of the frogs in the same swamp, interfere with the melody of the lark!

The birds wander far and wide, when the nesting is over, seeming more given to tramping than to migrating. Dr. Elliott Coues describing them as being about settlements in the West, on plain or at stage stations, military posts and other places. In no respect of song do these marsh blackbirds correspond to the English starlings, which we are singing melodiously.

The brown crow-blackbird seen and heard all over the land and country is close relative of the crow and raven; in fact, he is the blue-headed grackle. The body may be seen in very lustrous green-black, purple or violet iridescence, especially on the head. Neck and feet, are also black, while the creamy or white bird skin stuffed with white cotton." The feathers are brownish or gray, as are also the juveniles. Brewer's blackbirds nest in our orange groves or under trees well up out of reach of dogs and boys. They have no fear to hunt nests in orange trees! The thorns caused to egg stealing, so also is the law, in the case of these birds which are accepted as friends of the people. The green lawns about our city homes. They are seen in flocks and pull from the soft bed of the bluebells to velvet, every grub in sight or hearing. We observed to eat the rose beetle, that most devious enemy known to the California nurseryman. In the summer nesting they are the embodiment of the conflict of harsh grating sounds said to be irritating to persons of weak nerves. Nothing can distract them for an hour, when once the young are tumbled out of the nests with the impetuosity common to all young birds. Let any person assay to walk through a grove of trees at this season for the express purpose of communing with nature, and he will retrace his steps with alacrity. From every tree there will be scoldings, and beratings, until one accepts the common name of "villain" of some sort. As he goes before the accusing voices dark forms drop to ground and congregate around him, continuing the

The City of London.

THE CURIOUS OLD CORPORATION IS IN DANGER OF BANKRUPTCY.

From a Special Correspondent.

LONDON, November 10.—That queer hodge-podge compound of the Middle Ages and the twentieth century, the famous Corporation of the City of London, is threatened with bankruptcy. In all Christendom there is probably no municipal governing body which surrounds itself with so much antiquated and costly ceremonial, employs so many gorgeous and utterly useless officials, and indulges in so much picturesqueness but otherwise needless fuss and rigmarole as this unique organization, which holds supreme sway over a square mile in the middle of the capital of the British empire.

Imagine a small section in the busiest part of New York, Boston, Philadelphia or any of the earliest-settled American cities, set aside to be governed in accordance with colonial traditions and customs, and one will obtain a faint idea of the contrast which the government of what is known as the "City" offers to the rest of London. It would be inadequate, because quaint simplicity characterized colonial administration, while for its models and symbols of municipal power the London Corporation goes back to a much more remote period, when show, pomp and glitter were considered essential to the exercise of authority.

It was the only one of a large number of similar bodies that escaped reformation in 1855, when Parliament undertook to remodel municipal administrations and sweep away the abuses, extravagances and archaic methods of doing business which pervaded them. Again, when in 1888, to bring London's government up to date, the London County Council was formed and invested with general control over its various boroughs, its territory embracing 121 square miles, the Corporation's bailiwick was exempted from its authority.

Small though it is, the "City" contains the commercial heart of the metropolis, with the Bank of England as its center. Within its boundaries are situated the great financial houses of the empire. Though practically deserted at night, a million people swarm over it in the daytime. Devoted solely to business, its control by men whose chief aim appears to be the perpetuation of antique customs and hoary traditions, is one of the most striking anachronisms of modern times.

But no human institution, public or private, can keep going indefinitely if it persists in spending more money than it receives. Pay up or "bank" is the modern law of the survival of the fittest. The accounts of the Corporation for 1903, which have only recently been published—in itself a significant revelation of its business methods—show that its revenues amounted to \$2,225,190, and its expenditures to \$2,699,640, leaving a deficit of \$474,450. In the previous year the deficit amounted to \$381,695. The gap between expenses and receipts, it will thus be seen, is increasing. At the present rate it has been estimated that insolvency will be reached in eleven years. Then reformation can no longer be postponed, and dignitaries whose chief function it now is to eat a prodigious number of official dinners, wear gorgeous robes and go through finny ceremonies with sober faces, will be dismissed; the "City" will be added to the domain of the London County Council, and business methods will be substituted for fossilized customs.

The Mighty City Marshal.

Despite its financial condition, the corporation stubbornly persists in retaining all the useless and purely ornamental part of its outfit. Of this, a typical instance has just occurred. Attached to the Lord Mayor's entourage is a functionary known as the City Marshal. The office originated in the fifteenth century, and in those old days the City Marshal really earned his pay. He had charge of the City Watch, and it was his business to see that the rogues and vagabonds were kept in check. But the modern method of policing the streets has long rendered him obsolete. The City Corporation has transformed him into a species of herald for chief magistrates. Dressed in scarlet uniform, brocaded in gold, with cocked hat and plumes, booted and spurred, on a prancing steed he precedes the Lord Mayor on his official journeys through the city in his cumbersome old \$50,000 State coach, and calls on all and sundry to make way for him. At other civic functions he announces the approach of this august personage. To see him do it is worth something. Arrayed as an opera-bouffe general, with majestic strides he makes his entry, and having reached the requisite spot, halts, faces the awe-stricken assemblage, fills his lungs and shouts out, "The Right Honorable." Then he pauses, takes another deep breath and at the top of his voice roars forth, "The Lord Mayor of London." At this dramatic moment the Lord Mayor crosses the threshold. For performances of this sort the City Marshal gets \$1500 a year, and the city provides him with a horse.

For some years Capt. Stanley, a second cousin of the Earl of Derby, held the easy but inglorious office. But a short time ago he was dismissed because, it was stated, he had become involved in private financial difficulties, though much more serious troubles were hinted at. Anyhow, it afforded the corporation a brilliant opportunity to save his salary by abolishing the useless office. Yet only one voice was raised in support of a motion to that effect. "In the name of common sense," said Councilman Davies, "what dignity does the Lord Mayor derive from having a man in a red coat ride in front of him, or strut before him into a courtroom like a popinjay, crying, 'Make way for the Right Honorable, the Lord Mayor?'" Common sense made no answer, but a large majority voted to retain the of-

fee, and another aristocratic popinjay, if he can be found, will receive the appointment.

Costly Ornaments.

It is around the Lord Mayor that all the pomp and pageantry and ceremonial tomfoolery centers, culminating in the procession marking the installation of the new Lord Mayor of tomorrow. In the 1903 accounts the administrative cost of the civic government over

countersign, with the royal seal affixed, is £10,000.

The office has long been stripped of its powers, but the symbols of its vanished authority cling to with greater tenacity than in the days when Lord Mayors were really important persons. Some municipal work the Lord Mayor does, but his chief business is to preside at a lot of meetings, go through a lot of fancy and frumpy ceremonies, general do things precisely as they have been done by his predecessors since the office was first created. Above all things he must guard against the notion of that awful, desecrating, snobbish, modern innovation—in any of the ceremonial—tends him on state occasions. If a horse is to be substituted for any of the forms of conveyance joined on his official satellites when they meet him at these times, London's civic dignity is shaken to its foundations.

Garb of the Lord Mayor.

His outfit is as gorgeous as anything to be seen in a circus parade, and everything in it is the best. His particular badge of office is a sword scabbard of pure gold, over five feet in length. Attached to it is a magnificent pendant, displaying the city arms in the center, cut in sapphires, encircled by a wreath of roses with the thistle and shamrock emblematic of the three kingdoms and all framed in bands of the purest water. It is estimated that the latter alone are worth over \$100,000. Such is the pendant then in use "disappeared," and now the Lord Mayor, "Right Honorable" though he is, is forced to give heavy bonds for the safekeeping of the sword and other costly insignia intrusted to his care.

Out of the city's exchequer each Lord Mayor is provided with three sets of sumptuous robes, the scarlet cloth lined with silk and edged with fur; another is of black silk, over which bows are worn in silver, and the third is of purple silk lined with black velvet and costly fur. Just when one or two of these garments should be worn is known only to the initiated, but something awful would happen if the Lord Mayor should appear in the wrong one.

Four ancient swords are used to symbolize the powers once wielded by Lord Mayors in days of doughty warriors sometimes filled the officer's scabbard of which is studded with pearls, is the "pearl" sword. It was presented by Queen Elizabeth when she opened the first Royal Exchange in 1571. The "sword of States" dates from 1558, in the presence of the King or any of the Judges it is held with point downwards; at other times it is held by the Lord Mayor with the point upwards. A sword known as the "black" sword and first used in 1558, brought out on fast days in Lent or when a coronation occurs in the royal family. Lastly there is the "royal" sword, which is placed above the Lord Mayor's chair when he sits as a Judge at the Assizes.

For totting these old weapons around and "reverences" before the Lord Mayor the Lord Mayor gets a cool \$2500 a year. If any man ever has a snap he has it, but the corporation would not dare to break than attempt to govern the city of London without him. He wears a gown of black brocade and on state occasions this is worn over a black robe with silk stockings and shoes with silver buckles. Sir Martin Bowes, Lord Mayor in 1558, presented the city with a "very goodly royale hat" to be worn by the Sword Bearer. It was worn out long ago. The same privilege attaches to the Sword Bearer's gear, known as the "Cap of Maintenance," or if it is in the presence of the sovereign. And the Bearer would get the sack should he so far as to pretend prerogative as to uncover when the King pens to be around.

Mace and Scopier.

Away back in 1554 the citizens of London obtained a charter from the King authorizing the corporation to have a mace before the Lord Mayor, which is one good and weighty reason why the custom is maintained. The mace now in use was made in 1558, five feet three inches long and weighs about 15 pounds. The official who carries it around is known as the Common Crier. He also cried "Oyez" three times at the opening of the Lord Mayor's Court, and says other things more or less unintelligible that nobody pays attention to. In the fourteenth century, the Common Crier was of some use, he was paid \$100 to 25 cents for each cry he made throughout the city. That the Common Crier is of no use, Maj. Bowes gets \$2000 a year for the job.

There is another mace, called the Scopier of London, which the Lord Mayor totes around on special occasions. It measures only a foot and a half in length but is worth a lot of the big ones. It is made of gold and studded with diamonds and gems. Lots of other costly baubles and gewgaws part of his paraphernalia. Among them is a key which is supposed to unlock the city gates. It is to be no gates to unlock, but that makes no difference—the game of "make believe" is still played. When the King goes in state to the city the Lord Mayor meets him at Temple Bar with his attendants and hands him the golden key that unlocks the gates. It was in 1215 that King John granted the citizens of London the right to elect their own Mayor, but though the pretense of an election is retained with much solemnity and ceremony, it is a farce. The one thing necessary is that the Lord Mayor is to be elected by the rate payers of the wards to a life membership in a highlyesimal Board of Aldermen. There are only twenty-four members, and as they take good care of themselves, most of them live to a green old age, such opportunities are rare. But once elected, all a "Wor-



A CITY OF LONDON SHERIFF.

which he presides is put down at \$300,000. Here are some suggestive items:	
Lord Mayor's salary.....	\$50,000.00
Lord Mayor's income tax on his salary.....	3125
Lord Mayor's robes.....	2600.00
Illuminated address to the Lord Mayor by the	
Common Council.....	262.50
Ditto, by the Common Hall.....	262.50
Sword Bearer's salary.....	2500.00
Common Crier's salary.....	2000.00
City Marshal's salary.....	1500.00
Four ale-conners' salaries.....	200.00

Equally with the City Marshal, the Sword Bearer and the Common Crier are antique survivals who fill purely



A LORD MAYOR IN HIS OFFICIAL GARR.

ornamental functions. The ale-conners get small pay, but do absolutely nothing for it. In the old days they were supposed to be such excellent judges of ale and beer that they could tell by tasting of the various brews whether they were fit to be introduced to English stomachs. As sacred reliques they still figure in the pay rolls. The Lord Mayor is invested with more fictitious dignity than anybody in the kingdom. The intricate code of etiquette that attends him is more rigorously enforced than at the court of royalty. Inside the city he takes precedence of all mankind save only his sovereign. Even princes of the blood royal must give way to him. No troops may march through it without his permission. With the exception of the King he is the only person in the realm who is privileged to visit the Tower—London's ancient citadel—at any hour of the day or night. Every twenty-four hours he receives the

to do to become Lord Mayor is to sit eight hours at his desk, like a man in a barber's shop, until he is "nose." First, though, he has to pass through the office of Sheriff, election to which is equally farcical. Two sheriffs are chosen annually from among the aldermen and hold office for a year. They have nothing to do with catching offenders, locking up prisoners or any of the duties that pertain to the job in America. Their chief business is to look imposing in wonderful robes with gold chains around their necks, and otherwise help maintain the city's dignity as Mayoral satellites. Between them they half to defray half the expenses of the Lord Mayor's great inaugural functions—the Lord Mayor's show and the Lord Mayor's banquet. Each of them is allowed \$3750 for expenses, but a sheriff counts himself lucky who gets through for less than \$12,000. And so heavy are the demands on the Lord Mayor's hospitality that although his salary equals that of the President of the United States, it usually costs him between \$100,000 and \$150,000 during the year that he occupies the "Mansion House," is his official residence is called.

Early to a Degree.

The tremendous amount of dignity with which the Lord Mayor is invested, and its remoteness from modern life, is well illustrated at the "swearing-in" ceremony, which takes place at the Guildhall. It involves a "show down" of all his insignia. The mace, the scepter, the sword of state, the purse, the seal and other things are in succession laid on the table before him in the accompaniment of many obeisances by the gorgously-robed functionaries who carry them, and in some solemn fashion they are again removed from the table. On this occasion the Lord Mayor gets one "reverence," three dozen "ordinary reverences," and half a dozen "bows," and nobody cracks a smile. Though the recipient of so much homage, as he is but a figurehead it does not make much difference whether the Lord Mayor be a great man or a little one. He is just elected, Alderman John Pound, is a trunk manufacturer. He has proved himself a good business man by making a lot of money out of it, but otherwise he is a man of no particular distinction. All the same, it is sure to be knighted before his tenure of office expires.

The real Lord-Mayor—the man behind the scenes who pulls the strings that work the puppets—is the chief secretary. Lord Mayors come and Lord Mayors go; the rate of one a year, but the private secretary hangs on. For the last twenty-eight years William Jameson Soulsby—Sir William since 1902—has got that job. He is the one man who knows how everything should be done to conform to the ancient custom without a hair-breadth's deviation. He prepares the Lord Mayor's speeches and pilots him through all the ceremonial in which he would be speedily lost without such guidance. What each successive Lord Mayor does is to put himself unreservedly in Soulsby's hands, and Soulsby puts him through. This year John Pound will do, and when his year of office is up he will retire, happy and smiling. "Sir John" is the last of his days. But if the corporation does not like his methods some of the Aldermen who are waiting for him will never get "next."

H. LISLE SNELL.

CORRECTED IMPRESSIONS.

(Straight, 224, by Curtis Brown.)

Mrs. X. (aged eighteen:) Oh, father, it is too kind of you, but—may I have a little more to dress on? I think perhaps that is—well, is fifty too much? You don't mind a pound a week. Oh, father, you are so good to me.

Mrs. X. (aged nineteen:) Father, it's so difficult to buy clothes now! I can't afford to buy anything but—may I have a little more to dress on? I think perhaps that is—well, is fifty too much? You don't mind a pound a week. Oh, father, you are so good to me.

Mrs. X. (aged twenty-two,) about to be Mrs. X.: My dear, good father, who isn't a rich man, as you know, is going to give me a hundred a year to live on. Isn't it too awfully sweet of him? I can have nice smart little gowns now, can't I dear? (They embrace.)

X. (aged thirty:) Archie, darling, I've got an awkward thing to ask you. I'm afraid I'm a bit in debt; you know dad only allows me a certain sum, which is rather mean of him, and you give me a little more to live on. You know, I simply can't do it. I'm in rags at this time—well, a little more would make me quite comfortable—two-fifty—darling. (She kisses the bald head.)

Mrs. X. (aged forty-five:) Yes, my dear, a woman figure has to dress, and four hundred a year to live on the simple things I put on. I have to be most careful economy. I assure you.—[The

WHERE BAD EGGS GO.

badly farm, whether ducks, geese, chickens or turkeys, is the specialty, accumulates a large and malodorous surplus of eggs that refuse to develop into anything on earth that is utterly worthless. It is a fact that millions of stale eggs are used every year, especially leather dressing for gloves and book binding industry that is largely carried on in the garment houses of New York and other large cities. They are also used in manufacturing disinfectants, and in the preparation of shoe blacking, and even fertilizers. The eggs that have lost their virtue also have other uses besides the common ones for culinary purposes. It is estimated that fully 55,000,000 dozen are used by wine dye manufacturers and in the preparation of glass dry plates.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

A Plucky Minister.

DR. PARKER'S SUCCESSOR FACES HOSTILE BRITISH WORKINGMEN.
From a Staff Correspondent.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—Of course something has been telegraphed to the United States about the uncommonly plucky thing that the Rev. R. J. Campbell did the other night. The young Brighton clergyman who succeeded the famous Dr. Parker at the City Temple, and who recently visited the United States, contributed to the National Review not long ago a scathing attack on the character of British workingmen. He said they were addicted to drunkenness, laziness and improvidence, and, as Americans will have heard, the attack aroused a storm of wrath on the part of its subjects. When Mr. Campbell went to the City Temple on the following Sunday morning, an angry mob was waiting for him, and though he was not actually molested he was in imminent peril every moment, as he walked unflinchingly through the crowd of malevolent, angry men. Soon afterward the clergyman was challenged to repeat his charges against British laborers before a gathering of them, but without any idea, of course, that he would do it. The unexpected happened, however, when the doughty "Little Minister," as he has since been dubbed, faced a hostile audience of hard-fisted sons of toil at Ladbroke Grove Chapel, the other night, repeated to their faces all the hard things he had written of their class, and did it in such a fashion that his foes became his friends and cheered him and thanked him.

To Americans especially the incident is worth more than brief cable dispatches which may have told about it, because it proves that the pulpit of the City Temple—the church so well known to travelers from across the water and where so many American divines have preached—is filled by a man who is not unworthy of its traditions. Ever since the time of Joseph Parker, the famous London clergyman who ventured to criticize the present King, then Prince of Wales, and who called upon God to damn the Sultan, Americans in London have flocked to the City Temple. Beecher preached at the City Temple, and Parker's old Bible contains his signature and those of the other American pulpit orators who followed his example. It was, of course, expected at first that an American preacher would be chosen as Parker's successor, but once the City Temple congregation had had R. J. Campbell up from Brighton and heard him preach, they made up their minds who their pastor should be if they could get him.

Campbell dominates by force of personality combined with rare mental powers, and, it was these qualities that won when the preacher who had ventured to jump on the British laborer with both feet went to justify himself before the Paddington and North Kensington Trade and Labor Council. When Mr. Campbell drove up, a crowd of several thousand people were gathered around the doors. Through these the police—there were fifty of them on duty to see that no violence was done him—made way for him. No cheers were raised. Some hoots and hisses were heard, but for the most part he was greeted with silent silence. The same suppressed hostility characterized the demeanor of the audience that had assembled inside the building when the preacher strode to the platform, where the oratorical champions of labor were already seated.

A striking figure he made as he turned and faced that sea of angry faces without a tremor of nervousness. Of slight frame, with delicately-chiseled, clean-shaven features, wavy, prematurely gray hair, thick, insistent eyebrows, dark as night, a strong, thrusting chin and wondrous, luminous gray eyes, he looked like the incarnation of moral and intellectual heroism—such a man as one might fancy bravely going to the stake in the old days for his opinions. Very impressive was the contrast between him and those whom he confronted. Big, burly men most of them were, who earned their living by manual labor, which left them little time or inclination for what is called culture, and oppressed them with the feeling that somehow they didn't get a fair show in the world. Added to this was a strong feeling of resentment that one who had been so richly blessed with all that had been denied them should have criticised the class they represented so harshly. But as they looked upon the little man facing them boldly, seized by a curious psychological impulse, they burst forth into a spontaneous cheer. It was the tribute of the British workman to pluck. It gave the preacher his cue, if he needed any.

"I am not a prisoner at the bar, and I am not standing here on the defensive," he began. "If I was your assailant and critic when I wrote those words, I am your assailant and critic now." Then he went on to tell them that he was there to repeat the hard things he had said of them. When it came to their turn to speak he asked for no mercy at their hands. They could criticise his salary, his method of life, his motor car, his home, his looks—anything they pleased—and he would answer them as best he could. Some of the labor orators smiled grimly as they thought how they would handle him when they got their innings.

But, they should understand, he was no enemy of workingmen as such. Many of them were among his best friends and allies in the City Temple. "Six of them," he added with a sly smile, "have come with me here tonight to see that none of you punch my head."

A brawny workingman laughed and others followed his example. Their sullenness vanished. The preacher was paving the way for final victory. After a little more of what his audience called "straight talk," in a clear, cutting voice he repeated some of the most pun-

gent passages in his article which had aroused their enmity.

"Two-thirds of the national drink bill is incurred by the workingman. His keenest struggles are for shorter hours and better wages, but not that he may employ them for higher ends. He is often lazy, unthrifty, improvident, sometimes immoral, foul-mouthed and untruthful. Unlike the American worker, he has comparatively little aspiration or ambition."

And so the battle was waged. Frequently the audience cheered, against their will. Once only was the little minister shouted down, but he waited until he could make himself heard and there was fire in his eyes as he rose again. "There is one thing you can't stand," he said, "you can't stand facts." And immediately the audience gave a demonstration of what they could stand by applauding him.

But it was dead silence that proclaimed his final victory. Did he approve of trade unions? Yes, he did, but not of all their developments. Did he believe that on the whole the men who worked the shortest hours and got the most pay were the most moral and best behaved? He did.

But—and here in turn he questioned his questioners—did they really believe that the majority of those who enjoyed these privileges employed them for self-development, for moral and intellectual growth—in short, for high ends? There was no response, and at that moment one might almost have heard a pin fall where a few minutes before had been such a babel of tongues.

All was comparatively smooth sailing for the preacher after that. But it was his personality quite as much as his argumentative powers that won the fight for him. Before the debate was ended that crowd, which had been so bitterly hostile when the meeting began, was convinced that he was no enemy of the workingman at all, but a remarkably candid friend. The vote of thanks was passed with enthusiasm and the meeting broke up with cheers for the man who had shown so much pluck.

All this while a big crowd had been waiting outside. But by some subtle process of telepathy the change of feeling which those inside had undergone towards the little minister had been communicated to them, and when he left the building they cheered him, too.

C. R.

THE "MINUTE MAN."

REVOLUTIONARY TYPE STILL FOUND IN THE MOUNTAINS OF EAST TENNESSEE.

[Edward A. Abbott, in the National Magazine:] In appearance the Minute Man was a backwoodsman, with the habits and instincts of a pioneer. While not famous for hospitality, he was not as parsimonious as he has sometimes been painted. He lacked something of the live-wire suddenness of the volunteer, but he had a large measure of the patriotic patience of the regular. Both in war and in peace he was slow, but not stolid; cautious always, but seldom timid. Thinking his own thoughts, and proud of them, he always knew what he wanted and rarely failed to get it.

The like of him long since disappeared from New England, but his idiosyncrasy resides in the mountains of East Tennessee. Not exactly his double is our man of "moonshine" impulses, coon-skin cap and homespun habit; but to know our mountaineer is to get the impression that he is an old acquaintance. Following the old flag, or riding with Forrest, he was the Minuteman of the sixties, and in the Philippines his regiment, "The Moonshiners," as it was called, was always in trouble with the people in front. Like all good soldiers he is strenuously peaceful in time of peace and very dreadful in time of war. Almost any likeness of these primitive patriots will fit their Northeastern fellow-citizens.

Too busy to acquire the graces, while wringing a meager living from an unwilling soil, the tall, lean, long-haired Minute Man was not always an imposing figure. It may be said of him that he was long on martial spirit but short on martial bearing. Coaxing the stingy shilling across ungenerous counters was not a calling likely to inspire great thoughts and patriotic emotions; nor did a group of ill-paid and overworked mechanics seem liable to breed statesmen and soldiers. But out of these unpromising materials, these odds and ends, the nation has been wrought. The British Parliament scoffed at this government of country doctors, uncouth farmers, wayside storekeepers and untitled lawyers—a government made possible by the Minuteman, sustained by the volunteer, perpetuated by the regular and respected even at Westminster.

But the Minuteman was a citizen before he was either a soldier or a statesman, though he could be all three without changing his clothes.

He had a genius for civics, a capacity for applying the sciences, and an inclination to interfere with the affairs of others which has made the world his debtor. It is almost enough to say of him that he was a Puritan, and let it go at that; but that term, as understood out of New England, seems a little too harsh to apply to him.

IF YOU WOULD LIVE.

Speak the kind and cheery word,
Warming like the sun when heard,

Lifting up the burdened heart,
Sweet as balm for sorrow's smart.

Do the gentle, helpful deed
That shall reach another's need,

Smoothing out his thorny road,
Making light the heavy load.

There's one way, if you would live—
Only one—to love and give!

One unfailing way to die—
That's to pass your brother by!

—LEW MARSTON WARD.

Hotels for Dogs.

BATH, SHAMPOO, DINING-ROOM AND RUNS MAY BE ENJOYED.

By a Special Contributor.

MRS. CHAN TOON, the beautiful American matron, who several years ago reigned in Chicago society and who last year became famous throughout America through her wonderful "dog pictures," is now creating a sensation in New York and Philadelphia. For once neither Dan Cupid nor Thespia is the cause of the stir.

Dame Fashion alone is responsible unless a certain amount of American ingenuity and pluck may be taken into account.

All the to-do is because of an exclusive and swell hostelry which Mrs. Chan Toon has opened under own name in New York and Philadelphia. This is not a hotel for American beauties and heiresses, however, but for blue-blooded canines. The Hotels "Bow-wow," as these rendezvous of aristocratic beauties are termed, are located in the environs of the most select residence section of the Quaker City and on Broadway in New York. Here some of the most pampered pets of the American aristocracy hobnob in guarded seclusion.

Private baths, a sumptuous dining-room, a beautiful



These are carefully locked away until required, and never under any circumstances used by any but the dogs to whom they belong.

"As each new dog is brought in and registered, questions as to what he eats, how he is to be bathed, etc., are asked, and all is recorded after his name. Separate slips are made of these items and given to the various attendants who have the dogs in charge. For instance, if a dog is brought in who eats well-cooked beefsteak, buttered bread, and a very small piece of plain cake, and on whom must be used a certain kind of soap, the dining-room attendants are given the diet orders and the attendants in the shampoo parlors those pertaining to the bath.

"Each dog has his own cake of soap and special towel. Some of the bathing outfit are quite elaborate, containing silver soap cups, brushes and combs heavily trimmed in silver, the finest toweling and gorgeous bath robes. Occasionally a very particular patron will send her pet's own bath tub, but we prefer to use our own stationary tubs. They are of porcelain and are arranged so that they can be flooded and thoroughly washed after each bath.

"The attendant who bathes the dog passes him on to another, who rubs him down and combs his hair. He is blanketed by a third attendant and taken out in the sun for exercise. If the day be a rainy or disagreeable one, the dogs in summer time exercise in a sun parlor, in winter they run about in a large, uncarpeted, well-heated room.

"One requires a very thorough knowledge of doggy character in conducting these hostels, and to appreciate the very considerable element of vanity that goes to make it up. Indeed, there are for a canine student as many complex lights and shades in dogs as in men. Of the different breeds of dogs the French poodle is the vainest and the most frivolous—he lives only for the hour.

"The dachshunds are among the most sensitive and thoughtful. The skye terrier, though jealous, possesses many admirable peculiarities, is faithful and lovable to a great degree, while the Maltese, though not fashionable, are wonderfully sagacious and charming, but when one turns to the tiny dogs—that are so much liked by the ladies—one so often finds that the diminutive size has been attained at the expense of the dog's intelligence. This is not always so, however.

"Toilet specialists are secured from well-recommended American houses and also from abroad, and are always in attendance; poodles are clipped in the simplest or most elaborate fashions, with designs of coronets, initials or crests; collars, jeweled or plain, sable, velvet or satin coats, boots, handkerchiefs, visiting cards and all appearances of a really chic animal's outfit are kept in stock.

"The hostel undertakes to arrange for dogs' births, marriages, sales and funerals. One lady spent recently \$100 on the coffin, hearses, etc., of her favorite Yorkshire.

"Another lady elected to have her dogs follow at her wedding, instead of bridesmaids, and entrusted their toilets to the discretion of the hostel. They were first thoroughly bathed with a special soap, then scented with white heather perfume. For luck they wore cream velvet collars, edged with armine and studded with turquoise, the bride's favorite stone, coats of the same, embroidered with true lover's knots and orange blossoms, and walked together in a graceful coupling chain of ribbons and white flowers.

"I am happy to be able to state that their behavior while in church was perfect, and the experiment, though a bold one, was in every way a success. All branches of canine education are undertaken at the several Bow-wows."

ably housed by them traveling East, Middle West, or West, in our land.

"It is to make life abroad easy and pleasurable for these canine tourists, as well as to provide a refuge for our own dogs, that I established the Bow-wow.

"Many of the best people of the country bring their dogs to me, and I number among my patrons the pets of royal households. Mrs. Cornwallis-West, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Mrs. Langtry and Mr. George Kechi are among the number who bring their pets to the hotel frequently. The late Bret Harte also registered his dog at the Bow-wow in London.

"I find that all the patrons are most particular as to just how their dogs are bathed and fed. We cater to the various tastes of the animals, and take every precaution to set before them only well-chosen and healthful viands. Each dog is fed separately, and the regular patrons have their own dishes with their names stamped thereon. Many of the owners bring the finest china for their pets, some even indulging in gold and silver plates.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

CARDBOARD AUTOMOBILES IN WHICH
MAY BE PICTURED

[Pearson's Weekly:] "Yes," said the photographer, "we have amongst our property a motor car, with bouncing tires, and nickel and enamel. Our car has never exploded—it is an economical possession, causing no fear of explosion, no neck-breaking."

The motor car, as seen in a far corner of the studio, presented a two-hundred-guinea appearance. A distance-imparting enchantment, truly, the machine being a hollow sham—a mere geometrically painted and blocked to shape, having lamps and all accessories, and mounted on four wheels. The latter, however, were the thin item of the whole get-up, the supposed thin layer of rounded wood, while the spokes were of thin but unsubstantial wire.

"Nevertheless," pursued the photographic artist, "I look upon my car with disdain; it has ruined the lot of scores of delighted patrons."

"Here is a collection of photos in which our road demon figures conspicuously. What do you think? The car looks well enough there, with the satisfied gentleman in fur collar and tasseled coat within, while a background of winter woods completes a handsome study."

"He of the furry coat has posed as a motorist on separate occasions, always in different attitudes, back with fresh scenery. In this photo he is seen as going at a fair speed along a road. The spokes are invisible to describe the machine, while the dust rising in clouds carries on the illusion—little matters any amateur photographer how to manage by doctoring the negative."

"One big advantage my motor possesses is its taken in pieces and carried about with him, therefore it sometimes goes with me when I am called to wait upon customers in their own homes."

"Here is a photo showing an elderly lady and daughter in the car on their own carriage drive, trees, with a glimpse of garden between, forming a whole forming a very dainty picture. The lady ordered six dozen large cabinets; but I mean to indicate that these extra cases were to impress foreign friends with their affluence."

"Well-known actresses are supposed to be rich enough to possess their own motor cars. This leading lady is popular, that is not to say she is. A shining light in the theatrical firmament honored my studio and occupied my room on occasions, being charmed with the results of the photos she sends to professional friends as they fully enjoying the envy she declares they can. Her greatest desire is to own a high-speed car, but confesses to a bar through lack of funds."

"One of my patrons—a gentleman who has means for being photographed—points with pride colored enlargement of himself seated in his car. The picture, heavily framed in oak, hangs half."

"Autumn-tinted trees, a winding road and still form an appropriate background; he is believing that at one time he ran his own motor car, but leaves uncontradicted. By his own admission he is somewhat afraid to trust himself on the roads, frequently invited to ride with his doctor, who has a superb machine."

"For a young lady, we had a curtain spread at her expense; a pretty lane with a stretch of distance, and a motor car rushing down enveloped in dust clouds. Such was her desire to picture the lady and her pet terrier appear to have her motor drawn up on the green sward, while she sips a small luncheon basket, intaking a few light refreshments by the wayside."

"The dummy motor car has given a good trade, and nobody grudges the extra price."

"To young lovers it is a delightful hobby to have photographed dozens of amorous pairs; more attractive picture can there be than a young couple apparently out for a fifty-mile spin."

"One or two photographers have property built of cardboard. Mine, however, is so modeled from the actual machine that by skillfully placing it in position and touching up negatives it bears close resemblance to the genuine live picture."

SONG SERVICE

[Written at the age of 72 years.]
We lift our voices, gracious Lord,
In song to Thee, of prayer and praise.
We own Thy power with glad heart,
Loving and just, are all Thy ways.

Help us, O Lord, through coming years,
To seek for wisdom, truth and light,
To put away all childish fears,
And for good cause be brave to fight.

Forget us not, though we forget,
Thy promised help, with willing heart,
As weak of faith, we mourn and groan,
Our houses built on shifting sand.

Be Thou our refuge, friend and guide,
Through war's alarms and times of strife,
In righteousness may we abide,
And so Thy will, that sin may cease.

GILLEN JONES

Glendale, Cal.

Their Father's Wife.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF MISS CHARLOTTE AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

By a Special Contributor.

"IT'S a perfect outrage!" Miss Charlotte said, pursing up her lips and nodding her head decidedly.

"And I for one do not expect to stand it."

"People will think that pa wasn't satisfied with the way we kept house for him," said Miss Amelia, with a gentle sigh.

"A big for what people think!" answered Miss Charlotte. "We know we've done our duty and that's enough."

"Yes," replied the sister, "I can't see that we've anything to reproach ourselves with, but all the same—it's very hard at our time of life," and she buried her face in her handkerchief.

Miss Charlotte looked at her with disdain.

"Come, Amelia," she said, "don't be a fool and sit there and cry about it. We've got to decide what to do."

Miss Amelia looked up quickly. "Do!" she said.

"Yes, do!" snapped her sister. "If you're goin' to sit here quiet and let another woman come in and take your place, well and good—but I'm not. I intend to leave all our belongings tomorrow and leave the house to pa and his new wife. What on earth a man of his age wants with a wife I can't see; as if we hadn't done everything that a mortal could do for another. He's got hot cakes for breakfast every mornin', and hot beer twice a week, and crullers every blessed Saturday; and as for cleanin'—well, I defy even Martha Stewart to find a speck of dust in this whole house."

"Where will we go?" Miss Amelia asked, helplessly.

Miss Charlotte was equal to the occasion. "The Custer house is for rent," she said, "already furnished. Of course, it's not as nice as this," she added, looking around the comfortable living-room, "but at least we'll be independent, and we have enough money to live on if we're careful."

"I'm afraid pa will be hurt if we leave him," her sister said slowly. "He intended that we should stay with him, you know."

"Did he consult us about marrying? If it hadn't have been for Mrs. Smith we wouldn't have known it yet. I don't much care for that woman, but if she hadn't of seen them in Muncy and came straight home and told us we wouldn't have known a thing about it, and pa probably would have just walked in some day with her in his arms. As it is, we have barely three days' notice. I think that it was an act of providence that she chose them. The idea—making a lot of purchases, as I like house wasn't good enough for anybody."

At this, Miss Amelia fell to sobbing again. "I can't bear to leave it," she wailed.

"Well, stay, then!" Miss Charlotte returned, as she left the room and slammed the door behind her.

Of course, the village "took sides." Some contended

that old Mr. Parsons had a perfect right to do as he pleased, and if, after having remained a widower for ten years, he decided to take unto himself a wife,

no nobody's business but his own.

The other side plainly said that he ought to be alone, and busy himself with preparations for the world instead of turning his daughters out of his house and home. He didn't? Yes he did, too. His son did, anyway, for who would live under the roof and be bossed by a woman who was at least ten years younger than Miss Amelia, in spite of what he said to the contrary? Why, Amelia Parsons was up to it if she was a day, for everyone knew that she was born on the day of the great fire, when nearly half the village was burned, and that was just forty years ago. They were showing a very proper indeed, to set up housekeeping for themselves, despite it would take the new Mrs. Parsons down to the ground. It was reported that she was dreadfully ill.

While the sisters busied themselves in moving things over to their new home, but Miss Amelia reluctantly overcame at the thought of leaving. The day before Mr. Parsons should arrive with his new wife, Charlotte bundled her away to Newton to visit a cousin there.

Charlotte was to be away from the scene of

life in spite of her words she was burning with anxiety to see what manner of woman it was that her father would bring home, and it had been her intention

to hide herself behind the parlor shutters, with the blinds carefully so no one could suspect, and to meet the arrival, for the Custer house was in plain sight of the old home, and vice versa. But Miss Amelia had to be left, so there was nothing to do but stay in Newton for a week at least until she should be reconciled. It never entered Miss Amelia's head that she should do otherwise than go with her father and live apart, but it was hard to tear herself from the old associations.

While Charlotte fretted and Amelia wept, old Mr. Parsons quietly brought his new wife to the old place, regardless of what the village said or did. Only one was interviewed with his happiness—he missed his wife; he had counted on their being a happy household, instead of a divided one. He had not waited for a moment that either one of his daughters would object to his marrying, as he had said nothing about it until questioned by Miss Charlotte, but she had said that they would go, he had replied that "she could go and be hanged," or words to that effect.

He thought they were leaving the old house they

could not go until it was in perfect order for the new occupant, as a speck of dust would be a reflection upon their housekeeping, so there was very little for Mrs. Parsons to do when she arrived. She spent most of her time during her husband's absence, in sitting in the front parlor gazing out of the window in the direction of the Custer house. She was naturally a cheery little woman, but it saddened her to think that discord had entered the family through her.

The Custer house was a desolate-looking place, but it was the only unoccupied furnished house in the village. At best there is little that is cheering and gay about November in New England, and this year the fall had been an early one and the trees had long since been stripped of their leaves, which lay in dusty brown heaps about the yard. The honeysuckle, that had been the last to succumb to the frost, now hung in withered festoons from the front porch, while the hardy perennials that had flourished there during the summer and early fall, even without care, showed nothing but gaunt and naked stalks. The house had not been occupied for over a year, and the furniture was covered with dust. It was the condition of the house that helped to sadden Miss Amelia, so Miss Charlotte took her away without having made any attempt to clean up, preferring to do it when they returned.

It was the day before Thanksgiving and the girls were expected home the following morning. The side that favored Mrs. Parsons took care that she should be served with all the news, but she was a careful little body and said nothing that could be taken back and reported to the enemy.

The cousins at Newton tried to persuade the girls to remain over Thanksgiving, but Amelia said that she had never eaten away from her own table at Thanksgiving before, so Charlotte declared they would return and have their Thanksgiving dinner to themselves and be thankful that they were independent. She even went so far as to say that "a time comes in everyone's life when a decided stand must be made, and that their time had come now." Miss Amelia had admired this speech so much that she kept repeating it to herself, as if it gave her courage.

Mrs. Parsons' preparations for dinner on the morrow were all made. The turkey hung out of the attic window; the mince and pumpkin pies were all done and only needed to be clapped into the oven for a minute before being brought to the table; even the cranberry jelly was ready in its glass dish, so it was quite early in the morning when she took her place at the parlor window. She sat and looked at the gloomy house opposite and thought of the two girls who would return the next day. When she had stood it as long as she could she rose, and, slipping on a cloak, opened the door and ran swiftly across the road and opened the gate to the Custer house. She tried the front door, but it was as she had expected, securely locked; she went around to the back door but met with no better success. Then she got a chair that, minus of any back, was standing outside, and climbing on it tried the windows one by one. At last she found one that was not fastened; she shoved it open and without any more ado climbed in.

She went all over the house and looked with dismay at the dust and dirt; then she returned home for her husband. She found him out in the barn.

"Isaac," she said—she always believed in going right to the point—"the girls are comin' home tomorrow an' I never did see such a house. Everything's just covered with dust and cobwebs."

"Well," he said, "I don't see that it concerns us any; they didn't ha' e to go, did they?"

"No," she answered, "they didn't, but they thought they did, which 'mounts to the same thing."

"Then they'll have to look out for themselves, I reckon."

She stood there a moment, silent.

"What is it?" he asked. "You sartin ain't goin' over there and clean up, are you?" he added, half-derisively.

"That's just what I'm goin' to do," she said, emphatically.

"After they treated you as they did?"

"That's got nothin' to do with it," she answered. "I couldn't rest easy and let a dog come home to a house like that. I'm goin' over there and clean up, and I want you to make up a fire and carry water."

All day Mrs. Parsons scrubbed and cleaned, while her husband moved the furniture, beat rugs and carried water, and it was a very different house when they closed the door behind them that night.

"My," she said, as they stepped out into the night air, "how cold it is, and no stars. I believe it'll snow before mornin'."

Sure enough, when they awoke in the morning everything was covered with a white mantle, and Mrs. Parsons gazed with a complacent air at the house opposite. They had been unable to clear up the yard, but what had been disfigured before, now under its glistening dress was a thing of beauty. She would have liked to run over for a finishing look, but she did not want to leave any marks in the snow that would serve to trace her.

As they alighted at the little station and plowed their way up the street, Miss Charlotte's spirits sank. Miss Amelia's had long ago reached the zero point. They both dreaded that awful house. "And Thanksgiving, of all days!" Miss Amelia said to herself.

"I wish we had stayed at Newton," Charlotte thought, shifting the heavy basket to the other arm—the cousin had insisted on putting up a dinner for them, for she said: "You'll have no time to get anything when you get there, or anything to get, for that matter."

The path from the gate to the porch was a stretch of untrdden snow, and somehow it suddenly seemed typical of the blank their lives would be in the future, for though Miss Charlotte would not acknowledge it, she was as anxious as a child to see her father.

She pulled the key from her reticule and unlocking the door gave it a shove. It opened with a bang. She closed it suddenly.

"We've made a mistake," she said, "this isn't our house."

"It must be," Amelia answered. "This is the Custer house."

They opened the door again and went in, and stood speechless in the living-room. The storm was long since over and the sun was pouring in the windows that were freshly curtained with material that had constituted part of the bride's purchases in Muncy. "The old ones were so dirty and worn," Mrs. Parsons had said, as she put them up, "and those at home will do very well for us." They passed from room to room; everything was as clean as a new pin. Even a big bowl of asters was standing on the parlor table.

"Who ever could have done it?" exclaimed Charlotte.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Amelia, sinking down into one of the chairs.

"Well," said Charlotte, "I'm goin' to know. Mrs. Smith lives next door and she'll know if anyone will."

Mrs. Smith came hurried over.

"Well, well," she said. "You'd hardly know it for the same place. No, it wasn't any of the neighbors—it was just your new ma. I was away from home yesterday or I'd a' been over to see what was goin' on, but my Billy said that your pa and ma worked hard here all day yesterday. I boxed his ears good and hard for sayin' so, for I thought he was tellin' stories, but he wasn't, after all."

After Mrs. Smith had gone Charlotte sat for some time with her chin resting on the palm of her hand, while Amelia ran from room to room like a delighted child.

Presently Charlotte called to her. "Amelia," she said, "I'm goin' over to see pa's wife. She's done for us what no one else thought of doin', and if she hadn't our welfare at heart she wouldn't have done what she has, for I know it was mighty hard work to get this place into shape, and the least we can do is to go over and thank her. If you don't want to come you needn't, but I'm goin'."

Mrs. Parsons was putting the dinner on the table when the door bell rang. She had just placed the big turkey on with the remark "that it seemed a shame to have such a big bird for only two people." She started in surprise when she saw the two women.

"Do you want to see your pa?" she stammered. She knew them at once from their pictures which stood on the mantel.

"No," said Charlotte, "we want to see you and to apologize—" she had not meant to use that word at all; it came out of itself.

"And to thank—" said Miss Amelia, flutteringly.

"Now, never mind that," the other woman returned heartily, "lay your things right off in the parlor and hurry to the table, for the turkey will be stone cold."

FLORENCE W. SAUNDERS.

TELEPHONE IN WAR.**HOW A COMMANDER IS ABLE TO KEEP IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH HIS SCOUTS.**

[Washington Star:] The method of preparing a system of communication for use in the field in war time is interesting. Where the nature of the country and conditions will permit, the reels of wire and the batteries are carried in wagons. The line is so laid as to become permanent, a detail follows the wagon at leisure and attaches the wire to trees or hastily erected supports.

For flying lines, or lines in the zone of action, lines connecting the commander's headquarters with the various divisions, the detail following the linemen merely lay the wire in protecting places where it is least likely to be damaged. The lines may be taken up, moved or abandoned, as the occasion requires. Where the nature of the country or other conditions render the advance of the wagon impossible or inexpedient, the line is advanced by men carrying coils of wire on their shoulders.

A scout advancing into the enemy's country beyond the point where the wagon must stop is accompanied by a telephonist, who unrolls his line from his shoulder as he moves forward. To the inner end of the coil is attached the telephonist's instrument. Thus he is able at all times to report the scout's observations directly to the scout's commander and to receive instructions from headquarters.

When the scout is called or forced to fall back the line may be recovered by the telephonist or abandoned after cutting the instrument loose. If the scout is taken the operator at the other end of the wire is made instantly aware of the capture by the cessation of signals, and the line is useless to the enemy.

It will be seen that the use of the telephone in the field eliminates the time element in the transmission of orders and intelligence and guarantees against mistakes. It also affords the means of communicating orders with absolute secrecy.

Frequently in great battles it has occurred, as in the first battle of Manassas, that batteries were kept idle for hours and much-needed reinforcements held in check with resultant disaster because the means of rapid communication was lacking. It has occurred, too, that a retreat at one point and an attack, real or feigned, at another would have saved an army from defeat—movements that were not made because the commander lacked information of what was taking place at those points, or if he was informed lacked the means of promptly ordering the necessary moves. That the commander of today is at no such disadvantage is made clear in the accounts from Manassas recently and the reports of the efficient work of the signal corps.

LEADING CARTOONS.



ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

TOWNLAND—THE RACE, OLD HEAD, DON'T LET THEM TALKIN' AGAIN.

INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS



ST. LOUIS GLOBE DEMOCRAT

THE GREAT GLOBE DEFENDER
THE HAPPIEST AND MOST FAIR OF ALL THE DAILY PAPERS.



七八九月的 GTO

POST

SEEING THINGS AT NIGHT.



WASHINGTON STAR UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

COLUMBIA—"COME RIGHT AWAY, TEDDY; YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT."



NEWARK NEWS

Who will Jesus?



СМИСЛЮДЫ

Astonishing Book Figures.**MATHEMATICS RELATING TO POPULAR AUTHORS' WORKS.****From London Answers.**

FORTY-THREE tons of paper, and that of a specially light kind, have been used in the printing of "The Good Man," Miss Marie Corelli's new novel, which Mrs. Methuen have just published. Moreover, since Miss Corelli's admirers have read all the lines in her latest volume, their eyes will have unitedly traveled a distance of close on 125,000 miles, five times around the globe! To those who revel in curious statistics, it will come as a surprise that there have been enough copies of this great novel issued to pave the streets of London with paper, and the boards used in the construction of the covers would be sufficient to blot out every vestige of light from the huge Crystal Palace. Miss Corelli, indeed, enjoys a unique distinction. Add together the total circulation of her novels and we get an enormous number of over 2,000,000 copies.

And Edward Brothers.

The houses of Methuen are famous record-breakers in production of notable fiction, but nothing they have done rival their remarkable sales for Miss Corelli's book. If the leaves of every copy sold of this popular author's books could be placed side by side, they would cover a surface as large as England. There would be within the covers 15,000,000 miles of type; yet a fine, light paper has been used in all her books and the total weight would only be about 500 tons.

No other living author can boast such an amazing record as this, yet some remarkable records in book selling have been achieved in modern times, since paper and printing have become so cheap. Another well-known fiction publisher, Mr. Heinemann, used nearly 500 tons of paper in the production of "The Christian" by Hall Caine. A city of the size of Manchester could not be just covered by the copies sold, while, stood end to end, they would stretch from Paddington to Pen-

A Survey of Matrimony.

A curious point in book records is that numbers of men who are never boomed or advertised achieve enormous circulations for some particular book, of which the public are rarely informed. A pretty startling edition of "How to Be Happy Through Marriage," issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin, brings this fact to light. Not one person in a hundred could tell you that Mr. E. J. Hardy is the author of that wise little book. Yet its circulation, in its various editions and translations, is counted by millions. It holds its sales, and the number of the English editions now exceed 1,500,000. It would require the strength capacity of six Atlantic liners to carry the entire edition of the book across the "herring pond."

Large copies of Mrs. Beeton's cookery book have failed to stretch round the world three times. A million tons of paper have been used, and again were to attempt to go through each copy of this inexpensive edition since its first publication it would look at 1,154,478 pictures. A unique record in another sort is also achieved by this famous house, Ward & Locke, the publishers, have almost 500,000 of some kind on the machines, so that our round Mrs. Beeton's cookery book is being

"million a month." Many publishers would like to claim that record for their latest publication, but who holds that record is not a penny of it. The whole area of Russia could be covered with the published copies of "In His Steps," the great novel by Charles P. Sheldon, and even then it would remain another quarter of a million copies up. There were 264 editions in the English language distributed among eighty-three publishers; in months the circulation reached the enormous figure of a million a month. The Rev. Charles P. Sheldon, hero of this record, voluntarily waived any payment or royalties, and refused to copyright it. As a consequence, the book was pirated by publishers made fortunes on the sale of a book which they had paid nothing, and the only money made no money out of the phenomenal success of the author.

Without Profit.

A living writer, with a record for gigantic editions, is the Rev. J. Evans Wilson, the author of "St. This is another instance of the unboomed unparalleled success. The total number of books by this author already sold exceed 10,000,000, and have been published and pirated into 429 editions. Yet he has not benefited by more than seven of millions, and this mighty success has only brought him

"Backward," the remarkable novel of the Rev. Bellamy, is another book which has scored and is still selling as briskly as ever; while the most-covered volume which broke all records, and over 100 tons of paper, was "The Mysterious Cab."

of volumes little heard of by the present-day public, the "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," which of the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon's sermons, published in book form. Although the great author has been dead for several years, yet his sermons are still sold regularly every week since his

death, and the publishers announce that they have enough unpublished manuscript in hand to continue the weekly series for many years to come. These little books enjoy the distinction of being the only really popular series of sermons ever published, and millions of the books find their way annually to British homes.

Over 150 tons of paper was used in the printing of "David Harum," a novel that created intense excitement over two continents. The author was unknown, the book was unadvised, yet within a month of its first issue all America was talking about it, and an eagerly-expected English edition was on the way. The author of the "Prince of the House of David" is another writer who, while being the hero of record editions, has received no commensurate return for his success. The book has sold to the extent of 12,000,000, including over 300 pirated editions, each edition being issued in various styles; and one pirate publisher has made a fortune by reprinting nothing else but these works. Clever arithmeticians might figure out the space which these 12,000,000 would cover if each book measured six inches by four.

A HOUSE OF ROYALTY.**MAGNIFICENT ESTATE OF KING OF ITALY AND SOME OF THE TREASURES.**

[London Globe:] In a few days, when the Queen of Italy feels well enough to bear the strain of the journey, the royal family will leave the chateau of Racconigi, where they have spent the summer in the mild climate of Piedmont, for that of San Rossore, near Pisa, where they will spend the autumn in the bracing atmosphere of maritime Tuscany.

San Rossore is, without exception, the most beautiful estate owned by the House of Savoy. It extends from Viareggio to Livorno, at the foot of the Apuan Alps, combining the charm of the seashore with the attractions of the mountains. Formerly it belonged to the Archbishops of Pisa, from whom the Grand Dukes of Tuscany purchased it and made it State property, which explains how it was that in 1860, at the time of the annexation of Tuscany to the kingdom of Italy, it ranked as one of the gems in the civil list of Victor Emmanuel II. The Grand Dukes resided there the greater part of the year, and one, Leopold II, built extensive farm-houses, within which are numerous breeding animals. About these farms are widespread fields, where still horses, oxen, cows, sheep and buffalo graze in peace. San Rossore comprises also extensive cultivated fertile lands; but the greater part of it—and that is its essential characteristic—is the thickly-planted woodlands, which yield an important revenue from the sale of its pine trees. In these woods game is most plentiful; while in the lakes, ponds and small streams there is any quantity of fresh-water fish. At San Rossore one can indulge in almost any kind of sport, for there are wild boar, stags, reindeer, pheasants, partridges and almost every species of inland water fowl.

Of all the curiosities at San Rossore the most curious, undoubtedly, are the camels used for the purpose of removing the timber. These camels are not by any means ordinary camels. They are historical camels, and would be proud of it, were they conscious of it, for it is said their ancestors figured in the Crusades. History tells us that these animals were brought from Syria to Pisa in galleys which the Pisan republic had dispatched to the Holy Land for the purpose of bringing back a load of the mould from the grave of Christ. It was supposed that this mould had the peculiarity of absorbing the bodies buried in it. The Pisans intrusted with the mission of bringing it over evidently thought that they could not do better when it was shipped on board the galleys than to embark as well the camels which had been laden with it. These camels were sent on to San Rossore. They prospered and multiplied there, and it is their descendants which are used for the purpose of shifting the timber from the royal domain.

With regard to the dogs in the kennel at San Rossore, every breed in use for sporting purposes has been perpetuated there, from the remotest medieval times. They have their hospital, as well as a small cemetery, with its accompanying tombstones, on which are recorded the names of the dogs who had their fleeting hours of celebrity in the hunting field. With regard to the chateau itself, it is of somewhat modest appearance and dimensions, but it contains numerous works of art of priceless value.

Victor Emmanuel II spent much of his spare time at San Rossore between 1864 and 1870, that is to say, at the time when his capital was at Florence and not at Rome. In 1868 the King became very ill there, and so serious was his condition that the Bishop of Pisa was sent for to hear his confession. The prelate came in haste, and thought to profit by the opportunity to ask him to make certain political concessions. "Eminence," said the King, "if you want to speak about affairs of State you will find my ministers in the next room; oblige me by going there."

"I don't think many people know when they have a good cigar," said a well-known Philadelphian. "I was riding home from Resington one day, and the friend who was with me suggested that we stop at a country store and buy a smoke. I had a few good cigars in my pocket, but as my friend said to be sure to get fifteen-centers, I thought I would test his taste. I laid down a nickel and got three cigars for it. Then I went out into the road and gave my friend one of them. 'How do you like it?' I asked, after he had taken a few puffs. In all seriousness he replied: 'This is a better cigar than I get at home, and you know I pay fifteen cents apiece for my smokes.' Well, when I told him he had been smoking a 'three-for-five' he wouldn't believe it at first, and when I convinced him to the contrary he was offended."—[Philadelphia Record.]

A Bit of Mythology.**MYTHS OF THE KWAKIUTL TOLD BY ONE OF THEM.****By a Special Contributor.**

In that marvelous exhibit of strange peoples from all quarters of the globe to be seen at the St. Louis Fair, was to be found the tent of the Kwakiutl from Vancouver's, in which Kialla, or Whale-on-the-beach, carved miniature totem poles, and told the myths of his native land. He made us a thunder bird, and told us that in the "high and far-off times" when this earth was inhabited neither by men nor animals, but by giant beings which could become either one at will—in those far-off times the thunder-bird man lived on a mountain peak and made thunder and lightning all the time. But after awhile, fearing that his children might fall down the mountainside and be killed, he determined to dwell in the valley. So he and his eldest son, pulling down their visors which became beaks and transformed them into thunder birds, flew to the foot of the mountain and across the inlet. Pushing up their beaks they became men again; and here they encountered another animal man who asked angrily:

"What are you doing within my domain?"

"I have come down to live in the valley," replied the thunder-bird man.

"Well, you cannot live here. Yonder but is mine, and I have lived here from always."

"Where may I live? Do you own all the valley?"

"No. A few miles above at the forks of the river there is good fishing. You may go there."

The father and son rowed up in a canoe and, liking the place, built a hut and went back after the household goods and the family, flying up and down the mountain. When they were established in the new home the father sent back his two eldest children to inhabit the mountain peak and keep alive the traditional usages of the family, saying, however: "Hereafter, you must make it thunder and lightning only when one of us dies. He himself dwelt evermore in the valley as a man, becoming the progenitor of the thunder bird gens of Indiana."

"I belong to the thunder-bird gens," said Kialla. "In my country we seldom have thunder and lightning when it rains, but I have always noticed that when one of the family dies, then we have thunder. You must never look up into the sky when it thunders, for if you should see the thunder bird flying overhead you would die."

Kialla had carved me a killer whale, and the myth he gave with it is this:

"The man in the killer whale can leave the animal and walk about alone. If a hunter in the Woods meets a killer-whale man, the hunter will die in a little while unless he runs to the beach and kills the whale before the man gets into him (which Kialla said was a very difficult thing to do)."

If a boatman or anybody sees a company of killer whales on the beach around their fire, with the men that belong to them standing outside, behind the fire, he might as well sing his death song at once, for he will soon be dead."

On the platform in the St. Louis plaza during the congress of primitive peoples, Kialla gave some kind of a bird dance, flapping his arms like wings and wearing a mantle decorated with bird-head designs. But assuredly the most weird and ancient survival of bygone customs to be seen in the whole exposition is the cannibal dance of these Kwakiutl, given by Kialla's tent mate, Tom. It cannot properly be called a dance since the performer is seldom in upright position and there are no dancing steps. His head is covered with a dress of feathers; his body with a mantle decorated at front and back with representations of two pairs of human heads; his arms feathered with down to the finger tips. Much of the time he is in crouching attitude, snapping his jaws, and blinking his eyes, which have an unseeing, entranced stare. When he comes close, looks the spectator in the face, and does this, the sensation is uncanny; and when in the midst of it he springs toward the onlooker uttering short cries like the bark of a fox, even the bold African pygmies draw back with a laugh which does not conceal their momentary terror.

We said to Kialla the next morning: "Were your people ever really cannibals? They have not eaten human flesh since the white people came to this country."

"Oh, yes," he said, with the irrelevance which makes an understanding of his conversation difficult. "Oh, yes. In our big dances at home in the winter we eat each other. Tom and I both have scars on our arms where we have been bitten."

This cannibal dance of the Kwakiutl is altogether the weirdest ceremony we have ever witnessed and must have been handed down from remote ages.

CLARA KERN BAYLISS.

OCTOBER AND MT. HOOD.

Proprietary pillars of the air
The snow-peaked mountain guards the earth, adream;
Brown dryads muse above the bubbling stream,
And ruddy maenads braid their glossy hair.
With wax berries and ferns. Now, everywhere
Is glamour haze and smell of leaves and gleam
Of maples red. Old earth herself doth seem
To sigh that summer ends, sweet as a prayer.
These are the Eden days, when every grove
Of dim tales whispers, and the fancy swings
In time to faery fluting. Close by the springs
Are prints of satyrs' hoofs. I live above
This fretful world, and led by wide-eyed Love
My soul floats out and dreams immortal things.
—[C. R. S. Wood, in Pacific Monthly.]

The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

TREE PLANTING.

A CONTINUATION OF EXPERT ADVICE REGARDING STREET TREES.

By Belle Sumner Angier.

PLANTING NOTE.—Plant sweet peas this month.

When Shall We Plant and How.

GAIN and again comes the question to the editor of "The House Beautiful" and Its Flower Garden," "When shall we plant trees?" Now, of course, it all depends upon just what you wish to plant, and just where you intend to plant it. This department can only give general directions and growers must depend upon their local florists or nurserymen to specify the exact time for a particular spot, or for a peculiar tree, or—if the nurseryman is one of the "I-don't-know"

to a great depth in the loose sandy soil and insure a luxuriant expansion of the parts above ground, and the third or fourth year after planting the young trees will not require much irrigation. All trees make a more compact and more uniform top there and in Santa Ana than is met with as a rule. The foliage is nice, green and glossy, which must be due to the vigorous growth and the moisture-laden breeze from the nearby ocean. I noticed that with the exception of the eucalyptus and the pepper trees the roots of the shade trees planted along the streets seem to seldom lift up and break the cement sidewalks and force out the curbing as is generally the case in localities where the soil is heavy. Many fine large trees from twenty-five to fifty feet in height are to be seen in private grounds in those localities hoping that kind of soil, and especially along the sidewalks, and their size, health, and form are a better recommendation in favor of their adoption for more

and mollisima are very fast growers, and in time cover more ground than is allowed for shade on the sidewalks of a city. The *Ficus macrophylla* grows to enormous size and lifts up causing no curving. The *Acacia dealbata* with silvery bark, such a profusion of yellow flowers that it soon covers the tree and makes it rapidly deteriorate. Among acacias the *A. melanoxylon* is the only one that grows older and larger still retains its crimson. The others to my knowledge are subject to the action of sap through the cracking bark and the decay of small wood and leaves on the heavy branches soon get unshapely to such a point that it is difficult to remove them. The above species with the tree and gum require little care and attention should be planted along country roads only. The maple, the ash, the elm, and the Spanish chestnut deciduous trees would grow very well in Anaheim but I think nine feet space with the parts of the tree extending over the street proper, which would be about eighteen feet, is also too limited for them.

"It is to be regretted that shade trees along streets have always to be stuck in each corner after. If property owners would for a moment consider the benefit derived in health, comfort, and pleasure on realty in properly beautifying the town by providing liberal space for street shade trees, say, from fifteen to thirty feet as sidewalks, and connecting ways in the middle, and figure how grand it would be they would not hesitate a moment. But until they come to the realization when laying out new towns or remodeling old ones, when setting out trees on the public streets consideration must be given to the relation existing between the ultimate size of the trees above and the space they are to grow to, not only for the years, but for half a century or longer. A tree that extends its branches over a surface of from twenty to fifty feet in diameter will certainly be crowded on a ten-foot sidewalk. That might do all right as long as the streets are lined up, with cottages or houses built some distance from the sidewalk, but when business blocks are erected to the property line the trees will have to be mutilated to make room for the walk."

"In business sections, or those most apt to become so in the future, with buildings close to the sidewalk, I would advise setting out the *Brahea robusta* (*Washingtonia*), a compact variety of palm with leaves of a darker green, more numerous and darker than the ordinary California fan palm; it is also harder and the trunk is considerably more slender. It soon becomes crown high enough to clear the sidewalk, but then they could be kept closer together by a wire rope around the leaf stalks, as it is done on some in Los Angeles. The result is worth the trouble and inconvenience, as may be seen in the splendid row at the Singleton place on Adams street in Los Angeles."

"The *Cocos plumosa* and *C. sexsemina* may be used in the business section, too, and will when young receive the same treatment as the *Brahea robusta*. They resemble somewhat the *Phoenix reclinata*, but are more uniform. These cocus soon make a smooth lawn, soon clear the sidewalk."

"*Dracaena* or *cordyline* should be alternated with *cocus* or with the *brahea*, all to be twenty-five feet apart; when the *cocus* and *brahea* have made a stem the *dracaena* will fill the space below."

"*Sterculia diversifolia* (flame tree) would prove appropriate for the same sections, too. It does not seem to spread very much. In good conditions it is a fine tree."

"The palm here above named and the *dracaena* in reality very little shade, but still it is better none. It is in the business section that the heat is the most through the reflection of heat by the buildings, but the palms stand this dry heat best. Trees from the next list could be tried; they are most apt to succeed. In the residence section, in order to insure uniformities in the street shade trees, the trees on the front lawns should be planted far from those on the street to give these a chance to spread as far one way as the other, and I would mend:

"*Acacia melanoxylon* (black wood:) many streets in Santa Ana are lined up with this kind in good soil; they grow straight of stem, compact and narrow crown, and need only pruning of some low branches."

"*Laurus camphora* (camphor tree;) a good shaped tree of this kind are also on the streets in Santa Ana."

"*Prunus illicifolia* (holly leaved plum,) was a fine cherry tree, an evergreen with glossy green and compact habit; should be used more extensively."

"*Pithecellobium undulatum*, when ten or twelve feet high makes a very semi-tropical tree and resembles the sweet laurel (*Laurus nobilis*) grown in the decoration. Fruit yellow and showy."

"*Live oak* in several varieties. If given a good water and attention than other trees these will grow much faster than is generally believed and make exceedingly dense and beautiful trees."

"*Magnolia grandiflora* requires also plenty of water, but as may be seen by the beautiful specimen in every private place, it certainly does well in Santa Ana."

"*Lagerstroemia mimosifolia* would be a specimen when in bloom; the tree, with blue flowers, and rare, does not grow very compact."

"*Melia azedarach* (Texas umbrella) is well known in Santa Ana, too. It drops its foliage for a while. A splendid shade tree with dense growth."

"*Lagerstroemia crepe myrtle*;) a deciduous



PALM DRIVE-ENTRANCE TO SINGLETON COURT.

kind—a little experimenting will soon give a basis for future planting.

Generally speaking, however, and for all save the higher altitudes, tree planting in Southern California may be best accomplished in February, March and April. In some favored localities January may, in its last weeks, be favorable, and in others, where Jack Frost sometimes visits, April is not too late. The best directions for planting on the street I have seen, most concise and comprehensive, are those given in a circular sent out by the San Diego Improvement Club, and I give them here.

"How to Plant.—A hole should be dug 4x6 feet and 4 feet deep, then fill in with good surface soil and mix in some manure. When the tree is set, place the base at least three inches below the surface of the sidewalk; press the soil firmly about the ball or roots; shape a large saucer about the tree; mulch the surface with coarse manure and give the plant a thorough watering. When hardpan is encountered a blast should be made at the bottom of the hole to shatter the ground in order to allow the roots to make their way through it and water to pass down. Arrangements can be made through the leading nurserymen to provide men to do blasting, who are licensed by the city. The holes for planting, when practicable, should be prepared before Arbor Day, especially so where blasting is required.

"Where large holes are dug, or blasting done,—and refilled with good soil—the holes should be well wet down, at least four days before the tree is planted."

Excellent Advice from the Superintendent.

Continuing the series of communications regarding the choice of trees for street planting and the reasons for the same I am glad to be able to give the following opinion from the very efficient superintendent of the Los Angeles city parks. Mr. Legraad writes:

"Owing to the exceptionally favorable conditions of soil in Anaheim the selection of shade trees for street planting is very much simplified in comparison with other localities and the list of the kinds that may be grown with complete success is consequently larger. The soil to all appearances is of three kinds; first, light sandy; second, sandy loam, and third, sandy with considerable white loamy gravel mixed with it, all of great depth, and then, of course, just the very best land for the rapid development of masses of roots radiating through the top soil; but what is more important, the big roots and other heavy roots stretch freely down

general and permanent planting as street shade trees than any amount of laudatory writing. Of course you see the evergreen species better represented than the deciduous ones, and this is unavoidable. In a country of semi-tropic climate, constant sunshine, and when during the rainy season (fallen winter,) the fields are green and blooming the deciduous trees seem dead or, anyway, bleak and desolate. A redeeming fact in their favor, though, is that when they have dropped their leaves the sun's rays strike and purify the earth below, and when they begin to bud anew they are so fresh, green and fragrant.

"If all the streets of a city were lined with just one kind of shade tree, exclusively, no matter how magnificent they might be, the sight would be very monotonous. Therefore it is better to select at least half a dozen of the best ones, and in order not to make any mistake, select only those that have been tried and found satisfactory. Yet some latitude must be given for further experimenting with other kinds. I would exclude the eucalyptus, because in six or seven years after it has been planted its shade-giving power decreases instead of increasing, and in a very few years more the tree has a great bulky trunk and tall heavy, ungainly limbs or scattered boughs with leaves at the ends that hang edgeways and let the sun's rays pass with little obstruction. In such soil as this in Anaheim most all eucalypti obtain large proportions and then are an obstruction instead of an ornament. They are better adapted for planting in forest fashion or along country roads. However, there are two varieties, *E. calophylla*, with white creamy flowers, and *E. ficoifolia*, with large bright red flowers growing from fifteen to thirty feet high and more compact, that might be utilized in exceptionally good soil and might give good results.

"The pepper tree is too much like a willow to be adopted as a permanent shade tree on city streets. It might be trained to make a nice straight trunk or stem and for a short while a nice green crown also, but before it is many years old it grows too large, the principal limbs and even the body itself soon bend down out of shape under the weight of long depending boughs, requiring repeated pruning to be kept out of the way of pedestrians and vehicles, and occasionally has to be cut back a few feet from the top of the body. It makes a beautiful tree along country roads and as specimen trees on private grounds if left to grow in a perfectly natural way.

"The Monterey pine and cypress, the *Acacia decurrens*

and pink flowers, according to varieties.

What's Hibiscus (maiden hair tree.) Deciduous; grows well here and would with time make a fine avenue, a rival, maybe, of that beautiful one in Washington, I think.

A permanent committee of the best citizens, five at least, and yet not many more, should be appointed or elected to adopt a standard list of the kinds of trees to be planted along the streets; this committee to have the power to eliminate definitely the kinds that have been, as per list given, or would, in the future, be found objectionable, and to appoint one good professional engineer or nurseryman to oversee the planting of trees and their subsequent care, such as staking, protecting, irrigating and pruning, the expense for this labor to be levied by a slight increase of taxes on property in front of which the work is done, or other safe and permanent way. The care of the trees should absolutely not be left with each individual lot owner. The trees should be planted in the center of the open space left for them between the curb and cement walk, so that the roots would have equal chance for development all around. If the planting had to be done in heavy or hard soil, holes as large and deep as practicable should be dug and fertilized, if need be, to facilitate the extension of the roots and to reduce to its minimum the tendency to lift up and crack the cement walk and cement curb.

The selection of the kind of trees to be planted on a given street should of course be left with a majority of the property owners from the list adopted, and if trees of more than ordinary price on account of size or rarity are desired for a certain street or district, the increase in expense should be borne by the owners of said street or district. Not more than two kinds of trees and two alternated, should be used on a street; young, healthy, not pot-bound, even if small, should be preferred. Palms and deciduous trees might be planted in larger sizes. The palms make new roots from the body buried a little deep, and the deciduous may be removed when dormant (as soon as they have dropped their leaves) with plenty of roots. Medium size trees should be twenty-five feet apart and larger ones in proportion. I have referred to Santa Ana because Anaheim has about the same kind of soil, and that there are few shade trees now in Anaheim to judge from. They will, I am sure, have to irrigate them more in Anaheim, the land being, I think, some forty-five feet higher above the sea and the atmosphere somewhat drier."

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. H. B. K., Los Angeles: Doubtless you have found in the articles on tree planting the answers to your questions. I can recommend the Jacaranda very highly for the location you suggest. It is of persistent foliage, is clean and the roots make no trouble. I think the Hibiscus would not interfere with your sewer. I do not like the oleander for city trees. Scale infests it, and they are so exceedingly poisonous. I am not acquainted with the birch to which you refer.

Miss E. F. B., Nordhoff: Yes. Cut your roses back severely in the fall in your locality. The Duchess is a good pink hedgerose, and the Cecile Brunner makes a low hedge—two feet or so. The Single and Double Camellias would do better, however, in your valley, and they are persistent in foliage. There is no periodical devotedly published in the interest of flower culture in Southern California. Read the "House Beautiful" every week and ask all the questions you like. Only good works on hybridizing are published. Prof. J. C. Cornell has written a popular work. Ask your bookseller. No Californian has published such a work, so far as I know.

C. and McC., Los Angeles: Your request for directions and suggestions as to trees for your suburban tract at

Hollywood is practically covered in the articles published last week and this. In another article which will follow next week we shall deal more directly with the problem in the country, but you must not overlook what I have repeatedly stated, that neither in city or country will trees take care of themselves. Better not plant, unless you are ready to employ a competent man to look after them.

A Palm Terrace Residence AN ARTISTIC AND CONVENIENT HOUSE JUST BUILT.

By a Special Contributor.

THE house shown in the illustration is at No. 1125 Lake street, this city, in the "Palm Place" tract. It was designed and built by Lewis C. Carlisle, and has twelve large rooms besides two bathrooms and large reception hall. The living-room is 30x16 feet and has plate-glass windows, large art-brick fireplace, built-in bookcases, cozy window seats and wood cornices, finished in Belgian oak. The handsome hall and dining-room are also of this beautiful finish, and have heavy timbered ceilings and wainscoted sides. The drawing-room is of white enamel. The six bed chambers and two bathrooms on the second floor are also of white enamel. The third floor is finished in weathered oak and contains a large billiard-room and servants' quarters. One of the features of this floor is the large storage closets for trunks, boxes, bedding and similar articles. The entire house has hardwood floors, and the plumbing is modern and sanitary. The electric and gas fixtures have been specially designed to meet the requirements of each room. They are quite artistic and add much to the elegance and completeness of the interior finish. The general interior decorations possess that artistic blending and harmony of color that places the stamp of refinement and elegance upon the dwellings in which they are found.

SPENT THE EVIDENCE.

In a trial in Judge Honan's courtroom yesterday, Kickham Scanlan, attorney for the plaintiff, offered to show the jury two half-dollars which had been alleged to be counterfeit.

"Look at these, gentlemen," he said to the jury. Then the lawyer vainly searched in his pockets. "I must have spent them for lunch," declared Scanlan, blushing.

The missing evidence was not found.

The case was that of Dr. Richard McClevey, No. 2100 Jackson boulevard, who is suing the Union Traction Company for \$10,000 damages because a conductor refused his money and called a policeman to arrest him as a counterfeiter. The missing half-dollars were the coins rejected.—[Chicago Tribune.]

A document which is valued very highly by the Creeks is the copy of the old treaty made between the United States government and the Creek Indians, February 12, 1833, assigning them their present home in Indian Territory. It is printed on parchment and bears the signature of Millard Fillmore, President of the United States when the treaty was finally ratified, August 11, 1854.

The long stretch between the two dates on the document is the period of more than twenty years which elapsed before the government could induce the Creeks to leave their home in Alabama and move to the new country.—[Kansas City Journal.]



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An Editorial Experience.

A YOUTHFUL NEWSPAPER MAN'S INITIATION IN NORTHWEST.

By a Special Contributor.

In the year 1887, being then much younger than I am now, I was filled with that youthful enthusiasm and fervor, as one might say, which will conquer worlds if you give it plenty of rope. I was at this time a reporter on a paper in Aberdeen, one of the principal cities of the Territory of Dakota, and resting easy in the consciousness that I knew about everything that was worth knowing. You may imagine, then, the pleasure it gave me to be asked to go out to a town about sixty miles away and edit a weekly paper for one week, while the owner and editor himself attended a Territorial convention to take place at Huron.

It was not that I expected to learn anything from the new experience, for how could one in my condition learn anything? It was because of the opportunity I would have to show what I did know that I derived this pleasure. I proposed to make even the regular editor himself understand how bad he was when it came right down to the point of being a real editor.

I permitted him to give me a few instructions just before he boarded the train on his way to the convention, though I was thinking all the while what a good joke it was for him to be telling these things to me, and I remember that after he had explained how he managed with some of the details of the work he informed me that the paper should be all ready to go to press by Friday noon, and that about one o'clock that day a boy would show up at the office whose duty it was to roll the forms with ink and otherwise assist me in operating the hand press. The conductor yelled "All aboard!" now, and with one foot on the lower step the editor turned to add that the boy occasionally had a fit during the progress of the work, and that his own method of procedure was to hold the boy down on the floor until the fit wore off. Then he wished me luck and was off.

I arrived at the town which was to be the scene of my first genuine editorial experience just as the shades of night were falling. No one was at the depot to meet me, which fact I easily accounted to myself for on the ground that the citizens of the place didn't know me and could scarcely be expected to have a delegation there to meet me. I stepped toward a lounge on the depot platform and asked him where the best hotel was situated.

Not knowing who I was he looked at me rather suspiciously. "There ain't but one hotel here," he said, "so I reckon it's the best one. You go down this street here two blocks, then you turn to the right and you'll git there."

After eating my supper I lounged about the hotel office. Two traveling men were, I believe, the only other transient guests of the house. The proprietor, who was also his own clerk and head waiter, busied himself for awhile after supper with some chores out at the barn, and when he finally came in he walked right up to me and bluntly asked me if I wouldn't like to join the two traveling men and himself in a game of poker.

The insult was, of course, unintentional, but you may imagine how he must have felt when I explained to him that I was to be the editor of the Budget for the ensuing week. He did not seem to realize the enormity of his offense at the time, but later on, I have no doubt, he felt it terribly.

Left to myself I tried to focus my mind on a few leading thoughts for the editorial page, but some way, just as I would get a good, bright-appearing idea down to where I could get some hold on it the thought of that boy who was going to have the fit while I held him down on the floor would pop into my head.

I did not sleep soundly. Once I dreamed that I was trying to throw a two-handed boy down a deep well. He was trying to bite me with both mouths. In the morning, though not feeling at all well, I determined to put on a bold front and give the people of that town the first exhibition of a real editor at work they had ever had.

First I hurried up the office of the Budget, discovering it to be located on the second floor of the only two-story building in town, with the exception of the hotel. It was reached by a flight of outside stairs and was immediately over a grocery store. The editor's wife was there when I arrived. I told her that I was the man the editor had sent down to get out the paper. "Oh, yes," she said, "he told me he would send someone out to help me."

I settled down into myself about four inches and a half when she said that. There was a youth over at one side of the room engaged in setting type, and I looked at him earnestly, wondering if he was the boy who had the fits. He was the son of the local Methodist preacher, who was learning the printer's trade. However, he looked to me as though he might throw a fit or two if properly encouraged. In fact almost any boy would have seemed to me capable of having fits about that time, I think.

The editor's wife now informed me that she had prepared some "copy," enough to last through the day, she thought, and that she must now go home and tend the baby. Meanwhile I was to have charge of the office, and at the same time I was to set type.

The blow almost unmanned me. I took some of the "copy" and slunk over to one of the cases, and I could only hope that none of the prominent citizens would drop into the office and find me engaged in such work. I remembered that the editor had said something about my having to do a little typesetting, but I hadn't paid much attention to what he had said, knowing that I

was perfectly competent to edit a newspaper without any of his advice.

All that day I kept at the typesetting. There didn't seem to be any editing to do. Before leaving the office I pulled proofs of the galley of type I had been setting, and was pleased that I had done so, because it gave me an opportunity to correct a few mistakes I had made before they fell under the eye of the editor's wife. For instance, instead of setting it that "Mrs. Silas Green, widow of the late Silas Green, one of our leading citizens, has recently had her house painted," I said that she "has recently had a fit." I went to the hotel for supper rather depressed over the thought that I was not able to get that boy who was due to have a fit on Friday out of my mind.

I partially succeeded in recovering my spirits when the hotel-keeper addressed me with some deference as I came down to supper, but it was all over again presently. The lone waiter girl, who was cross-eyed and had hair-like burnished gold, only that it would have stood considerably more burnishing, asked me, in a pleasant tone of voice, what I would have. In reply I asked: "Do you have fits?" I think I meant to say "fit," but I had been thinking about that boy again.

The girl had something very much like one, at that, but I apologized as best I could and explained to her that I was editing the Budget, and that my mind was filled with various things, and that I would be pleased to eat anything she might have. She said something to the effect that I ought to be in jail instead of editing a paper, and went out. I got corn beef and cabbage. After supper it seemed to me that the only thing that would settle my mind would be to smoke a good cigar and read something interesting at the same time. I bought a cigar and succeeded in finding a copy of the Budget of the week before, and I am prepared to take oath that the very first article my eyes came upon was a piece of well-selected miscellany about a boy who smoked so much that he eventually had fits!

Again I passed a rather restless night, and in the morning felt very poorly. The editor's wife was on hand at the office with more copy. I think she must have sat up all night with a pair of shears and a paste pot. Anyhow I was in for another day of typesetting, and I began to realize that I was to have an opportunity to do about as much editing as the ordinary jack rabbit has. But I grew more resigned to the situation during the day, and agreed to myself that I wouldn't mind it at all if I could only forget about that boy. As a matter of fact I had never seen anyone in the act of having a fit, and perhaps I overestimated the possibilities of one.

I was obliged, finally, to resort to the method of reading the type in the stick before dumping it onto the galley in order to eliminate the word "fit" from the lines and substitute the right one. All the while I viewed the preacher's son with some suspicion. I had no evidence that he had ever had a fit, but on the other hand I had no evidence that he had not, and if one boy is liable to have them, why not another. I argued. Thus another day passed.

The next day was Thursday. The lady had brought her usual budget of copy, but it was mostly of a local nature now, and she announced that the editorial matter was all in, and that it was time to begin correcting the proofs and making up the forms.

My dream of editing a paper was o'er. The time for the fit was near at hand.

I slept but little Thursday night, and by the time I got to the office Friday morning I had arrived at the point where I imagined I was seeing boys having fits over my shoulder every few minutes. However, I managed to get the paper made up and on the press by noon.

During the morning a step was heard on the stairs and my blood ran cold. It proved to be a farmer who had come in to renew his subscription. I eyed him narrowly at first, but perceiving that he had long whiskers concluded that he was all right.

One o'clock came and no boy. Fifteen minutes later there was another step on the stairs. It was the light, springy step of youth. A form darkened the doorway. One of the tallest human beings I have ever seen in my whole lifetime entered and slouched over to the nearest chair. He was so tall that when he sat down his knees came about on a level with his chin.

At first I scarcely realized what had happened. But presently he got up, took off his coat, hung it on a nail on the wall and then fastened his gaze upon me. "Be you the feller's goin' to help me run off this here paper?" he asked.

I looked at him and realized that at last I was face to face with the boy who was going to have the fit while I held him down to the floor. I attempted to say "Yes," and the sound that came from my lips was like the commingled wails of seventeen lost souls.

For four hours, filled as full of mortal terror as I could hold, I worked that press and watched that boy, and nothing happened more serious than the mistake he once made of thinking the ink fountain was the cuspidor and filling it nearly full of a rich brown fluid, which did not improve the ink at all.

After he was gone the editor's wife calmly told me that he hadn't been having so many fits lately as was his wont, but she admitted that she feared he might frighten me some if he did have one.

WINFIELD HOGABOOM.

HOLD-UP COMMEMORATED.

In the little town of Perlimpopoli, in Italy, a memorial tablet is about to be unveiled in the Municipal Theater to the memory of a famous robber chieftain named Pazzatorta. The reason why the theater is chosen for the home of his memorial is that in it was performed his most famous exploit. In September, 1854, while one of Rossini's operas was being performed in

the presence of all the local beauty and fashion, he tore and his band "held up" the audience and carried them off with all their valuables to the last proudest character *Guardian*.

HE IS SUPREME

EMPEROR WILLIAM HAS ENEMIES, BUT NO RIVALS IN HIS REALM.

[London Mail:] There is only one personality in Europe today, for, although the Kaiser has many enemies, he has no rivals.

His position as an individual is as paramount and supreme as his position in the capacity of Emperor. In both qualities he is a living factor in every feature of the national activity.

It must be singularly galling to be a genius and a monarch at once. It is easier to be a millionaire and a king in the same person, or a pretty woman and an old grandmother. On the one side, the genius from birth must discount the worth of many of the others that make the pomp of monarchy possible—a sense of snobishness in himself, another of contemptuousness in those about him, conceit responding to insignia.

The monarch, on the other side, must often resort to instinct to despise those same elements, by which he lives. Armies obey him who knows nothing of his creation in command; worthy citizens train their attaches to a fashion that tickles his personal taste; everywhere the big braggart is doomed to do honor to properties and qualities that are only his by implication. A wonder princess runs away and grand dukes may with the left hand. Royalties are the most mischievous folk in the world.

But the Kaiser flourishes on it. He has discovered that with the weight of his royalty he can give momentum to his genius—hammer in the nail of inspiration with the scepter, as it were. He is none of those small entities who earn chagrin by virtue of a desire to live on their merits; when he fails short of his intentions in art he fills the gap with his authority, sans faute. He is not the first great man who had "dropped the riddle bantling" with the prestige of his name. "Twelfth Prince of Tyre," would not be printed nowadays if Romeo and Juliet had not been written. When the Kaiser's mimes produce the Kaiser's play in the Kaiser theater, it is the Kaiser's audience that applauds with enthusiasm and half an eye on the Kaiser's box. As a genius, he always wears his uniform; as a king, he wears the halo of the artist.

He wrote a poem once which he submitted to a poor literary man, who dined at the castle for that purpose particularly. Knowing the man, I believe him no less dutiful to his ruler than to the craft he knows so thoroughly. He read the effort, and found his dual duties in conflict. One has the tenderest sympathy for that critic he had to advise an amateur poet with an exceptional power for resenting hostile comment. He yielded only little to the exigencies of the situation.

"This verse, Your Majesty," he began, "seems to require alteration in certain respects."

The author took the manuscript and read it thoughtfully. Then his brow cleared.

"Why," he cried, as one seeing a sudden light, "I have actually not signed the poem. Give me a pen."

And the only fault in the work was forthwith remedied.

When he was younger and less used to the "go and be goeth" system, he contracted a habit especially irritating to his troops. He used to sound alarms at odd hours and turn up all available army corps to march past or maneuver when they least expected it—at night, or in the gray of a winter morning. On one such occasion the garrison included a detachment of submarine crews, and the Emperor came along just before dawn, anonymous as an admiral.

He was standing among a group of shivering officers when one veteran, approaching him from the rear, beat him on the back.

"I see that Gondola Willy has fished up the negro this morning," he observed pleasantly.

They attribute the cessation of sudden alarms to the incident in the army, and have all but canonized the dazed veterans.

In person the Kaiser is a florid man of barely middle height, with a full face, fleshy neck, and a noticeable general plumpness. On foot, especially when in one of his two score uniforms, he is less regal than elegant; on horseback he is quite a fine figure of a man, although his horses are specially broken and trained for his use, he has a good working seat in the saddle. To see him go past a saluting base at the rocking-chair salute the German cavalry affects is to see a good type of a military looking man; he could pass in a crowd for a well-to-do major without ambitions. In spite of his growing stoutness, he takes a good deal of exercise. In particular he shoots, and he loves to the chase with as much low circumstance than the duke in *Brownrigg* "Flight of the Duchess."

A fortnight ago he was after elk in north Germany, and, of course, shot an elk. In this great empire hunting extends also to elk. The elk killed, the next thing was a blast on the horn, the feudal call announcing that the quarry has become meat. The plumed and costumed chief huntsmen lifted the long horn and blew "Hunt's toot" (stag dead).

The Kaiser deserved it once.

"This isn't a stag," he said. "It's an elk."

"Mil' Brisch," the huntsman agreed deferentially, "there isn't such a call as 'tak faul'."

"See to it, then," directed the Kaiser, "that we are composed."

The Great Suicides.
TRIBES WHOSE LEGENDS POINT TO
PRE-GLACIAL TIMES.
By a Special Contributor.

Of scientists and geologists, and also to students of mythical lore, there are many things of vast interest to be found upon the Pacific Coast of America. Those who seek for the picturesque and majestic in nature can find no more inviting field in all the world. To those who seek for the hidden things of the universe, the processes whereby continents are built up and the strange forces manifested in the evolution of planets, the records engraved upon the rugged face of this remarkable strip of country are awe-inspiring and almost overwhelming in their direct and startling significance. To the weary eye and toil-worn brain of the eastern tourist, where else can be found so great a variety of scenery as the great natural panorama reaching from the Alaskan panhandle to the Gulf of California? The answer to this question is short and to the point—nowhere! It is not to be duplicated throughout the length and breadth of the earth.

No mountain peaks in the world are grander to look upon than Rainier and St. Elias, and few can equal the strong beauty of Shasta, St. Helens and Mt. Whitney. No cañons are more impressive and inspiring than those of the Columbia and the Fraser. No valleys are more magnificent in their wealth of natural beauty than those of British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California. There is no ice-river in the world comparable with Muir Glacier, in our own far northern domain.

All the way along this great stretch of the Pacific Coast, but more especially in the region of the Cascade Mountains, the geologist will find a record of stupendous interest, something which the forces of nature have made in comparatively recent times. The fires which caused the upheaval of this great range are yet smoldering; their dying embers have not yet entirely wiped. The fragments of wood which were caught in the mighty upheaval and buried beneath huge masses of water and gravel have not yet become petrified, or rendered difficult to recognize and classify. The great forest which covers this region stands above the buried remains of a former forest, the wood of which is just as firm as the latter. And deep down amid tremendous convulsions of nature, is found the work of human hands!

In a geological sense this portion of the Pacific Coast is clearly new, but just how new cannot be told in actual time. A few years ago a rancher in Western Washington cut down a large cedar tree, and being of an inquisitive turn of mind, counted its annual rings. It was found to be about 600 years old. And here comes the significant point. The tree stood at the edge of a bank or gully washed out by the rains, and directly under the tree, several feet below the surface, the rancher found the end of a cedar log projecting from the bank. The wood of this log was sound and easily recognizable, and by its rings was seen to be something over 300 years of age before it was overthrown. It was therefore quite clear that since conditions became favorable to the growth of cedar forests, something had occurred which overthrew this prostrate tree and buried it beneath yards of soil and gravel. How long a period elapsed between this event and the beginning of a new forest growth cannot even be guessed; but, in view of the readiness with which vegetation springs up in this kind of soil, in the moist, warm climate of this region, it is not necessary to suppose that the time was especially long.

One thing, however, is a mute but conclusively evident fact. At some period of time not so very far back in the unknown past, a forest was overthrown and buried deeply under great masses of gravel, boulders andastic earth. And is it reasonable to suppose that this tremendous overthrow was confined to one or two particular places—was not general over the whole region like Northwest Coast? There is much evidence upon this point, and the evidence is as interesting as it is conclusive.

Let us note one little instance in this connection. When the North Seattle sewer tunnel was constructed, I took a course westward from Lake Union to Elliott Bay, passing beneath the rise of ground known as Denny Hill and just under the brow of the more lofty eminence known as Queen Anne. Across one side of Denny Hill a street has been graded, and this street cuts through a stratum of prehistoric vegetable matter in a state of transformation, its present state being near that of lignite coal. Note this fact and consider what follows. Down in the tunnel, at a point 400 feet below the top of Denny Hill, and 600 feet below the upper level of Queen Anne, was found quite an extensive deposit of wooden billets of various shapes and sizes! And when taken from the earth the wood could readily be split with a knife. This, mind you, 400 feet below a stratum of lignite!

This tunnel is several hundred miles from other similar discoveries in the depths of the earth, and nearly thirty miles from the spot where the buried cedar log above mentioned was found. And the magnitude of such a catastrophe as would overturn the great mass of earth beneath which the wooden billets were buried is almost inconceivable. But before our awed and wondering gaze lies the indisputable evidence that it did occur, and that, too, not so very long ago, as geologists tell us.

Now, the legends of the Northwestern Indians nearly all go back to a great catastrophe. Taken with the silent rollers of the past which are found beneath the forest, they form no insignificant links in the

chain of evidence that man lived on the Northwest Coast, if indeed not as far down as Golden Gate, before the occurrence of the great cataclysm which gave birth to the mountain ranges. These legends are almost infinite in number, and many of them are exceedingly grotesque and improbable in the main. But through them all runs the same thread—the story of a prosperous, happy, and peaceful era, followed by a great and fearful catastrophe, from the effects of which the race has not yet fully recovered.

This is the report of Charles H. Lugin, journalist and publisher, who has made an exhaustive study of the legendary lore of the Northwestern Indians, from the Columbia River to Central Alaska.

Gaze for a moment upon the giant mountain range called in Washington the Cascades, its prolongation into British Columbia as the Selkirks, and its vast extensions into Alaska and the Northwest Territory! There you behold summits by the score which have never been climbed, and mighty glaciers which have never been named, and upon which the feet of man have never been known to tread. And as you behold the great picture in all its mighty grandeur, you stand in the midst of a people who will tell you stories, handed down from their ancestors who lived in that eventful time when these vast mountains were brought forth?

The Siwash of the North Coast is not a prepossessing specimen of humanity compared with his brother red-skin of the eastern plains and mountains. Some, of course, are stalwart men, and some of the younger females are well featured and of comely form. But the race, as a whole, is of a gloomy, downcast appearance, presenting among all the different tribes the appearance of a people living under the weight of a heavy and hopeless sorrow. Their environment will not account for this shadow. Their conditions of life are far better than those of many other tribes in other parts of the continent. The necessities are easily procured, freedom is almost entirely unrestricted, and no great extremes of heat and cold are theirs to suffer. Yet no other tribe can be found who are sunk in such a depth of hopelessness. And in only one way can this fact be accounted for. The shadow of the catastrophe of which their legends tell has not passed away!

Glancing over Mr. Lugin's carefully-gathered and painstaking report of the legends of these Indians, what do we see? Something distinctly, almost startlingly, to the point. They tell us of a time when the mountains were afire; of a time when the rivers were poisoned (presumably by volcanic matter,) so that all the fish died; of the gathering of all the tribes in the great valley for their summer sport, when the terrible destruction fell upon them so that scarcely a survivor was left to tell the tale; of the time when the anger of the Great Spirit was kindled against his people and he drove all the animals from the forest, the birds from the air and the fish from the rivers, so that the few human beings who survived his terrible wrath were obliged to subsist upon the putrid carcasses of their fellow-men.

Go where you will, visit any part of the Coast, and learn the legends of the different Indians, and this catastrophe will be found the predominant feature of them all.

Collision is impossible in the origin of all these legends. They are entirely different in almost every essential particular save the story of the great catastrophe. "Soc-a-lee Tyee was angry," says one of these narratives, "and he called upon every living thing to appear before him and bear its punishment." Another tells us that "where the mountains now stand was a wall of flame, and all things died that breathed the hot and poisoned air." Still another says: "The Great Spirit came, and the people were smitten and they died, and the few who survived were full of sorrow—as their children are to this day." Other legends in referring to this catastrophe speak of it as being followed by a great winter, such as the world had never seen before.

Many themes of the world's great history are preserved in tragic song and story, but the loftiest imagination fails to picture the scene which the humble Siwash legends vainly endeavor to portray. It is something too vast and stupendous for mortal mind to conceive clearly. It is a picture of the most terrific geological action within the history of the human race.

No attempt is made, in any of the Siwash legends, to make them seem plausible, as would have been the case were they merely idle tales without foundation. They are preserved in all their original grotesqueness and utter lack of beauty and harmony, and the conclusion to be drawn from them is but one. The Coast Indians are the survivors of a race that lived in this portion of the world previous to the ice age of the geologists! As the great sequoias of California are the sole survivors of that period in the vegetable world, so the Siashes of the North are the sole survivors in the list of human kind. The last of a mighty and ancient race these people live their lives of gloom and degradation, stern and stoical of feature, slow and heavy in their movements, and bowed beneath the weight of the dark shadow which is their inheritance from the ages of the mighty past.

Viewed in the light of even the few significant facts herein set forth, who can look upon these humble specimens of humanity with contempt? Who can gaze upon their squat, ungraceful forms, their sphinx-like countenances, their dreamy, blood-shot eyes, and their shambling, inimitable gait, without feeling the unvoiced conviction that here is a people unique among the world's races of men? Their every race characteristic gives the impression that they possess something held by no other tribe or nation, something intangible, undefined, but partaking of the weird, shadowy pictures of a prehistoric existence.

As one stands on the heights along the eastern border of Puget Sound and views the great natural picture of waters, forests and mountains unrolled before his vision, with the white gulls circling below him and the picturesque canoes of the native Indians moving

about over the surface of the sound, he experiences a feeling that those untutored people are somehow a part and parcel of the wild, rugged expanse of nature before him; that they are as much a component feature of this great canvas from the hand of the Master Painter as the broad expanse of crystal brine, the dark-green forest, or the snowy mountains themselves; that to circumscribe in any way the freedom of these gloom-shaded children of the past, or seek to hide their weird, peculiar personality beneath the heavy mantle of modern civilization, would be a crime against creation—a crime unutterable against that source from which we derive all force and life and the knowledge to enable us to work out our own destiny.

Upon the northern border of this great picture the white-robed form of Mt. Baker looms above the hundred miles of intervening hills and forests; to the eastward, bounding the horizon from north to south, the grizzled crest of the Cascade range extends its unbroken chain beyond the range of vision; to the westward the shorter but equally picturesque chain, the Olympics, looks defiance at its sharp-crested neighbor across the sound; while southward, almost spanning the gap between the two ranges, his huge form towering skyward like some giant king ruling a divided nation of pignus, stands Rainier, the great sentinel of the Pacific and one of the most sublime spectacles of earth.

And yet, without the quaint canoes and beach camp fires of the native children of the wilderness in the foreground, this grand picture would be incomplete; a feature would be gone from the canvas which no amount of rugged whitewash in the distance, or sunset tints of gold and purple, could ever replace.

CLYDE SCOTT CHASE.

EMPIRE FURNITURE.

BELIEF THAT IT IS ABOUT TO SUPPLANT THE COLONIAL.

[New York Sun:] It is whispered along Fourth avenue and in other haunts of antiquities that colonial furniture is going out. Some collectors are reported as having decided to sell their old colonial mahogany, and are now taking a special interest in the furniture of the first French empire.

Nobody knows for sure just why there should be these symptoms of a change in taste, and the special admirers of the colonial style stoutly insist that it can never really lose its charm for persons of right perceptions, because of its intrinsic beauty. Some guess that the growing taste for the empire furniture is part of the Napoleonic revival. It is just a century this year since the first empire was set up, and the centennial of the crowning of Napoleon falls on December 2 next.

Another guess is that genuine empire pieces are likely to be more cheaply imported hereafter now that they are a century old, and real antiques in the eyes of the customs authorities.

The best guess as to the threatened change of taste is that the vast houses built just now require massive furniture rather than the delicately beautiful colonial chairs, tables and sofas. Now, much of the empire furniture is massive.

The great pillared sideboards of dark mahogany with richly marked veneer on the solid wood, and elaborate decorations in ormolu go well in dining-rooms fifty feet long by forty feet wide. In like fashion, the massive empire sofas and tables make an impressive show in the great drawing-rooms of new mansions in town or country. All these things are to be had now in great quantities and at high prices.

Several of the dealers in old furniture are making a specialty of the empire style, and dealers on the other side of the water are feeling the effect of the demand in this country. Prices are likely to rise.

An East Side cabinet-maker, famed for his enthusiastic love for his craft, and the lingering fondness with which he handles beautiful old pieces which he remakes, said the other day of the rumored change of taste: "I do not believe that colonial furniture is going out. It is certainly not falling in price, and the best patterns are more valuable now than they have been at any recent time. I sold some colonial chairs to a customer ten years ago that I'd like to buy back now at double the price."

"It is true, however, that some persons are buying a great deal of empire furniture. A collector told me the other day that he intended hereafter to collect empire stuff instead of colonial, and I have heard the like from at least one other man interested in furniture. A single piece of empire furniture sold a short time ago for \$2000.

"I suppose that a good deal will be sent over from the other side now, and as it is not difficult to trace the history of empire pieces, they are likely to come certified and to fetch good prices. A piece with a history sells quicker than a nameless piece of equal age and quality, and the history, by the way, need not be anything remarkable.

"Here is an American Sheraton sideboard about a century old, and made, I should think, by a Southern cabinet-maker. It is not perfect in its lines, for the Southern cabinet-makers did not have quite the best tradition.

This piece, however, is beautiful. It is solid mahogany almost throughout, and its history is known. It came from the eastern shore of Maryland, probably from the home of a Huguenot family now extinct. It was fifty years in the home of another Huguenot family, and was sent here for repairs by a member of that family, who thinks he cannot afford to keep it.

"I have put \$140 worth of work on the piece, and with its history it will easily fetch \$225. When I first saw it my guess was that it would sell for \$175. I don't say the extra \$50 is for the history, but the history is worth something, and that is one reason why empire furniture of historic interest is fetching good prices."

Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES. Compiled for The Times.

Knew All About the Ark.

A GRANDFATHER, well known in the English House of Commons, was chatting amicably with his little granddaughter, who was snugly en-sconced on his knee.

"What makes your hair so white, grandpa?" the little miss queried.

"I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," replied his lordship, with a painful disregard of the truth.

"Oh, are you Noah?"

"No."

"Are you Shem, then?"

"No, I am not Shem."

"Are you Ham?"

"No."

"Then," said the little one, who was fast nearing the limit of her Biblical knowledge, "you must be Japhet."

A negative reply was given to this query also, but the old gentleman inwardly wondered what the outcome would be.

"But, grandpa, if you are not Noah, or Shem, or Ham, or Japhet, you must be a beast!"—[Short Stories.]

* * *

Too Narrow.

AT the International Peace Congress in Boston, Mrs. Alva A. Lockwood, the center of a group of ladies, pointed out the uncharitableness, the selfishness of those who would not help to right the wrongs of others, of foreigners, on the ground that charity begins at home.

"Such persons," said Mrs. Lockwood, "are narrow, provincial. They are like an old lady who lived in Lima while I was a student there."

"This old lady was absent-minded. One Sunday morning she walked into church, took a front seat and joined in the service vigorously. Then the collection basket was passed to her and, putting a coin in it, she looked about.

"She looked about, her mind cleared, and an expression of amazement overspread her face. She got up. She hurried down the aisle. She overtook the man with the collection basket. 'I'm in the wrong church,' she whispered, and, taking out the coin she had put in, she hurried forth."

* * *

Helpless.

HC. BARNABEE, the veteran singer, lay, disabled from a fall, and listened to the condolences of a friend.

"For years and years," the writer said, "you haven't missed a performance. Now here you lie, helpless as a corpse."

"As helpless as a corpse," said Mr. Barnabee, "or as helpless as two inebriates of whom I heard the other day."

"These two men had dined together and after dinner had sat too long over their coffee, their liqueur, their brandy and so on. When it came time for them to go home they were in a very bad way. Helpless, in fact. They leaned on one another, going with linked arms, but each, as a reed to lean on, was rotten.

"Finally they fell, and with a loud splash they rolled into a full gutter. A police officer appeared and grabbed the upper man by the collar to lift him out, but the inebriate cried in a loud, heroic voice:

"No, no. Save my friend. Never mind me. I can swim."

* * *

Got His Money's Worth.

GEORGE HERBERT HEAD of Cambridge, is in America as a defender of King Leopold's policy in the Congo Free State. Mr. Head, the other day, was talking to a number of men about King Leopold's unselfish handling of the Congo Free State revenues, when a Chicagoan said:

"I tell you what it is, Leopold is clever. You can't get the best of him."

"This is what I saw happen to him in Paris at a bazaar. A little girl, a flower girl, the daughter of a duchess, extended to him a small silver tray on which a boutonniere lay. It was one of those bazaars where they gouge you right and left, where, if you don't watch out, you depart without cab fare home."

"Your Majesty," said the little girl, "will you buy a flower?"

"Yes, my child," said King Leopold. "How much?"

The flower girl had been coached beforehand, and she replied:

"Two hundred and fifty francs."

"Two hundred and fifty francs—that's \$50—for a small rose! It was a little too extortiomate. King Leopold handed over the money, though. Then he took the flower and put it in his buttonhole and, taking the tray also, he slipped it into his capacious pocket and hurried off."

* * *

To Be Sure.

PROF. WILEY, of the Bureau of Agriculture's chemical department, was talking about explanations that do not explain.

"These explanations that make nothing clear, these answers that throw no light, make me think of an acquaintance of my boyhood, Jerome Hert of Indiana."

"Jerome Hert had a thick head, a slow mind. One

day he was at work in a lonely field when he heard a voice from the upper air.

"'Hey! Hey, you!' the voice shouted.

"Jerome looked up in amazement. About fifty feet above his head was a balloonist. The balloonist, on a wager, was doing a sixty-mile journey to Evansville. Now, though, he had lost his way, and from Jerome Hert he wished to ascertain it.

"'Hey, there!' he repeated.

"'Wall!' said Jerome.

"'Where am I?' cried the balloonist.

"Thereupon Jerome made a reply of that opaque, dark sort that we are speaking of.

"'Where are you? Why, up in a balloon,' he said."

* * *

What He'd Have Done.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, after his return from the West, was praising San Francisco, when someone interrupted him with the remark:

"But you hurried back home. You didn't stay long."

"You speak," said Mr. Schwab, "obliquely. Your remark, in an indirect way, is disparaging. It is like the remark that I once heard a bachelor make on a train.

"He was an old and crusty bachelor, and it was his ill fortune to be seated beside a woman with a baby that cried and cried. The woman dandled the baby, caressed it, jumped it up and down, sang to it. But it only shrieked the louder. Finally, in despair, she exclaimed:

"Dear me, I don't know what to do with this child."

The bachelor leaned toward her.

"Shall I open the window for you, madam?" he said.

* * *

It Did Look Like It.

COLLEGE professor was talking about the late D. A. W. Fliske, who left to Cornell University \$500,000.

"Fliske," he said, "had a shrewd sense of humor. One day he was talking about a certain fashionable physician, a tall and robust man, always beautifully dressed, a flower in his buttonhole, his nails polished by a manicurist, his handkerchief perfumed—you know the type, I guess."

"Fliske said this gentleman impressed women profoundly with his manner, at once hearty and delicate. He said the man among his brother physicians was laughed at for an ignoramus. Few of his brothers, though, had so lucrative a practice as he. All the women of wealth for ten miles round about employed him.

"One afternoon he called on a lady, the young wife of a millionaire, to treat her for some slight indisposition. She sat on a sofa in her drawing-room. Her little daughter, a child of seven or eight years, played by the window. The physician, with his well-known manner, seated himself beside his pretty patient, looked sympathetically into her eyes, took her hand and laid his finger on her pulse.

"Grave and tender, in this attitude, he sat there, and then he happened to glance at the little girl. She was regarding him curiously.

"You don't know what I am doing, do you?" he said to her.

"Yes," said the little girl, "I do. You are making love to my mamma."

* * *

Cryptic.

CHARLES W. KEMPEL, the Mayor of Akron, in the course of an address at a banquet said something vague, whereupon a man at the other side of the table called out:

"Cryptic! A cryptic utterance!"

"Why, not at all," said Mr. Kepel. "That utterance was not cryptic. It was only significant—significant like the broker's speech to his orphaned clerk. You might, perhaps, consider that speech cryptic, too, but I assure you that the orphaned clerk did not."

"He, poor chap, came to his employer one morning with a look of woe in his eyes.

"My father, sir, has died," he said. "He is to be buried in Los Angeles. I desire a week off to attend his funeral."

"A week off? To be sure," said the broker, in a kindly tone. "And your salary, Albert, will go on just the same while you are away. Bear up, my boy. It's hard, I know. But bear up."

"I'll try, sir," said the clerk, in a choked voice. He put his desk in order, drew his salary in advance and departed slowly, with drooping shoulders and downcast eyes.

"A few days later there was a visitor at the office for him.

"Albert—Albert Hartwell—he is in," said a hearty voice.

The broker looked up.

"No," he said, "Albert, I regret to inform you, is not in. He has gone to Los Angeles to the funeral of his father."

The visitor seemed puzzled.

"The funeral of who?" he said.

"Of his father," repeated the broker.

"Why, nonsense!" cried the other. "I'm his father. I'm John Hartwell."

"And thereupon, thinking how he had been duped, the broker smiled and bit his lip.

"Albert Hartwell, at the end of the week returned to work. On his arrival he noticed something queer in the looks of his fellow-clerks, but he imputed this to the imaginings of his own uneasy conscience. He bent over to his desk and was working soberly when his employer entered.

The employer called him to him.

"Albert," he said, "did you bury your father?"

"Yes," the clerk answered. "We buried him last Thursday, sir."

"What kind of a man was your father, Albert?"

"The clerk perceived that all the eyes in the room were on him. He said in a sad voice:

"Father was a noble man. He was charitable, wise and—"

"The employer smiled and bit his lip again. He looked around to assure himself that all the dozen or more stenographers in the big office were listening, and then he said:

"Your father, Albert, was all that and more. I have the pleasure of knowing him during his life, and on the day of his funeral he called here, and his countenance showed him to be worthy of all the praise that a beloved son could possibly lavish on him. A wise and good corpse he was. Now, Albert, that will do. You may return to your desk."

* * *

The Cheaper Way.

CO. G. C. GOODLOE of the Marine Corps and recently, apropos of some philanthropic scheme or utility:

"This is the kind of help that a certain aristocratic family of Kentucky gives."

"There is an elderly widow, a poor relative of the family's, who has a hard time to get along. She has three daughters, girls ranging in years from fifteen to twenty, and one day she applied to a friend of mine for help for them.

"I'd like to get some winter dresses for the girls," he said. "Aren't there at your house some old silk frocks that are not needed?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," said my friend. "Did I thought your rich relatives looked after your daughters?"

The old woman sighed.

"Only their morals, sir, only their morals," she said.

* * *

The Gallant Husband.

THE late Senator Hoar, at a meeting of the patriots of the American Revolution, once depicted by strikingly the boorish married man at home.

"One incident, if it be well selected," said Senator Hoar, "gives us a picture of this man's native life. For instance:

"He is seated at the breakfast table, his wife opposite him, and suddenly he rings furiously for the cook. When, pale and frightened, the cook appears, he says to her:

"Maria, look at that piece of bacon I've just given you my mistress. It's the thickest and worst cut I ever saw in my life. And this piece I'm going to take myself is only a little bit better."

* * *

Business is Business.

S. W. STRATTON of the Department of Commerce and Labor was talking about a small firm that he failed in business.

"Some of the actions of this firm," he said, "made me think of an old shoemaker in a little Illinois town."

"To this shoemaker a man took, one day, a pair of shoes to be half-soled and heeled.

"How much will it be?" he asked.

"One dollar," said the shoemaker.

"And when will they be done?"

"Day after tomorrow."

"The man paid for the shoes in advance and in two days he called for them. But he found the shoemaker shop closed and the shutters up.

"What can this mean?" he muttered to himself. He banged on the door lustily.

"An upstairs window opened, the old shoemaker stuck his head out and said, in a sour voice:

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want my shoes," returned the other. "I want the shoes you mended for me."

"The old shoemaker, with a look of disgust, drove his head in.

"But I've failed," he said. "I've closed down. Nobody knows that."

"That makes no difference to me," yelled the man. "Give me my shoes, whether you've closed down or not."

"There was a moment's pause, and then the shoemaker's arm shot out of the window and one shoe was thrown down on the pavement at the man's feet. He waited, but the other did not come.

"Hey, shoemaker, the other shoe!" he called. "They give me only one shoe."

"The shoemaker, in a rage, stuck his head out of the window again:

"One's all you'll get," he said. "That's all you're entitled to. I'm only paying 50 per cent."

* * *

Disappointed.

DURING his residence in Canada, Ernest Thompson Seton, the well-known writer of nature books, visited Niagara often. Recently he said:

"Sometimes at Niagara I would fraternize with the cabiners there. I would ask them to tell me the comments on the falls that they had heard strangers and foreigners make from time to time. Many a comment I would come upon in this way. An odd one as any was that which an Englishman made."

"This Englishman, a porter in London, had come across the way across the Atlantic in December, when the rates were low, to see Niagara. The spectacle had somewhat disappointed him. He said to a cabby, over a pint of ginger beer, on the night of his arrival:

"As for the falls, they're 'andsome, quite all right; they don't quite answer my expectations. Besides, I got thoroughly vetted and lost me all. I prefer to sit at 'em in a hangover, in 'ot weather, in the heat."

"You, the mix, the mix, the mix."

"The mix, the mix, the mix."

Twins and All.

THE FINAL OUTCOME OF A NEIGHBORHOOD FEUD.

By a Special Contributor.

"**D**OCTOR, I can't stand it and I won't! Here I've been for ten days with this sprained ankle paining me like fury, and that abominable pair of twins in the next yard, yelling and screeching like Wampanoag Indians—playing cowboy, Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, and everything else under the sun that's composed of noise! Of all the terrors I ever saw those twins take the cake! I won't stand it another day, sir!"

The doctor leaned back in his chair and laughed his big hearty laugh. Then he leaned forward and peered through the gauzy musk curtains in the bay window. The twins were on the lawn, as usual, and just as the doctor's kindly eyes caught sight of them, Jimmie was down upon all fours and Johnnie was standing on his back, making a profound bow to the audience of one, seated on the porch steps.

Then the young orator burst into a fiery and entirely impulsive address on the subject of the Fourth of July, while the lively platform on which he stood wobbled about alarmingly and occasionally moved itself from one part of the lawn to another, somewhat to the detriment of the speech.

The doctor's eyes drifted over to the figure on the steps—a sweet-faced, dark-eyed little woman, frail and slight and scarcely a head taller than the twins. The doctor's eyes softened as they dwelt upon the quiet little figure in its white gown.

"These twins are a pair of terrors, and no mistake, Daylie," he said to his patient; "as irrepressible a set of twins as I ever came across; but that's the prettiest, pleasant, bravest little woman there is in seventeen states! I tell you, sir, if I wasn't too abominably old and if she'd have me, I'd marry her, by Jove, sir, I would!"

The doctor brought his fat white hand down upon his knee with energy. Daylie looked up slyly.

"Twins and all, doctor?" he asked.

"Twins and all, sir," responded the doctor, promptly, "you, sir, twins and all!"

The noise kept up outside. Inside there was a minute of silence. "Well, doctor," Daylie said at length, "let's hear about this paragon. Remember, my shingle hasn't hung in the Waynesville breeze quite three weeks yet, and so my knowledge of the fair widow is limited. I think she's rather good looking, myself, and I've been wondering if her teeth are all right."

The doctor laughed. "Well, Daylie, to my mind the idea of torture in a dentist's office is rather an unromantic place for the beginning of an acquaintance with—this woman. But all there is to tell is soon told. Six years ago her husband met his death in a railroad accident, and she was left with those two babies on her hands and scarcely a cent to bless herself with, after the funeral expenses, but luckily that little cottage and a fair-sized lot had been given her by her father when she married. She now makes dresses for half the women in town, and is thankful to get them to make. Lives alone with these young scamps, and idolizes every hair in their mischievous heads. Is just wrapped up in them, sir, positively. Folks—some folks—say she acts silly over them, but, sir, I don't believe that woman could do a silly thing! Isn't it right and true to worship those boys? Isn't it sweet and womanly? Isn't it just what such a sweet-faced little lady would be expected to do?"

The doctor broke off and laughed his hearty laugh. "Well, I may I'm hard hit if I go on about the little widow this way, so I guess I'll go. But,"—and the doctor gazed impressively—"let me give you one sample of her good common sense. When those boys' father was buried and she came home from the funeral, she took off her black dress, and she never put it on again. She now white or gray—sometimes blue—but she didn't mind in wearing mourning, and she wouldn't. She still her babies liked soft, light colors and didn't like dark, and she wouldn't put it before their eyes. And, I agree with her. Children don't like black, and we shouldn't be surrounded by it. It depresses anyone—see a mourning veil. I tell you that showed sense, didn't it?"

"The neighbors?" suggested Daylie.

"Oh, the neighbors—yes, the neighbors talked a good deal at first—there's that horribile old prejudice to get all of, you know—but the modest, brave little widow went quietly on her way, earning an honest living by her work, making herself attractive by appropriate clothes, as a woman always should do. And there you have her, sir, right next door, a good, brave, industrious little mother."

The doctor opened the door, then closed it again. "One more instance of her independence," he laughed; "I don't think me cracked, Daylie—I'm old enough to be her father! Well, you see, old man Deeming, her husband's half brother, years and years older than he was—Deeming's rich, retired from business, living on the interest of his money, you know. Deeming came to the funeral, of course, and afterward opened his heart (it doesn't very often open) and offered the little widow and her boys a home with him and his wife. Jumped at the chance, did she? Not much! Thanked him kindly and declined. Preferred to earn her own bread and butter and paddle along with those twins of hers, independent of anybody's money. I tell you, Daylie, that's the stuff! I like that! Well, I'll be in tomorrow. So as I told you about the ankle; keep your temper, and you'll be pulling teeth again in a week or two."

"Yes, if there's any to pull," the dentist sighed, as the big, prosperous-looking doctor went down the steps. The twins were running the lawn mower with good-

natured jeers at each other, "loud enough to wake the dead," as Daylie grumbled.

He was decidedly cross. His ankle pained him; his business was being neglected; his housekeeper was out for the afternoon, and, last but not least, the twins gave him no peace.

"If there's anything I detest more than a pair of eight-year-old twin boys, it's one of these sweet-faced, modest-as-a-violet, go-it-alone young widows! When it comes to twins and widows, excuse me! He reached for his book, frowned upon the unconscious twins, and began to read.

Johannie confided to his mother, that night: "Mamma, that's an awful cross man—that tooth-puller man! I seen him just looking at me! Oh, my, I bet he'd like to pull my teeth. Didn't he look at us awful, Jim?"

"Bet you he did," assented Jimmie. "Mamma, he made me think of that ogre in the fairy book. Glad he ain't my father, ain't you, Johannie?"

"Bet your boots!" said Johannie. The little mother put an arm around each of them. "You ought to be sorry for him boys," she said. "Mrs. Jones told me he has a very badly sprained ankle. Think how it must hurt! Can't you think of something quieter to play, not in the front yard? Perhaps your noise disturbs him. Wouldn't you like to take him over some flowers?" Her eyes rested upon the twins' gay little garden at one side of the house.

Half an hour later, a timid knock came at the dentist's front door. Mrs. Jones changed to hear it, and presently ushered in Johannie and Jimmie, who walked up to Daylie as he reclined in his Morris chair. They held each other's hands tightly. Johannie spoke:

"We don't want our teeth pulled, sir; we just brought you some flowers 'cause your foot's sore. Jim raised sweet peas, this year, and I raised phloxes, and so we made a bouquet, and here it is."

The floral offering was presented. "And we ain't going to holler so loud, any more, till your foot gets well, 'cause mamma said it wasn't right, and we didn't know your foot was sore till today. We ain't going to play injun any more, but just quiet things, like leap-frog and such."

And then they marched to the door, taking off their hats, which they had forgotten to remove. "Good-by," they said, and then they were clattering down the steps and climbing the fence with their usual amount of noise.

Daylie smelled the sweet peas and smiled. "The little rascals!" he muttered; "they're rather entertaining little chaps, after all!"

His ankle mended in the course of time, and likewise his temper. He gradually grew to regard the twins with something like toleration. The time came when he looked almost with approval upon the antics of the irrepressibles. When the Fourth of July came around, he became a boy again.

"Gee whiz!" said Jimmie, admiration showing in every feature of his small, freckled face. "If Mr. Daylie can't just make 'em go! I'd rather have him shoot off our sky-rockets than even Tom Donnor!" Which was a great compliment, indeed, Tom Donnor having been the big boy hero of the twins for years.

The fat, jolly doctor dropped in often, in a social way. One day in the early fall, he ascended the steps to the inspiring accompaniment of Indian war whoops executed by the twins as they chased a peaceful flock of hens across the lawn, excitedly making believe that they were a band of unruly catties on the plains and themselves cowboys in the discharge of their duty.

The doctor caught sight of a smiling face at the widow's sitting-room window watching the miniature cowboys. He raised his hat and smiled, and then, with the kind light still in his merry eyes, he unceremoniously entered his friend's office.

The dentist started and blushed guiltily as the doctor caught him in the act of bending over a great bunch of chrysanthemums on his office table.

"Fine day for flowers!" cried the doctor; jocosely. "Wouldn't I be tickled to death to have my office supplied with bouquets like that; hey?"

Daylie scowled. "It's those twins!" he said. "They will keep bringing these absurd bouquets and I—you know—I can't offend the little scamps by telling 'em to stop—now, can I?"

The big doctor laughed. He was enjoying Daylie's confusion to the utmost. Then he sat down, leaned forward, twirled his thumbs, then looked suddenly up into the other's face.

"Come now, old fellow," he said abruptly, "when do you take upon yourself the stepfathership of those twins? Get with it!"

And he sprang the question so suddenly that Daylie answered, before he thought, "About Thanksgiving"—then stopped, flushed furiously and bit his lip. "Confound you, doc!" he burst out, "you ought to be a father confessor! You make a fellow own up before he knows he's doing it!"

After a half hour of conversation, the doctor rose. "Well, Daylie, here's my hand again. She's one of the best little women in the world, as I've told you before, and if you hadn't got her, I'd have tried it myself, before long. But think of it, man, think well and consider! Remember your words on a former occasion! Are you willing to take her—go slow, now,—ponder well the question—think of the consequences—willing to take the little widow—twins and all?"

Daylie made answer so promptly and so emphatically that the doctor jumped: "Yes, sir! Twins and all!"

HARRIET CROCKER LE ROY.

He was telling a thrilling story of his hair-breadth escape, and the young girl leaned forward and hung upon his words breathlessly:

"And they were so near," he said, "that we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves."

"Oh, how lucky!" she gasped. "How glad you must have been that they had their muzzles on!"—[Chicago News.]

"THE BLOTTED PAGE."

AN ENGLISH PAPER SENSIBLY PUBLISHES A DEFENSE OF AMERICAN SPELLING.

[London Graphic:] A United States citizen of considerable scientific attainments was good enough yesterday to give to a representative of the Daily Graphic what may be called the American view of British spelling.

"I see," he remarked, "that some of the correspondents of the Daily Graphic have been complaining of the disfigurement of English books by American spelling. I should like to tell you that we think our way is right and that your way is wrong; and perhaps your editor will not mind if I venture a few remarks in defense of our corrections. For example, we write 'favor' and 'honor.' Well, 'favor' and 'honor' are nearer the Latin original than 'favour' and 'honour,' which have acquired their unnecessary 'u' by coming through the French."

"But if they have been spelt 'honour' and 'favour' for centuries, why change them now?"

"Why not? They were as often spelt 'favour' and 'honor' in Shakespeare's day as 'favour' and 'honour.' You must remember that spelling was extremely uncertain in those Elizabethan days, whence we are believed to have drawn the well of English undefined. Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, for example, spell 'recede' in four other ways—'recede,' 'recede,' 'reced,' 'recess.'

"Let us leave 'honor.' How do you defend 'center'?"

"Why should you spell it 'centre' when you write 'perimeter' and 'diameter,' and when Shakespeare wrote 'scepter'? By history and analogy 'center' is more easily to be justified than 'centre.' Then, again," continued the United States citizen, warming up to his subject, "you write 'criticise,' and we 'criticize'; but our version harks back to the Greek original; you write 'almanack,' but why don't you write 'almanack,' which is more archaic? You blame us for 'program,' but you put down 'drum' without a scruple. Many English people write 'tyre' for 'tire,' which any philologist knows to be a gross error; and almost every Englishman, for no reason whatever, writes 'wagon' instead of 'wagon.' You know what Horace Greeley said when he was reproached for making that mistake. He said he had been taught spelling in the good old times, when people built 'waggons' heavier."

To the Editor of the Daily Graphic.—Sir: The series of letters on this subject, which have appeared lately, suggests that the modern scientific lexicography is a sealed book to most of us, and that the Johnsonian delusion of a standard orthography is still rampant. Your correspondents seem to imagine that the orthography taught to them at school and used by the majority of their fellow-countrymen, represents the English "pure and undefined," whereas much of it is comparatively modern and is the outcome of erroneous associations, spurious etymology, change of fashion, or errors of the older lexicographers; indeed, some of our "correct" methods of spelling are due to blunders of Dr. Johnson, had no existence before his time, and became general only through the strange delusion of "standard forms," which he did so much to foster. Your correspondent, Mr. Schwarz, is mistaken, there is no such "standing literature" of this country; our literary usage is "current"—running—always changing. Dr. Murray's remarks: "It is not today what it was a century ago, still less what it will be a century hence," and the editor of the "Century Dictionary" shows how different our present standpoint is from Johnson's in the following definition: ". . . the modern view is that the general dictionary of a language should be a record of all the words—current or obsolete—of that language, with all their meanings and uses, but should not attempt to be, except secondarily or indirectly, a guide to 'good' usage. A 'standard' dictionary had, in fact, been recognized to be an impossibility, if not an absurdity."

Let us consider a few instances. One of your correspondents refers to the form "ax." It may surprise him to learn that this spelling is a direct descendant from Anglo-Saxon, and is found from the earliest times, whereas the modern "axe" is a degraded form introduced during the sixteenth century and not found at all before that date. Dr. Murray, our greatest living authority, says: "The spelling 'ax' is better on every ground of etymology, phonology, and analogy than 'axe,' which has of late become prevalent." The modern "clue," referred to by another correspondent, dates from the seventeenth century. "Clew," on the other hand, is the spelling of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, and Addison, and goes back to the beginning of English. Again, although "centre" is perhaps etymologically more "correct" than "center," it should be noted that the latter form was universally used throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and is the spelling of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope and Addison. In fact, what your correspondents seem to overlook, is that we write "axe," "clue," "centre," etc., for much the same reason as we wear silk hats and take soup with a spoon, namely, in imitation of our fellowman, and not because there is any inherent goodness or justification in our actions.

To abuse our cousins across the water because they happen to have adopted a different fashion, especially when, as is usually the case, the course they have chosen is intrinsically better on scientific or historic grounds, is, to say the least, ridiculous. Yours faithfully, C. P.

SOME LONDON HOTEL TIPS.

The persons who expect to be tipped in a hotel nowadays: 1—The head sitting-room waiter. 2—The head table d'hôte waiter. 3—The coffee-room waiter. 4—The smoking-room waiter. 5—The head porter. 6—The waiter. 7—The chambermaid. 8—The valet. 9—The cloak-room attendant. 10—The night porter. 11—The house porter. 12—The carriage attendant. 13—The lift-man. 14—The page.—[London Telegraph.]

An Error of Judgment.

A CASE WHERE PRECEDENT FAILED TO PROVE OF USE.

By a Special Contributor.

"COULD you spare a trifle to help a poor man, sir?" I turned sharply from my desk and eyed the intruder. He was about as miserable a specimen of humanity as could well be imagined. His filthy clothes, which had evidently been made for a much larger man, hung loosely upon his shrunken frame. His face, which bore a ten-days' growth of beard, was disfigured by a scar which started at his cheekbone and disappeared in his unkempt hair. A dirty handkerchief around his neck did duty for both collar and cravat, and he fumbled with a battered felt hat as he spoke.

"Ain't had a bite ter eat for two days, sir, and that's God's own truth. The wife's been sick abed for a week, and the kids are starving. Oh, please, sir, won't you gimme sompin' for 'em?"

He spoke quite vehemently, and his tone certainly carried conviction. I thought it well to investigate, however.

"How did you lose your last job?" I said.

"Thrown out on a strike, sir. I had a place down to the Palace livery stable, carin' for the horses and such-like, but the union called us out, and then, when the strike failed, the places was all filled and they wouldn't take me back."

"Have you tried to find work anywhere else?"

"Hain't done nothin' else for the last two months," he said. "The union give us a little, every week, at first, but since the strike failed we ain't got nothin'. Oh, sir, Chicago's a big city, but there don't seem to be places for all of us in it, and we can't live without money, kin we, sir?"

I eyed the man sharply and wondered if he were telling the truth. Lots of these men are impostors, no doubt, with their tales of hard luck and sick families, but was this man one of them? His story was a likely one. I remembered the details of the livermen's strike perfectly; how the men were called out; how the employers stood together and refused to be dictated to; and how the strike was finally broken and the men's places filled with aliens. No doubt some of the strikers had endured hard times since then.

Was his story true? I thought of my own wife and the three children at home and decided to chance it. I hastily scribbled my address upon a card, with instructions how to reach it, and laying a dollar upon it I handed them both to the man.

"This will keep you going for today," I said, "and if you will call at that address before nine o'clock tomorrow I will do what I can to give you some work."

"Thank yer, kindly, sir," said the man, as he took the money. "I'll surely come. God bless yer, sir, fer helpin' a poor man in his trouble."

"Oh, that's all right," I said hastily, for it always makes me nervous to receive a promiscuous benediction in this way. "Don't forget to call before nine."

"I won't, sir," he said, as he closed the door behind him, and I turned to my interrupted work.

An hour later, as the factory whistles began to blow for closing, I pulled down the top of my desk, locked it and started for home. It was a fine evening and I decided to walk for awhile before taking the car. I strode briskly along, when suddenly a saloon door ahead of me was flung open and a man reeled out across the sidewalk until he fell hiccoughing in the gutter.

"A case for you, officer," I said, as a blue-coated policeman stepped past me.

"Yes, indeed, sir," he replied, "and a pretty well-known one, too. I guess half the officers in the city have arrested him, one time and another. He's a regular deadbeat. Got no kith nor kin and spends every cent he can beg for drink."

He pulled the fellow to his feet as he spoke, and as he turned him to the light I could clearly see a great scar which started on his cheekbone and disappeared in his hair. It was my friend of the afternoon!

I did considerable thinking as I went home that evening. I confess that I was annoyed, for the man had completely deceived me with his hard-luck story, and none of us like to be deceived. Still, I said to myself, how could I tell that he was lying? He seemed straightforward enough. I did not tell my wife about it. She does not approve of this indiscriminate giving. I knew she would tell me what I already knew, that I ought to have investigated the man's statements. Of course I ought to have, but I hadn't, so what was the use of being told so? Therefore I remained silent.

It was a few days later, when I had forgotten the incident, that I was seated at my desk as usual when I heard a whining voice say:

"Could yer spare a trifle ter help a poor man, sir?"

I started, and spun around in my chair to confront what I deemed to be an old acquaintance, but I was mistaken. My present visitor bore no resemblance to the former one, though his clothes were, if anything, more ragged and unkempt.

"No," I said, rather sharply, "I don't think I can."

"I've got a sick wife at home, sir," he pleaded, "and I've been out o' work so long she ain't had no proper food fer days."

"Oh, yes," I said, sarcastically, "I know all that story; I've heard it often enough."

"It's gospel truth I'm tellin' yer, sir," he broke in. He gesticulated as he talked, and I noticed that three fingers were missing from his left hand. "Give me word, sir, I'm tellin' yer the fac's, and yer kin prove 'em if yer want to."

"Thanks, I've no wish to do so," I said. "I got fooled by one of your kind only last week, and I think I'll be wise for once. No, don't argue the matter," as he al-

lented to speak. "Please close the door as you go out. Good day."

He paused a moment at the door, and then turned and went out without a word. "Really," I said to myself, as I took up my pen again, "I must tell Mildred about this tonight. She will be surprised to hear that I have had the backbone to turn one of these fellows down. I am quite proud of myself." I chuckled over it all day.

That evening, as we were sitting at dinner, my wife said:

"Another suicide in tonight's paper, dear. Rather a sad case. The poor fellow left a note saying that he had tried for so long to get work that he was quite discouraged. At last he made up his mind to beg, but the first man he asked was so unkind to him that he hadn't the heart to go on. He drowned himself at noon today."

"Does it say anything about who he was?" I asked, carelessly. These suicides never interest me very much.

"No, they hadn't found out when the paper went to press. It says, though, that he will be easily identified, as he was crippled. Three fingers were missing from his left hand. Why, George, dear, what's the matter? What makes you look so pale?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing," I said, with an effort. "I feel a bit faint, that's all. Had rather a hard day at the office."

But, on thinking the matter over, I decided not to tell her of what I had done in the morning, after all.

GEOFFREY F. MORGAN.

German Soldiers.

SOME CURIOUS THINGS THEY ARE REQUIRED TO DO.

From Pearson's Weekly.

ON entering a restaurant the German officer is greeted by civilians with bows of formal humility. He acknowledges their obeisances with a rigid glare of haughty indifference. Altogether, he is a superior creature.

An astounding example of the opinion he has of himself was seen at Potsdam recently, where a postoffice official named Walter chanced to be undergoing his term of military instruction.

Walter was returning in the evening from a concert with a young lady, Fraulein Rumer, when, who should come along but Ensign Von Treuenfeld.

The latter ordered Walter to stop, and complained he had not properly saluted. Walter insisted he had saluted quite correctly, and the statement was borne out by his companion.

The ensign, however, refused to believe either, whereupon the lady said to him: "You are a self-sufficient fellow, like all of your station in life. Walter behaves better than you do."

A crowd had now gathered, and a policeman coming up, the ensign gave Walter into custody. Later on the poor fellow was sentenced to five months' incarceration in a fortress for refusing to show proper respect to a superior.

Fined for Insulting the Ensign.

But another thing happened. Fraulein Rumer was also arrested.

At her trial in the Berlin Criminal Court she was charged with inciting soldiers to resist the commands of their superior officer. It was alleged that she had said to some soldiers in the crowd: "You surely will not see a respectable man arrested by such a young officer."

The court, however, found her "not guilty" of this charge, but fined her 30s. for publicly insulting Ensign Von Treuenfeld.

As regards this sort of thing, however, the German and Austrian armies may be classed as one.

At Glogau, for instance, recently, during drill, a lieutenant gave the order "Eyes right."

A recruit named Goldmann turned his eyes to the right at the first word of command, instead of waiting for the second.

At this the lieutenant flew into such a rage that he drew his sword and dealt Goldmann a wound in the left side, barely missing his heart.

"Forty-four days' detention," said the court-martial to the lieutenant, and for a period of six weeks all the young officer had to do was to take his ease in barracks, while the other officers did his work.

Made to Drill Barefooted.

But in these two continental armies the non-commissioned officers are far worse even than are their superiors.

A man named Tomazek, for instance, of the Twelfth Saxon Artillery, was recently degraded and sentenced to two months' imprisonment for making his men get up in the night to drill barefooted on the gravelled barracks-square.

About the same time Staff-Sergeant Kukowski, of the Twentieth Pioneer Battalion, was sentenced to eight months' hard labor.

His little diversion had consisted in forcing a young soldier by kicks to lie down fifteen times in succession on the top of a barrack-room stove, thereby causing terrible burns.

All this, however, was tame compared with the achievements of Sergt. Wilhelm Netelung of Halle, who seems to have been a genius in his way.

Baths in a Horse-trough.

During the whole of last winter Netelung was accustomed to make his men stand outside in the piercing cold with only their nightshirts on.

From the window of his warm room he asked them

questions, and the men who answered them were permitted to come inside. Those who answered correctly were compelled to take a bath in a horse-trough.

Another of Netelung's amusements was to make his cronies scrub out their rooms with their toothbrushes. Altogether, his originality richly earned him the six months' imprisonment he got.

The German is probably the only army in the world where a soldier is punished for doing his duty.

At Saarburg recently a captain of the 15th Regiment, named Plotow, falsified the shooting record of his men, with the result that his company took a number of first prizes.

The falsification was revealed by a non-commissioned officer of another company, and the captain was tried by court-martial and sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

The court then called the non-commissioned officer whose evidence had led to the conviction. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for having an asperion of the honor of an officer.

In the Austrian army, however, common soldiers are made to do things which would be almost inconceivable in this country.

Two privates, for instance, named Pallon and Hauer, belonging to a regiment stationed at Budapest, their excellent friends, the other day quarreled. Their commanding officer got to hear of this and ordered them to fight a duel with cavalry sabers to a finish.

The duel was no farce, and Hauer was severely wounded, and fell to the ground fainting and covered with blood. The doctor certified he could fight no more, but the officer ordered the duel to go on, and in the end Hauer was taken to hospital in a dying condition.

In the German navy the same state of things obtains.

A recent striking instance was that of a man named Bolda, a seaman on board the battleship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, who was charged with insubordination at Kiel.

Sailor Gets His Ears Boxed.

A boatswain's mate ordered Bolda to stand perfectly still in a certain corner.

The other sailors began to laugh and Bolda, whereupon the mate gave him a sounding box on the ear. Bolda, evidently expecting more, instinctively stretched out his arm and caught his assailant by the wrist.

Four weeks' medium detention were awarded by the court to the mate for boxing his subordinate. It decided, however, that Bolda had exceeded the limits of self-defense, found him guilty of a violent assault and sentenced him to six months' hard labor.

But probably the most startling case of this description which ever affected the German navy or army occurred one night a few months since, when a naval surgeon named Huessner met August Hartman, son of a local hotel proprietor, in the street at Emden.

The young men had known each other since school days. The latter, however, was merely a private in the artillery, while the former had just passed his examination as naval cadet, and, therefore, was technically his friend's superior.

Hartman held out his hand. The other seized him for not giving the salute.

Hartman pleaded he had not recognized the uniform in the dark. Huessner, however, insisted on coming to the nearest police station, to be reported as insubordination.

On the way Hartman took to his heels and Huessner followed in pursuit. Catching up to Hartman, he ran his dagger first into his friend's back and then into his side.

A crowd assembled and began to threaten Huessner. "When I draw my sword I want to see blood lots of it," said the young man, proudly.

Hartman died and Huessner was merely dismissed from the service.

In a letter to his victim's mother, pleading for leniency, he said:

"I did not kill your son out of hatred, but because it was my painful duty as an officer."

CLAMORING FOR VESUVIUS.

Vesuvius, with its eruption, has done more than provide magnificent fireworks to attract the foreigner. It has set four communes—Resina, Torre del Greco, Bacoli and Ottaviano—by the ears. It seems that the claims that the volcano stands within its confines, not all, the greater part of it, and that it (the volcano) can thus claim the taxes of the guides, Cook's ration and the one hundred and one other things which go to money. The quarrel is a pretty one and bids fair to be unending, as no sooner have the conflicts been settled and a comparative, if discontented, peace put up, than the volcano belches forth new lava, forms new hills and valleys and obliterates the conflict. Vesuvius seems almost to be making fun of the people who dare to claim her as their property. Thus a new general follows ad infinitum, and the communes continue to spend more money in settling their claims than they ever get from the volcano.

Since the late eruption feeling has risen to such heights that the people of one commune throw stones at those of the others, and refuse to speak as they pass by. Each declares that it has ancient documents to prove its rights beyond dispute; but when the suits come for exhibiting them they somehow have misplaced them. They would have been most useful to the Council of State to whom they have appealed, if they cannot be found. Meanwhile, until the suits are settled, Resina has decidedly the best of it, as all the others were terror-stricken, she boldly fronted the communes by herself, taking in the whole matter.

His wife, Certain "T. T." being the symbol they "make" the letters "T. T." Again, the "T. T." used by "sion," and had been.

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Another this being Christ. Asia is "I. J. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus" name. Among conception

An Interesting Mansion.

HOME OF AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE IN ENGLAND.

From the London Leader.

RUSHTON HALL, near Kettering, Northamptonshire, which has just passed into the possession, on a fifty-year lease, of Mr. James J. van Alen, the American millionaire, is historically one of the most interesting mansions of the English county gentry still existing.

In this instance the new man who has acquired the old acres has become the owner of romantic family traditions of which any American millionaire might be proud.

It was in 1588 that workmen who were employed in putting down a very thick partition wall in the passage leading from the great-hall at Rushton discovered a large recess in the center of it.

In this secret hiding place there had been walled up an enormous bundle of manuscripts, account books and Catholic theological works, all in a good state of preservation, and but little injured by damp.

A selection from this antiquarian treasure trove may be found among the publications of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, having been confined to that body by Mr. W. Clarke-Thornhill, whose family had been for a century the owners of the mansion.

Recount or Loyalist.

The secret of these hidden papers is briefly this: Sir Thomas Tresham, the owner of Rushton Hall, was one of the leading Roman Catholics in the reign of Elizabeth, and though he was foremost in protesting his loyalty to the throne, he had to suffer heavy fines and several terms of imprisonment as a recusant.

He died a few weeks before the Gunpowder Plot, in which there is no reason to suppose he was in any way implicated, but his eldest son, Francis Tresham, was one of his leading spirits, and his arrest shortly after his father's death seems to have thrown the household of Rushton into consternation.

A mass of correspondence between the years 1576 and 1588, quite free from any taint of conspiracy or treason, was in that time of panic thrown into this secret room and hurriedly walled up, where it remained for more than two centuries, until its accidental discovery in 1888.

The result of this historical cache has been to procure copies of some half-dozen Catholic tracts which are of exceeding rarity. One of them, entitled "The Tridentine Conflict," written in Italian by a devout servant of God, and lately translated into English out of the same language, is absolutely unique. Its author signed himself "Your servant in Christ, Hierome Cognac of Portia, the elder," and it was printed at Antwerp in 1588.

No English library contains a copy of this rare bibliographic find, although Lambeth Palace and the Cambridge University Library have copies of later editions.

An Ancient Riddle.

Another scarce black-letter pamphlet, which otherwise is only found in the British Museum, is entitled "Declaration set forth by the French King, shewing his pleasure concerning the new troubles in his dominions." Translated out of French into English by E. A. London. Imprinted by John Wolfe, dwelling in Distaff-lane, neare the signe of the Castell, 1585."

But the documents accompanying these forgotten political tracts are of special interest as throwing light upon the famous Triangular Lodge at Rushton, whose motto and emblematical devices and numerals have long excited the ingenuity of many antiquaries.

Mr. Thomas Tresham, it has been said, suffered much for his fidelity to conscience, and it was while imprisoned as a "recusant" at Eliz that he first thought of building of this three-sided stone lodge, which is one of the curiosities of Mr. van Alen's new estate. By his shape he meant to symbolize the Trinity, and by a play upon words very popular in that age, his own name, spelled "Tres-same." This symbol of the numeral "3" constantly appears in the curious structure. The windows are trefoil (or "trifoliate," as the mount of his steward calls it). The chimneypiece has three panels, one bearing the three letters composing the monogram "I. H. S." and the others the lamb and the chalice. These three panels bear respectively the mottoes "Ecce," "Salua," and "Esto mihi."

Secret Concessions.

The three words "tres unum sunt" also appear among the symbols; in the first place Sir Thomas tells us that they "manifest" the Trinity, while the equal length of the letters in each word indicates the Trinity in unity. Again, the first and last letters give his own initials, "T. T." The word "Eccl," he points out, is the "word used by our Lord at the time of his most bitter passion," and it is the name of the place where Sir Thomas had been confined for conscience sake.

His mind was fertile in quaint devotional conceits. Certain triangles are divided into thirty-three spaces, "being the number of Christ's age for years," and "22" is one of his favorite symbols for the Saviour. Here, one finds the sacred number "3," merely duplicated.

Another of his triangles has seventy-eight divisions, "being the number of generations from Adam to Christ." Another favorite number in this Christian cabinet is "111," obtained from the initial "I's" of Jesus, Paul, and Judas, which he tells us "collected in arithmetical progression" make 1, 10, and 100, or 111.

Among the other numbers, 1588 is the date of the erection of the building, 1580 the year of his reception

into the Roman Church, and 1588, the date of the actual carving of that particular stone.

Family History.

Among the other symbolical figures employed are the dove, the fish, the pelican, and the hen and chickens. The latter have not only their usual symbolic meaning of Christ and His Church, taken from the familiar text, but the restless mind of the cabalist has superimposed as usual a personal allegory. The chickens are a brood of nine, six white and three red, "the red indicating the male and the white the female." Thus the chickens stand for Sir Thomas's three sons and six daughters.

At last, in September, 1587, three years after the foundations were dug, this singular monument to the mystery of the Trinity was completed with the final entry in the steward's accounts of "2s. to Richard Paynter, for gilding the truffles (trefoils, another ancient symbol of the Trinity,) of the top stone."

It is a singular example of the vicissitudes of fortune that the American millionaire should now step into an environment so rich in traditions.

SUBSTITUTES FOR BREAD.

FIR TREE, BIRCH BARK, CHESTNUTS, ICELAND MOSS AND VARIOUS INSECTS.

[*Pearson's Weekly:*] Here in Britain good wheaten flour is one of the cheapest necessities of life, and even the poorest can afford to eat bread which is better and more pure than many of the comparatively well-to-do in other European countries ever see.

In Portugal, for instance, the importation of foreign flour is absolutely prohibited by law, with the result that the so-called flour commonly sold in that country is adulterated in an appalling fashion.

A flour recently purchased in Portugal proved on analysis to contain 53 per cent. of kaolin or china clay, while the remainder was mostly ground rice husks and finely powdered sawdust!

In Italy wheat flour is also far too expensive a luxury for the poorer classes, and a substitute is found in ground chestnuts, which, however, make a nourishing food.

It is also in Italy that acorn flour is used to a large extent. The acorns are allowed to partly ferment, and are then chopped up, boiled, and dried.

The bread made of acorns is black, bitter, intensely nasty, and by no means a safe food.

It is, however, in the north of Europe that the strangest substitute is to be found for wheat flour. This consists of fir tree bark, which at first sounds the most unpromising material possible for the purpose of food. Yet during the great famine in Northern Scandinavia two years ago, whole families lived upon bark bread for months on end, and both in Finland and Northern Siberia it forms a staple article of diet.

The bark is stripped from the trees in spring, this being the season when the operation is most easily performed. The outer or scaly bark is first carefully removed, as it is the inner or stringy bark which is the only part fit for food. This inner bark is then dried in the sun and stored against winter.

When required for use the bark is again dried over a slow fire and ground. The meal is moistened with cold water into a dough, but no yeast or baking powder is employed, and the dough is then thoroughly kneaded into large flat cakes as thin as parchment.

These cakes, before baking, are pricked full of holes with an instrument made of ptarmigan feathers, and then put into the oven, where they have to be carefully watched in order that they do not burn.

The cooking process takes only a very short time, and when done the cakes are lifted out and hung on a rail to cool. After this they are piled in a large heap and laid by for future use.

There is a considerable amount of nourishment in this queer bread, but its taste is distinctly bitter and unpleasant to any unaccustomed palate.

A better form of pine bark bread is made out of oat flour, ground from kiln-dried oats mixed half and half with ground bark flour. Before eating, the cakes are made crisp by a slight toasting.

The inner bark of the silver birch also affords a meal which is used for mixing with rye or barley flour. Bread is so made all over Northern Europe, in many parts of Russia and in Kamtschatka. The same bark is also cooked up with fish roe to form a nutritious paste.

During the siege of Hamburg in 1814, almost every birch tree within some miles of the town was destroyed by the Bashkirs and Cossacks who stripped them of their bark for food, and also tapped them for their sweet sap.

In Iceland a moss known as Iceland moss is a very valuable addition to the scanty food supplies of the inhabitants. It is picked off the rocks, dried, and ground into a fine flour which serves to make nourishing bread and puddings so nice that Europeans find them palatable.

Oats, rye, and maize all contain an amount of nourishment, practically equal to wheat, and the composition of the grains is very similar, but they none of them, however finely ground, make a bread equal in texture or flavor to that made with wheat, for the reason that wheat flour has the property of holding the gas produced by fermentation better than any other flour.

For those who desire a novelty in the way of bread, banana flour may be recommended. Bananas are now dehydrated by a new process, and ground into a flour which makes a bread or cake, which is very nutritious and also pleasant in taste.

In the year 1749 there was a severe famine in Northern Arabia and Palestine, which was caused by an unprecedented invasion of locusts.

The Arabs caught the locusts by the million, dried them, and then pulverized them in their flour mills,

mixed them with water into a stiff dough and baked them into cakes.

This locust bread was found to have almost the same taste as oatmeal cakes, and the Arabs liked it so much that they have eaten it ever since.

Many of the neuroptera, or net-winged insects, are used for food, the principal among these being the termites or white ants. The Hottentots either broil them or roast them and grind them into flour. There is also a beetle known as the "Cossus" which is prepared in a similar way for food by certain North African natives.

"CO-EDS" IN WALES.

HOW A REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT HAS SUCCEEDED AT ABERYSTWYTH UNIVERSITY.

[*London Leader:*] The system of coeducation which has been adopted by the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth has gone beyond the experimental stage, and is now soundly and safely established. Year after year there is an increase in the number of lady students, and this year the record has been reached. Considerably over two hundred have been registered, and an additional house on the terrace has been secured for their accommodation. The majority of the lady students are lodged in a palatial stone structure known as the Alexandra Hall of Residence, which prides itself on the way in which it provides for the girl undergraduate, who is, moreover, "one of the pleasant objects of the seashore" in Aberystwyth. For in the warm days of autumn and spring, and even of winter, groups of lady students, well wrapped up, pursue their studies on the beach.

Athletics are a strong point with the lady students. For the summer there are tennis and rowing. Winter brings with it hockey, and as a vicarious pleasure there are football matches for the ladies to look at. The evenings have their social side—parties, concerto, and preparation for the annual musical event, when one or two works of note are performed.

Boys and Girls.

While the student is well cared for educationally and physically, the other side of her life has been taken into consideration. The place of the absent parent is supplied as far as may be by rules which a seriously-minded senate has drawn up for the purpose, and which are strictly insisted upon. These rules have been duly respected, though by the "freshers," they are often looked upon as somewhat arbitrary and irksome and only fit for the waste-paper basket. They provide, among other things, that men students and lady students shall not converse outside the precincts of the college, but during the ten minutes' interval between lectures the students are permitted to intermingle and hold unrestricted conversation. This year the senate has made a slight alteration, and when seven of the ten minutes have elapsed a bell calls upon the students to prepare for the next lecture. But there is no curtailment of the ten minutes as has been reported.

Now is there any restriction placed upon communication between lady students and friends who are not students at the college. That seems, indeed, the weak spot of the rules; for it is obvious that a lady student and her fellow student may have mutual friends out of college hours. The possibility has raised a little breeze.

When the girls reassembled at the beginning of the month they were advisedly cautioned by the lady principal against taking too much advantage of the rule which permits their friendship with outsiders. Some rather resented this advice; hence the report of a resolution to speak to no man, student or otherwise, out of college hours. The story, foolish on the face of it, may be discounted. There is no quarrel between the men and lady students, nor have the rules been altered so far as they are concerned.

The very best of relations exist between the students, and, as one of the professors remarked to the writer, many interesting engagements have been announced between old students, resulting in very happy marriages. Indeed, one of the most striking features of the annual reunions of the old students is the number of married couples who come from long distances, in order to renew acquaintance with their alma mater. The arguments in favor of coeducation are therefore very strong, and the results are far-reaching.

THE LATE LADY DILKE.

Lady Dilke, the wife of Sir Charles Dilke, whose death occurred recently, was a grandchild of Samuel Strong, who had to leave Savannah, finding residence in the States intolerable by reason of his loyalty to the British. Samuel Strong was one of the Tories of Georgia. Her great-uncle, Thomas Strong, was the royalist hero who was feathered and tarred by the revolutionists, and whom his family considered lucky to get off with his skin. Lady Dilke's own father was Capt. Strong of the Indian army, who on his retirement started the London County Bank, and it is said also suggested founding the Postoffice Savings Bank, a scheme that has brought comfort to so many homes and stimulated thrift in the poor. Lady Dilke had been married twice, her first husband being Mark Pattison, rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, who died in 1884. While living at Oxford Mrs Pattison, as she was then, was the leader of the advanced cult and herself esteemed as a brilliant example of the higher education of women. In 1885 she married Sir Charles Dilke, who was then experiencing the blackest hours of his life, a courageous act which only a Quixotic woman like herself could have ventured, and she never regretted it; on the contrary, she thoroughly identified herself with his career. Lady Dilke was an eloquent speaker, a sportswoman and an author of distinction. Her writings were chiefly on art, and she published a biography of the late Lord Leighton, a monograph in French on Claude Lorrain, and "Art in the Modern State."—[Chicago Herald.]

The Clay and the Man.

PERCIVAL GIBBON TELLS HOW POTTERY IS MADE.

From the London Mail.

"I SAW a potter thumping his wet clay," says Omar Khayyam.

So did I, but there was little of thump in it. Say, rather, I saw him lure it, coax it, persuade it from an inchoate mass to a shape, teach it the purpose of its being, snare it from chaos to creation. He laid but a hand on it, and it was a thing with a name and a use.

The wheel whirled in a zinc pan. It was just like a small grindstone, revolving horizontally—just the wheel that hummed in Babylon and Nineveh, before the Bible was written. A foot-brake held it in control, and near by a woman, with a pleasant face and keen gray eyes, was weighing gray-green clay into balls, and ranging them where the potter could reach easily.

He straddled his stool and stretched his foot to the brake. There was about him that air of confident purpose which marks the artist justified. A grizzled man, shirt-sleeved and aproned, with reflective eyes peaceful below his spectacles, and long hands that twirled ere he reached for the globe of clay about to be thrown. A man who loves his trade brings a certain reverence to it; there is nothing trivial in the art that ministers at once to the physical and mental need of the worker; and my potter swilled his hands and adjusted his eye with a grave content that drew respect. He had the stuff between his fingers, tried it with a trained thumb, glanced at the hub of the wheel, and threw it.

A Thing of Beauty.

It struck and whirled as it should. His hands were on it, pursed and sensitive, and drew it to a pyramid. It rose in his fingers like a living thing hypnotised, pulsing with the pulse of his touch, answering the delicacy of the exacting palm with a spontaneity that startled one. The cupped hands rose over its crown, and the pyramid was a bee-hive; the thumb compelled it, and it was a basin. A forefinger touched it, and forth-with it grew taller, narrowing nervously, and the petal of its lip was poising on a slender neck before the miracle became manifest. Down slid the thumb, and the clumsy thickness of the base dwindled, while the structure grew. A touch here, a guidance there, and the clay was lifted from the wheel—a haughty and lordly fagon, where forty seconds before there had been an unchristened lump.

I have seen a man pasting colors on a canvas, and I have watched a man hewing away chips of marble from the beauty within the stone; but never have I seen a thing of charm grow so visibly, with such a keen directness, as the vase that the "thrower" shaped to show me what pottery was and might be.

Of all delights, one can imagine none appealing more straightforwardly to the instinct of creation than this of shaping with the bare hands things of beauty and use. The mud-pie is at the root of human endeavor. Whether it is Edison that contrives a metal throat or Marconi that whispers in ether, the mud-pie is the standard, the starting point. And when the mud-pie neither forsakes its inherent lure nor sloughs its implicit charm, and yet surrenders to the claims of utility and the demands of commerce, it has touched not alone the summit of attraction for supple hands, but achieved the apex of creative art.

The Clay Thrower.

The thrower follows the vase with his eyes as the woman lifts it aside. There is candid speculation in them, the exigent estimate that the artist bestows on his own work. He knows it is good—but how good? It may be wonderful or just fine. He reaches for the next ball of clay.

There are six thousand men throwing clay between Normanton and Chatterley. Some seven miles, travelling south-southwest and north-northeast, carries one through the Potteries, where a bleak desolation of brick, a reeking wilderness of kiln-smoke and factory fronts, kernels the daintiest industry in the world. Between the mellowed autumn fields and the glory of brown woods there rises against the sky the harsh outline of the "pot-banks"—narrow roofs and bottle-shaped chimneys defiling the sky-line. By day the smoke throbs upwards like some vomited foulness; by night, as one passes in the electric cars or by train, the glow of furnaces is like the menace of hostile eyes. One is at the core of an industry where all day and all night something is being made out of nothing, where the last word of science is tuned to the first: hispings of need.

At Longton, in the Tuscan Potteries, they showed me wheels just as Omar the Tentmaker saw them, and told me that human ingenuity had advanced no step since such wheels first turned in the streets of Teheran. Steam and electricity may do their possible, gears and ful-lals tempt the clay to a new plasticity; but at the end of it all the best work comes from the old wheel; the potter thumps his wet clay to greatest advantage when the hand drives the machine, and the stuff is responsive, not to a soulless engine, but to the mind speaking through the busy hand. The potter, like the smith, is a tradesman whom you cannot guard against inspiration. Once the clay is in his hand, the wheel running to his taste, he is liable to fall into genius to any moment. There are pots abroad in the markets that have the essence of souls in their fabric. If you break them, they should bleed.

The Artist.

It is wonderful beyond all telling to watch some journeyman thrower turning out, say, cups. They come

from the wheel like bullets from a machine gun. He can read a paper while he makes them. The hand moves over and under, tightens here and lapses there, and the marvel is accomplished. And then between one hundred dozen and the next, the artisan is an artist, and turns his clay to the shape of his fancy. It is an amphora, a squat bowl, or a disdainful up-tilted chalice for a second. It goes apart, and he resumes the breakfast cups. For the moment he has tweaked the beard of industry and cracked the chin of art; he has doffed his uniform and left the ranks. It is the individuality of the potter, when he thumbs his clay to his mind, that makes him lovable. He claims elbow-room for his ideas; he has a soft side for posterity. One cannot imagine a plumber with a weakness for symmetry in gas-pipes. But the potter—he is Pan playing a trombone. He serves his own need, and only surrenders to the need of others.

Wedgwood one knows, as one knows the Lamentations of Jeremiah and the Laughing Cavalier. He is a classic shelved in all duly-equipped minds, one of the age's essential pieces of furniture. But there are men who go to work today with no less a fame within their scope than he. At the famous Doulton Potteries, those who are supreme in their art sign their work. It carries a cipher denoting the author; and none can read it save those skilled in the tangled technicalities of pottery. Their names echo only in narrow lanes; they have no judges but competent critics. Who has heard of Gray? Hardly anyone; but try to buy his work, and you will learn of him. These potters have their world to themselves.

In Burslem, I am told, no one buys crockery, for the ox is not muzzled. But I bought some. From the Doulton works, where one can spend a hundred thousand and pounds in ten minutes, I went to a little shop and bought a dozen tea-cups for two shillings and three pence. The Tuscan works could not sell them to me at that price, even on wholesale terms.

They were not good cups, and I have no use for them. But they bear the legend: "Made in Germany."

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

Three Wild Guests. HOW THEY PASS THEIR TIME ABOUT THEIR HOME

By a Special Contributor.

LIVING now in a thinly-settled part of the country, with my nearest neighbor half a mile, and the next one a mile away, I am able to allow my wild guests more freedom than ever. Two of them, "Jimmy" the bear cub and "Actaeon" the fawn, are never shut up at all; they go and come, to and from the woods, precisely when they like. "Romulus," the prairie wolf, has much the same privilege, except that he is put into a large cage every night to be liberated early in the morning. These three are constant companions; they play and romp with each other like children, and, like children, they squabble sometimes. In disposition, of course, they differ greatly, though all of them are fairly good-natured. The wolf is the bad boy of the three; always ready to tease or annoy one of the others, and usually clever enough to avoid punishment for his offences. The fawn is peacefully disposed as long as he is let alone, but high-strung and nervous, and quickly worked up to a point where he will not only defend himself, but will become furiously aggressive. The bear is slow and rather indifferent to the doings of the two, except at such times as those doings interfere with his personal comfort. Often he wanders off by himself, and usually spends the night away from home. Just where he sleeps I cannot always tell, but this I know, that when my nearest neighbor was about to retire the other night, he found "Jimmy" asleep in his bed. "Jimmy" is a first-rate climber, and he had entered the open bedroom window, and made himself very much at home. And even after the rightful occupant appeared on the scene, it required more than soft words to persuade "Jimmy" to evacuate. All my own bedroom windows are opened with a view to admitting the maximum amount of air without permitting the entrance of a ten-months-old bear.

"Jimmy's" chief troubles, just now, are caused by the wolf, and by the bears which adhere to his heavy coat. And often enough these two causes of annoyance work together. Made uncomfortable by the bears, the bear will sit on his haunches, and, using his long front claws as a comb, he will work away steadily until the wolf sneaks up behind and gives him a sly nip, when with an angry cough, he will turn and give chase to the coyote. The latter is very calm over it, and, neatly avoiding the mad rush of the bear, allows the latter to slow up, turn clumsily round, and make another rush, which of course is avoided like the first. After being nipped in this way a few times, "Jimmy" usually escapes his tormentor by climbing a tree, or by crawling under the planks, a stronghold which the wolf has more sense than to enter.

"Jimmy's" relations with the fawn are more pleasant, though there is sometimes a clashing of interests. They are both fond of bread, and when bread is served, neither one of them is absent if he can help it. If the deer gets a slice which is too large for him, he dauntlessly chews one end of it, and gradually draws the rest of it in. But unless the bear happens to be very much occupied, he promptly seizes the end which is protruding, and, pulling the slice away, gobbles it up himself, and the deer, as though to reprove him for his selfishness, will often strike him smartly on the head with a sharp fore hoof. But "Jimmy" seldom resents such a blow. Perhaps he does not care to take the trouble, or perhaps he allows

it, for the reason given by a certain strong man, when asked why he allowed his wife to pursue him. He replied: "It pleases her, and it don't hurt me." and then, however, the bear will seek a friend with the deer, but the latter usually takes great pains to keep out of reach at such times. If, when in a playful mood, the bear sees the fawn walking on the grass, he is almost sure to make a rush, as though with the intention of cornering his agile playfellow. But "Jimmy" is not to be caught in this way, for, taking a quick step or two, he clears the rail at a bound, and is soon far away round the garden, while "Jimmy" steps out of his head in another direction, as though the deer was the very last thing on earth likely to occupy his attention.

At first the fawn was much afraid of the young bear, and would dash away at first sight of him, and when he was not, the wolf would pursue with every intention of giving the little deer an injury. But there came a day when the deer did not run, and, after the wolf had almost pounced upon him several times, something suddenly happened. The hitherto gentle fawn turned on his mentor, and, though the latter ran off at his best speed, he was pursued and quickly overtaken, knocked down and hammered unmercifully with the fore feet of the fawn, who, with tail and ears erect, danced over the body of his antagonist, and would surely have killed him had I not considered it time to interfere.

Gentle and courageous as the fawn is, he is as high-strung as ever, and sometimes his nervousness drives him to do astonishing things. Yesterday, while we were at dinner, something startled the little fellow, and he leaped right through a closed window into the room, alighting on the floor amid a cascade of glass. He was slightly cut in two or three places, but otherwise was the worse for his unusual performance.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNE

CHOOSING WALL PAPER.

SOME SHADES ARE VERY INVITING TO OUR PEOPLE.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Of course, the coloring of walls affects us to a certain degree, and we all are conscious of it, but we seldom take it seriously. If the wall is a pretty one and the design on the paper is not obtrusive. Only the most sensitive persons have ever noticed the baneful effects of certain tints on themselves and on their friends, and have made a study of colors applied to the home walls.

It goes without saying that the most restful paper is of one tint without any pattern.

People who lack concentration should avoid walls covered with anything resembling a jumping-jack design.

Nervous people can also dispense with all designs and confine themselves to a paper of uniform color.

Red is more irritating to the nerves than any one color. It is, however, excellent for people who lack courage or confidence in themselves.

Dirty browns and drabs are exceedingly depressing a sensitive spirit, while a good, clear, rich brown will find quieting and soothing to the much-harassed man or woman.

Sage green, not too dark, is said to be excellent for nervous people.

A very depressed person will find in a room papered in a clear but not too vivid yellow exhilaration, and confidence.

Too much white in a light room oversteps the limit of cheerfulness and gives a glaring and uncomfortable look.

Sickly persons will respond to pink, which is the color, indicating health.

Violet and all lavender shades are to be discontinued when used on the walls, as, together with black, they produce depression of spirit.

Blue, in the paler shades, is soothing and delightful to the eye.

Perpendicular lines running up and down the wall often help to uplift a person physically and mentally bowed down with burdens and worries.

In papering your rooms don't forget that what we need and seek is more light. A light wall paper may not be an aniline-colored affair that glares at you from every point of the wall, but a paper that casts off objects and people in the most satisfactory light.

No matter how small the room, or how unattractive it seems at first, when papered in a harmonious or restful color it will be transformed into a cheerful home; but the most palatial chamber draped in hues of the wrong hue will finally get on one's nerves. For this reason hotel rooms are seldom restful.

Persons born between January 20 and February 19 should use blue, pink and pale green. From February 20 to March 21 white and dark green. The colors for people born between March 21 and April 19 are violet and rose pink. Lemon yellow for those born under Taurus, between April 19 and May 21. From then until June 21 blue and white rule. From then until July 22 a rich brown or green is the astral color, and green is still beneficial to those born until August 22. From then until September 21 gold and yellow are the fortunate colors. Crimson and light blue reign until October 22. Persons born between that date and November 22 should surround themselves with golden brown and pale blue. Greens and red dominate those born during December.

The white hedgehog captured by Henry Beal of Pittsburg a few weeks ago has succeeded in making his escape, gnawing through his cage, which was composed of wood covered with fence wire. While in Mr. Beal's possession hundreds came to see him, several coming many miles. Mr. Beal refused several quite large offers for him. [Guildford (Me.) C. S.]

The Development of the Great Southwest.

OUR MATERIAL GROWTH.

Compiled for the Times.

(The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department, brief, plainly written articles, giving trustworthy information concerning important developments in Southern California, and other territory, and articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contaminated correspondence.)

Alfalfa Seed.

DOWN on Slauson avenue, between Vermont and Normandie avenues, the successful production of alfalfa seed is reported by Louis Streuber, who has been operating a thrasher for that purpose. Heretofore nearly all the alfalfa seed sown in Southern California has been brought from Colorado. Mr. Streuber has threshed the seed from eight or nine acres of his own, and for a number of his neighbors. The production where the land is well adapted to alfalfa is reported

The company is particularly fortunate in having its lands under all three of the Riverside water systems, and from one of its own wells it irrigates one section of 125 acres.

In the three years of its corporate existence the company has, through these developments and the consolidation of other interests, brought under its management over 1000 acres of the finest groves in the State. Most of these are only young groves, from three to five years old, and from last year's bearing the company shipped some 35,000 boxes of high-quality fruit. The output for the coming season is estimated at nearly double this amount, and in the succeeding year should double again.

The officers and directors of the National Orange Company are: E. A. Chase, president; H. S. Moulton, vice-president; Harry R. Chase, secretary-treasurer; R. W. A. Godfrey, R. B. Shelden and F. F. Chase. All are men of wide experience in the growing of oranges, successful and economical business men of high ability.

olive grove, and that the best olives are pickled, which constitute the profit, the conclusion is that there is good money in an olive grove. The figures quoted may be considered a fair showing, but we are under the impression that double the output mentioned above would find a ready market. The many purposes in which olive oil can be made to serve in place of lard and butter should be better known. No greater service could be rendered California than to educate the people in the East and West regarding the products of the olive groves, and foremost in this effort should be growers themselves."

Ice Plant for San Luis Obispo.

THE San Luis Obispo Breeze of November 1 says: "An important and much-needed improvement will be established in San Luis Obispó. Mr. H. B. Reticker came here some time ago from his home in Congress, Ariz., with a view of establishing an ice and cold-storage plant in this city. He became satisfied from a thorough examination that this was an excellent field in which to establish a plant. With that end in view he consulted with Mr. A. F. Fitzgerald as to a location best suited for the purposes. Mr. Fitzgerald recommended block No. 113 in the Reed & Co.'s addition, which is in a triangular form and surrounded by Pismo, Walker and High streets, thus affording easy access to the premises from all sides, and besides having a valuable building on the premises, originally built by Schwartz, Beebe & Co. for a planing mill and still in good repair, and being near the Pacific Coast Railroad, from which fuel could be obtained. There is also a well on the premises thirty feet deep, which is half-full of water, and which will supply all the water needed."

"Mr. Reticker was so well satisfied that he authorized Mr. Fitzgerald to purchase the property, and yesterday a sale was effected and the deed recorded. The machinery has been ordered and the erection of the plant will be commenced about January 1, and everything will be in operation here in time for the coming season. Mr. Reticker proposes to put the price of ice at such a figure that it will be in the reach of all, and he also proposes to manufacture and sell to surrounding places at most reasonable rates, and before the season opens he will be prepared to enter into contracts to supply both ice and cold storage as may be required."

Olives in Arizona.

THE following is from the Arizona Republican: "L. W. Perkins, well known as the man who has made a success of the olive-oil business in this valley, has moved back to his old ranch, one mile east of the asylum and three-quarters of a mile north of Tempe road.

"He is preparing now to go into the manufacturing business on a larger scale and with more conveniences. He has erected a storehouse for the accommodation of his product, and is putting in machinery for the pressing and bottling of the oil.

"He will be able now to do a larger business than before, and is ready to manufacture oil from the fruit of his own orchard as well as to do custom work for other olive growers.

"The olive industry should receive quite an impetus in this valley since the announcement of the verdict of the judges at St. Louis on the quality of Mr. Perkins' oil. Reference to that judgment was made in these columns on the morning of the 22d by a special correspondent of the Republican, who said that a jury of foreign experts had announced that in accordance with tests made by a Japanese expert, Mr. Perkins' oil was the purest and best on exhibition at the fair."

Medals Awarded.

THE Anaheim Gazette of November 3 says:

"J. C. Joplin of the Orange county board of World's Fair Commissioners, who is now in St. Louis supervising the local exhibit, sends a list of the following awards of gold medals to exhibitors of this section: To Los Alamitos Sugar Company, for sugar; to Thomas Nicholson, for sweet potatoes; to the Orange County Celery Growers' Association, for celery; to James Irvine, for grain and beans; to the Orange County Commission, for vegetables."

"Silver medals were awarded M. S. Hall for alfalfa seed, J. P. Joplin for chili peppers, Ed Utt for peanuts, and J. H. Taylor for corn. The corn sent by the Taylors was twenty-five feet in height, and the first ears were so far from the ground that they could not be reached without a step ladder."

Bananas at Santa Monica.

WHILE it is not the purpose of Santa Monica to in any wise enter the field as a competitor with the tropics, still some very toothsome bananas are to be seen ripening right in the open there. At his home place on Second street, H. W. Boehme a few days ago harvested a bunch of this fragrant fruit that contained ninety-three edible bananas. The stalk from which they were cut was only two years old, although the original root has about a score and a half of years to its credit.

The bananas, unlike the product of commerce, are short and thick, and the seeds are larger than the fruit that is shipped here. In flavor they are somewhat tart, in this respect resembling the cooking bananas of the Hawaiian Islands.

ORCHARD OF NATIONAL ORANGE COMPANY.

It is from 300 to 1000 pounds per acre. At \$350 per acre this would mean a pretty fair revenue per acre. Mr. Streuber thinks that the demonstration of seed production this year will be followed by a much larger production next year.

A Rose Garden.

"The Hemet Rose Garden," a beautiful five-acre tract, was started eleven years ago by H. C. Boyd, who has just sold the place to Warren Smith of the Relief Hotel, San Jacinto. Mr. Boyd says there are 300 varieties of roses on his place, and one may well believe it. A wagon load may be picked without making any perceptible impression on the blooms.

National Orange Company.

SINCE the first orange tree was imported and planted out under the sunny skies enveloping the hills and beautiful Riverside Valley, orange culture has been studied as a science, and the ups and downs of almost thirty years' experience in growing the golden fruit as a business and for a profit have taught the workers of the valley many things. One of the most deeply impressed of these lessons has been that the best and most profitable results can be obtained only by a consolidation of interests.

Perhaps no other organization in the valley illustrates as well this principle as does the National Orange Company. Controlling and operating over 1000 acres of orange groves in bearing, located along the frontiers of the foothill belt on the southern rim of the valley from Hollands Pass to Arlington, its 1000 acres, under the best management of one able superintendent, can be handled by less than 100 men and more economically and more uniformly than 100 men can handle ten acres each.

The company was organized in the fall of 1891 with a capital stock of \$200,000, \$400,000 being subscribed and paid up. Since that time its greatest and most lasting work has been in developing and improving thousands of acres of formerly barren and unsightly foothill lands. The members of the National Orange Company were among the first to recognize the value of the hillside, and hundreds of acres which were formerly considered entirely valueless for agricultural purposes have by them been placed under irrigation and are among their most

the packing and shipping of the company's fruit is handled in three houses; one at Highgrove, another at Riverside, and the third at Arlington. These houses are fitted throughout in the most modern manner, with every facility for the rapid yet careful handling of the fruit. The aim is to get it on the market in as nearly perfect condition as possible. The picking gangs are constantly under the supervision of careful field managers; the fruit is hauled to the houses on soft-spring wagon beds, and from the time the oranges are dropped into the picking sack until they are stacked in boxes into the cars, the utmost care is taken in grading and keeping them free from bruises.

One of the principal objects is to handle the fruit the least number of times possible, reducing the danger of bruising and spoiling it. Little use has been found for the brushing and washing machines, the fruit from the foothill groves being particularly clean and bright. Automatic feeder-lifts at the graders reduce the danger of bruising at that point, and the packers are at all times under the watchful eye of competent foremen. Particular care is taken in grading the fruit, one of the pet ideas of the company being to make popular a brand which eastern buyers can thoroughly rely upon.

The unique boxes of fruit which were distributed in the East during the recent trip of The Times' World's Fair party came from the National Orange Company. The packages and the quality of the fruit alike attracted enthusiastic comment, and since the return of the party there have been numerous expressions of pleasure and inquiries as to future deliveries from those who partook of the fruit. The National Orange Company's offerings did much to advertise Southern California.

Olives in Southern California.

THE Corona Courier gives the following interesting facts relative to the olive industry in Southern California:

"The output of olive oil from Southern California in the past year is estimated at 40,000 gallons, 34,000 gallons of the pickled olives. It is difficult to get exact figures, but the above is approximately correct. The price obtained at the lowest calculation was \$2 a gallon. Small lots put up in fancy shape brought from \$3 to \$4 per gallon.

"In consonance with the general idea that the oil product should be sufficient to cover all expenses of an

Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

CONDUCTED BY J. W. JEFFREY, AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.

FIELD NOTES.

Fertilizing a Scale Antidote.

A GENTLEMAN is now going the rounds seeking to impress the farmers with the alleged fact that he can kill scale by applying a particular (his) recipe of fertilizer. He is a scientific gentleman, and hence more liable to argue people into his error by the use of scientific terms. The experience of every fruit grower is that the most vigorous growing trees are the most liable to scale, for examples the pomelo and the Valencia late orange. Young citrus trees of all varieties are particularly liable to serious scale infection, because of their very vigor—the condition advanced by fertilization. It is true that well nourished trees may have enough vigor to continue to grow favorably and at the same time harbor an unlimited quantity of scale pests, increased as the young growth of the tree is augmented. It is also true that trees of low vitality are injured more materially by insect attack. But there would now be no pests whatever if fertilization were the cure, for every brand and every mixture of fertilizer under the sun has been used in Southern California. Beware of unscientific scientists.

* * *

Vaccinating the Soil.

HUNDREDS of The Times's readers are taking an active interest in the nitrogen-fixing bacteria now being supplied free by the Department of Agriculture at Washington City, and my correspondence is filled with inquiries concerning this great discovery. As the Department is responding promptly to all requests for the generating material I do not see why anyone should hesitate to apply for it. Several have written and telephoned that they are now mixing the ingredients, and one of them asks if the bacteria can be used in planting all kinds of seed. No. It must be used only upon leguminous plants—clovers, peas, beans, vetches, lupines and other legumes, whether the seed are moistened with the material or the soil impregnated. After one crop of treated legumes is grown then any crop may be planted to take advantage of the nitrogen deposited. To all inquirers: Write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for the packages containing the recipe or ingredients of the new nitrogen-fixing bacteria.

* * *

Our Exports Enormous.

THE last report shows that the United States exported during the year, \$936,700,575 worth of the products of the forest and farm. To handle this requires eighty customs districts, of which thirty-five are on the Atlantic Coast, ten on the Gulf of Mexico, seven on the Pacific, twenty-three on the Canadian border and the Great Lakes, and five on the Mexican border. Comparatively few of these ports, however, handle the great bulk of this movement. To show the immense importance the Southwest is assuming, the port of Galveston alone handled one-half as much wheat as the ports of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Newport News, Norfolk and New Orleans combined. Galveston and New Orleans handled 70 per cent. of the total exports of wheat. This is a piece of news of interest to farmers I have not seen in print, and indicates the rapidity of the change in the center of agricultural shipping interests toward the Southwest. It is little wonder that Galveston can afford to build impregnable sea walls costing millions of dollars.

* * *

Gathering Walnuts.

IT is strange what one will see when not armed with even a popgun. A letter published in the last number of the American Nut Journal says: "Continued rains in Los Angeles and San Diego counties in California have interfered with the shipments of walnuts and have injured the quality. The outlook for Southern California has suddenly changed for the worse, and it is certain the crop will fall much below the previous estimate." If the Nut Journal's information upon other topics is as faulty as it is in regard to the walnut crop of this section the paper is of very little value. Who has seen the "continued rains" or any rains since the nut harvest began. I have not heard that the walnut crop would fall below the estimate anywhere, but if it does it will not be caused by adverse harvest weather. The letter to the Journal was written from New York. Was it written to affect the market?

* * *

Is Lippia a Pest.

JOHN LOWE, the secretary of a local oil refining company, writes: "I have been very much interested in the new grass 'Lippia, rapens' and while in Stockton some time ago intended to order some from Santa Barbara to be used as a church lawn. On talking the matter over with my friends there I was asked if the grass was a pest like the Bermuda; being unable to answer the question, the matter was dropped. Will you kindly publish the facts as you have them in regard to the above through the Times columns?"

The Lippia is never a pest and is not a grass. It has been grown in Southern California for about fifteen years, and while it is in no sense a substitute for the beauty of blue grass or white clover for lawns, it has so many virtues in hiding a multitude of waste places that it is coming into general use. It also makes a very pretty lawn. Lippia thrives reasonably well in any soil, no matter how poor, covers the ground well, displaces

weeds, stands rough usage and requires so little water (plenty is much better, however,) that it may be grown where other lawn-covering would perish. Lippia does not need mowing, and may be easily removed at any time. It is the lemon verbena, generically speaking, the common lemon verbena being *Lippia citriodora*, the lawn plant being *Lippia canescens*, or "rapens." The plants of these two species are perennials. Some botanists class the Lippia with the Lantana. It was brought to this country from South America. The only objection I have heard to this plant is that upon rich or even fair soil it grows somewhat woody stems, marring the beauty of the covering.

Forestry for the Future.

I HAD an interview with T. P. Lukens a few days ago upon the status of the efforts at reforesting the mountain slopes that have been burned over within the last few years in the ranges supplying the water for the irrigators of Southern California. Mr. Lukens's statements always receive the respectful attention of all our people who know him, and he gave me some figures that should command the attention of everyone interested in the welfare of this part of the State. "It is evident," he said, "that Southern California, to insure the rebuilding of its forests and to thoroughly protect the same against fire, must resort to raising a fund for this work by general taxation. To rechristen all the watersheds that are depended upon to supply Southern California is a seemingly great task, and would require many years to complete, say, fifty. A few figures would not be amiss at this time. The total assessed valuation of property in the seven southern counties is \$324,000,000. A levy of .1358 would raise \$440,000 annually, or in fifty years on present valuation, \$22,000,000. While this strikes one as an enormous sum, it is but a total of 6.7% per cent. of the present valuation. With our water supply increasing to meet the rapid growth we are witnessing, our present population of 330,000 and wealth of \$324,000,000 would increase beyond any man's prediction, for our perfect climate and rich soil are widely known."

"At present the laws of California do not provide any mode of raising money to be applied to such work, and I would urge our legislators to so amend the State laws that counties will be enabled to raise money for forestry work. If it were only State appropriations the same difficulty would confront us as does now with the national government, for the northern portion of the State has so little need for this work at present that an equal distribution of funds would still be short for our needs are vastly greater than elsewhere."

Forestry Work Hampered.

THE situation of the forestry work in the mountains north of Pasadena is not the most favorable, on account of the inadequacy of the funds of the Bureau of Forestry. Some time ago T. P. Lukens established a nursery at Pasadena for the propagation of young conifers for planting in the mountains that supply the surface flow of irrigating water for a large portion of Southern California. The plans adopted had been decided upon after a series of careful experiments and investigations. It was thought best to grow the trees in nursery form for at least two years, at least once transplanted before removal to the mountain slopes. This would insure success when removed to the watershed in seasons of normal rainfall. There are now growing, as the result, about 50,000 trees, two years old, in the nursery at Pasadena, which should be set out this winter.

Observation and experience proved that if the best results were to be obtained in the propagation of young pines, a situation as near their native habitat as possible should be secured, and Mr. Lukens was authorized to find a location in the mountains where the business of tree growing could be prosecuted upon a larger scale. After considerable difficulty a location was found in every way suitable, namely, Heminger's Flats, on the Mount Wilson toll road, at an elevation of 2500 feet. There were two drawbacks to the location. It was isolated from wagon or rail transportation, entailing considerable extra expense to reach and transport supplies. The land was covered with brush, in great part scrub oak, that proved very difficult to remove, but the soil and climatic conditions were perfect, as is evidenced by the 250,000 conifers now growing on the land, as large and thrifty one-year-old conifers as were ever grown. The Mt. Wilson company owned the ground, and the only available water right that could be found in that locality. This company gave the Bureau of Forestry a lease upon its entire holdings of 120 acres for five years from October 1, 1905, for \$20 per month, and spent a large amount of money in building a cement reservoir, piping and house building. The company also gave the foresters free use of the trail for its entire length. There are now about five acres cleared and under fence, an enclosed area 48x100 feet, with lath house, six feet high. The pioneer work is done and the station has sufficient ground cleared for 500,000 trees and the water supply to grow them.

To properly care for the trees now on hand, i. e., to plant the trees from the Pasadena nursery upon the mountains and to transplant the 250,000 trees into the open grounds in beds at Heminger's Flats, would require \$3000 in addition to the governmental allowance for this year. It now seems to be up to the people of Southern California to decide whether it will be done or not. With our water supply constantly diminishing, is

there a man who does not see the importance of the work? It is not pleasant to contemplate, but we note the desolation of the Sahara Desert, more or less granary of Africa and Europe. The transformation brought about by the denuding of the forest land. We are amenable to the same laws of nature.

The Bean Crop.

CORRESPONDENT, J. R. Blackstock of Ventura, sends me a clipping from a Ventura paper, which is extracted some valuable statistics upon the lima bean industry. As bean growing is becoming more important in Los Angeles and Orange counties every year these figures will be of special interest as well as general. The largest bean ranch in the world is the formerly owned by Pietra Bros., the acreage ranging from 4000 to 6000 acres in beans. The following information is upon the authority of George C. Peeler, one to be the best authority upon beans in the State:

"Beyond any doubt Ventura county is the 'bulwark' of the lima bean industry of the United States. The area of land planted to limas in Ventura county is well established, but assuming 35,000 acres and a production of 225,000 sacks, about nine sacks per acre, and a probable average price of \$3 per sack, for this year, a return of \$975,000, we should be producing this year with the greater application of water at least an average of seventeen and a half sacks on the same acre, with a fair average value for ten years of \$6 per sack, or a value of \$1,225,000, or an average loss to the sum of \$250,000. What is one's gain is another's loss, and too true in this industry. I am not impressed with as being for the best interest of a great and fertile industry, capable of sustaining an immense population, the same holds good with other products for which the county is famous and which are capable of great development."

"One thousand sacks per day for fifteen machines is forty days means 600,000 sacks for season's growth. What would Ventura county farmers do without the machine? What would be the increased wealth? We dare say 'it were better that the Yankees go back to the land and the country to cow paths.' With the application of electric light we are enabled to save a valuable product in the lima bean straw, which was formerly largely destroyed by making bonfires in the fields, as well as making the arduous work more comfortable and a general safety for the entire outfit, by the use of electricity. The best run of the ranch machine was a thrashing 2212 sacks in 14 hours 15 minutes, or at the rate of 155 2-10 sacks per hour. At times the rate was at the rate of 240 sacks per hour."

After the Beef Trust.

AN important, if true, discovery has been made in will destroy the Imperial country, break up the companies in Southern California that are now holding large sums of money in cattle, give the death blow to the beef trust by taking away entirely the demand for beef and revolutionize the production of farm products throughout the world. Dr. Hollowsollon has discovered a plant which he has named "vegetable beefsteak" its chemical analysis being about identical with that of the best corn-fed beef. Dr. Hollowsollon is growing his beefsteak plant upon the farm of Captain Hollowbrain in Virginia with about forty men. In the production of a perfect variety of his t-bone plant during the last seven years he has rejected over 70,000 new varieties, mongrels and hybrids (notice the high accuracy of the statement.) which produced meat better than rump steak at the best, finally landing one plant after 70,000 trials that gave forth the quality of beef that is now selling not far below \$100 a pound to the enrichment of the trust. That is promised extermination. The one survival of the \$100 is so delicate that it must be grown under glass which would militate against its crowding the land from the blizzard-swept plains of the Dakotas. Hollowsollon and Captain Honeywell say that of their new plant is due to the moist, black, sub-tropical soil of Virginia, which, backed by fertilizer at \$10 a pound and sprayed upon the growing stalks in a liquid, gravy form, produces "meat" that can be distinguished from high-grade beef. Now the cattle men are supposed to be thoroughly alarmed. In reading this, I will describe the fruit of this wonderful plant.

It is about twice as large as a very large watermelon (about the size of a Downey pumpkin,) and somewhat similar in shape, although it is larger and flatter at one end than that adheres to the stem, and more pointed at the other end. The fruit, when fully ripe, is covered with a shell a little like the shell of the coconut, although it is even harder and tougher, and is of a scale-like formation; attached to the inner surface of this shell is a coating from two to four inches thick of a stout, fat, round seeds from which the plant is grown, but in many of them no seeds are to be found, not over a small per cent. of the apparently perfect seeds will germinate. One pound of this fruit contains about 16 ounces of nitrogenous matter, and when properly cut

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cannot be distinguished from beef by either flavor or appearance.

THE POULTRY YARD.

From the Poultry.

As the time draws near for the fall market for poultry, the judicious fancier begins to plan for the most out of his stock, or in many cases this is a her instead of a him. Many people lose in selling poultry because they are not fat. The packing-houses have gotten onto the fact, and many of them have an annex where all fowls are fattened before they are slaughtered. You may as well have this additional amount for the putting on the flesh as the packing company. The thanksgiving trade will be here in a few weeks, and it will be well for a goodly amount of the old stock to go and leave room for the young stock in the houses and on the runs. The best way to fatten any kind of poultry is to inclose the stock in a small, well ventilated pen, and for chickens one that can be darkened down at will. The fowls should be fed, all that they will eat, then darken the pen and allow them to be as quiet as possible till the next feeding time. This will enable them to get the most out of the feed and put on fat rapidly. Chickens as a rule can be fattened in a couple of weeks as fat as they usually get; and in fact after that time they gain little. The best feed we ever used is a grain food. Mill bran, corn meal, shorts and ground oats in proportion of two parts of the bran to one of each of the others, and cook or scald and allow to cool with a cover over the vessel. It is scalded in, and feed warm. This should have about ten pounds of blood meal to each 100 pounds of mixture. Feed this in the morning and at noon, and all the whole corn or wheat they will eat at night, and keep them quiet and the pen darkened, with plenty of water and grit, and they will fatten very rapidly. Sweet milk sweetened with sugar will hasten the process of putting on fat, as well as the feeding of raw talcum. Too much of this is liable to give bowel trouble, however. I have put five pounds of weight on an old cock in seven days when hastening for standard weight for the showroom. At seven to ten cents a pound you can well afford to take a little pains in fattening, and make your stuff weight half, and often twice as much, as when taken off the range and sold whether poor or in good flesh, to say nothing of being fat. Try it. I am going to have the profit, if I live, as I deserve it as well as anyone else, and so do you.—[Farmers' Advertiser.]

A NEGLECTED STATUE.

GIANTIC FIGURE OF PAUL KRUGER LYING IN A LUMBER YARD IN LORENZO MARQUES.

[London Daily Graphic:] When the death knell of the new republic was sounded by the South African war, as one was put to many schemes which were dear to the hearts of the old government, and which were in various stages of advancement. One of these interrupted was the erection of a huge statue which was to

THE FOUR DAUGHTERS OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.



The Latest and most Unconventional Portrait of these Children, whose Names are: Olga, Born November 3, 1895; Tatiana, Born May 29, 1897; Maria, Born June 14, 1899; and Anastasia, Born June 5, 1901.

Tien-tsin, Pechili, at the request of the Sister Superior, allowed him to make the radiographs. In Europe a woman considers that she has a small foot when it is 22 to 23 centimeters from toe to heel, but in China 12 centimeters among the elegant and 17 or 18 among the working classes is the figure. The deformation begins at three and only terminates at sixteen or eighteen years of age. The process is painful, the foot being bandaged so as to press the toes under the sole of the foot. The radiographs show that besides the bending of the toe bones under the sole, the bones of the foot are less thick than in the normal foot. Only about two-thirds of the women of China undergo this deformation, which has to be maintained by a bandage after it is done, and causes a peculiar gait.—[London Globe.]

THE TRAPPISTS.

No religious order in the world has in its ranks so many members of the European aristocracy or conceals behind the walls of its monasteries the participants in so many dramas and tragedies as that of the Trappists, which has several houses in the United States, and of which a Frenchman of old family, Dom Augustine de la

EQUINE MEMORY.

Capt. Hayes, whose recent death has left an irreparable loss in the ranks of those whose acquaintance with horses is as practical as it is sympathetic, but whose books still remain for consultation, believed most emphatically in the quality of equine memory. But he did not confuse memory with reasoning power when quoting the French writer Le Bon, who held that "if horses were only able to read and write they would win in every competitive examination, so retentive was their memory of what they had once seen." That equine recollection of places and incidents is quicker and more precise than that of civilized man seems probable from their feats of "homing." They are also extremely sensitive to the stimulus of "rewards," far more so than to the stimulus of punishment. The feats which horses will accomplish in return for sugar have never been properly investigated. We have seen them jump gates, forwards and backwards, walk up planks, enter shops, and call regularly at certain houses in a terrace where this dainty was in prospect. Their frequent understanding of the objects of polo and of the "dodges" useful in the game is well known. The horse seems meant by nature to be a fellow-laborer with man, and shines most where it is aiding him in the chase, or in herding cattle, dragging trucks on a railway excavation, tipping earth over a bank, or moving timber. The intelligence of the timber-movers' horses in the use of the rolling-chain shifting logs, or dragging them onto the "timber Jim" almost equals that of the elephant in a tea yard. Part of their work is due to discipline and obedience. But it is impossible to watch them at work without seeing that they understand all the details of the business.—[London Spectator.]



THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF MR KRUGER LYING IN A LUMBER YARD.

reverence the memory of President Kruger in the Transvaal capital. It was intended to place this gigantic figure on an imposing pedestal in Church Square, Pretoria, but the scheme had been carried no higher than the base when the war broke out and operations were suspended—never to be resumed on the original line. While the war was in progress the statue, ordered by the Transvaal government, was delivered by the sculptors at Delagoa Bay. It was impossible to convey it then to Pretoria, so it was laid on one side in the lumber yard belonging to the Lorenzo Marques Wood Company, and there, neglected and almost forgotten, it has since remained.

CHINESE WOMAN'S FOOT.

M. Duval, a pharmacien of French colonial troops, succeeded in taking radiographs of the deformed foot of a Chinese woman, a very difficult thing to do, as it is considered most improper for a woman to expose her foot. A Catholic servant of the hospital at

Marc, has just been elected general. As such the latter, who was created titular Bishop of Constance by the late Leo XIII, will make his headquarters at Rome. It is one of the few religious orders that has found grace in the eyes of the present French government, and which has not been molested by the latter in any way. This is perhaps because its members take absolutely no part in political life. Their terribly severe rule of absolute silence is well known, but few people are aware that no newspaper or periodical is ever permitted to enter the precincts of their monasteries, with the result that certain of the oldest monks who joined the order sixty years ago or so, and have never been outside the monastery walls since, do not even suspect the existence of railroads and are completely ignorant of the fact that there is any such means of transport, while, of course, all the modern developments of electricity, such as trolley, lights, telephones, phonographs, etc., are completely unknown to them.—[Baltimore American.]



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Care of the Body—Suggestions for Preserving Health.

CONDUCTED BY HARRY BROOK OF THE TIMES STAFF.

PRACTICAL HYGIENE.

(The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice or individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic questions of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No letter or note unanswered by mail. It should be remembered that matter on the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their names and addresses, which will not be published, or give to others without the consent of the writer. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.)

The Mandarian Movement.

A FEW days ago the editor had the pleasure of spending an hour with Dr. Ottoman Zar-Adusht Hanish, head of the Mandarian movement in the United States, who is spending a few weeks in Los Angeles. Dr. Hanish is in some respects a remarkable man. Although supposed to be sixty years of age, he does not look a day over thirty. He looks more like a shrewd, intelligent Yankee than an oriental, which may be explained by the fact that he is not of oriental descent. Hanish is a good German name, and there are—or were recently—people of that name living in San Francisco.

Dr. Hanish has a quiet, even, shrewd manner that carries conviction with it. There is a depth of soul in his face when it lights up, and the windows of his soul are wonderful. One does not have to speak with him long to realize that he is a man who has absorbed a large amount of knowledge on various subjects.

The following statement in regard to Dr. Hanish and the Mandarian movement has been obtained from a Los Angeles member of the organization:

"He was born in Teheran City, Persia, in 1844, but is not of Persian descent. He became acquainted with the Mandarian teachings through the help he received from them after his body was considered beyond all human aid. According to the Mandarian records, still held, the first known of the Mandarian movement was the collection and compilation of fragments pertaining to the teaching, by a Prince Rogota, of a country known as Bactara, as far back as 144,000 years before the building of Rome. These fragments were deposited in temples especially built for the purpose, and there have been continuous records preserved since that time. The Mandarian proper is a royal order and remains separate from the rest of humanity in order to remain in spiritual contact with the world. The world knows nothing of this order, because the members are retired and do no proselytizing. Only those who are Mandarians by adoption go out to teach, and they are not expected to teach the philosophy, but only the preparation for an understanding of it, through right living. The work was introduced into this country in 1882, and was taught as "word of truth" in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington. After the breaking out of war, missionaries retired. In the meantime various cults resulted from the teaching, and an awakening was started that prepared the way for a new era. The work has been taken up again since 1896. It is only preparatory to a great movement which is calculated will take place in 1908."

"The object of Mandarian teaching is to declare there is universal amnesty for every man, entitling man, in spite of all tribulations, inherited conditions and environment to be emancipated from all the past, to establish his individuality and become conscious of being one with the infinite."

The Mandarians are sometimes referred to as sun worshipers, that being the cult of the Persians. Indeed the sun was the object of veneration to most primitive people after they passed from the original worship of the generative organs to the source of life on this planet, and before they passed from the worship of nature to the adoration of the variously interpreted nature's god. However, the editor has nothing to do with the religious side of this question. So far as he is aware, the Mandarian people do not obtrude their religious beliefs, whatever they are, upon anybody. Indeed, one statement put forth in a Mandarian publication is as follows: "Mandarian is the only system that neither proselytes nor seeks adherents or a following, and yet it is given a membership of 90,000."

The Mandarian Society, whose headquarters is in Chicago, and Dr. Hanish, were recently made the subjects of a vindictive attack on part of Hearst's yellow newspapers because of the asserted fact that a young woman had become insane while fasting under the direction of Dr. Hanish, fasting being one of the means recommended by him to restore health. These superficial and sensational papers apparently overlooked the fact that fasting has been one of the leading doctrines of nearly all the great religious denominations, also that Jesus of Nazareth, the founder of the Christian religion, fasted forty days and forty nights in the desert. In the Stuffed Club for October, Dr. J. H. Tilden devotes his leading article of twelve pages to an exposition of the absurdity of this charge, under the heading, "Will Fasting Produce Insanity?" In the course of his article Dr. Tilden says:

"Is it a fact that starving will produce insanity? Is there a newspaper in the land ready to come to the front with any proof that starving will bring on insanity? Is there a medical journal, health magazine, doctor or healer in this broad land of ours ready to furnish any authentic proof that fasting ever brings on insanity? If so the Club will take pleasure in furnishing said proof to its readers and acknowledge that the denunciation here given—that all this hue and cry about starving people into insanity is an ignorant lie with not one iota of truth, medical or otherwise, to substantiate it—is

a mistake of mine due to an infidelity incapable of observation."

If every member of the regular school of drug medication should be attacked by the press whenever a patient happens to die on his hands, what a hubbub there would be, would there not?

The hygienic teachings of Dr. Hanish, as far as the editor has been privileged to investigate them, are exceedingly good—just plain common-sense rules for the care of the body and the mind, with special reference to the great importance of proper breathing, a subject that is emphasized by all who have studied the wisdom of the Orient, and indorsed by all who have investigated the laws of health anywhere in the world. Extracts from his hygienic teachings, as presented in a little folder issued by him, will be reproduced in this department next week, so that readers may judge for themselves. Meantime, all who are interested in a thoughtful discussion of these important questions should attend one of Dr. Hanish's lectures, which are given at the hall, 1215 South Broadway, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons at 2 p.m., and Sunday at 2 p.m. There are also classes for the study of health and breathing culture.

Dr. Emery Returns.

D R. R. DUDLEY EMERY, the osteopathic physician, who went East several months ago, has returned sooner than he expected, and has opened an office in the old Chamber of Commerce building. While in Massachusetts Dr. Emery distinguished himself by taking an examination by the regular medical board of that State, coming out with flying colors—a percentage of over 75 per cent.—a percentage attained by only forty of the 200 Harvard students who attempted to pass, after six years' study.

How to Woo and Win Sleep.

NOTHING wears more quickly upon a person than loss of sleep. You may go many days without eating, and with benefit to yourself, but a few nights without sleep make a person look like a living wreck. A refined species of torture, common in early days in Japan and some other countries, was to keep the prisoner from sleeping. He soon became a raving maniac.

In the following article Prof. E. B. Warman contributes some sensible suggestions on how to obtain sleep, the careful reading of which may be a Godsend to unfortunate who are afflicted with insomnia.

Prof. Warman, by the way, has returned, with Mrs. Warman, from Iowa, and has taken up his residence for the winter at the Marlboro Hotel, 529 South Grand avenue, where he will resume his classes:

"I will give you, first, a method of going to sleep in two minutes at any time, anywhere, without lying down. This is especially recommended for the nervous, over-worked person. If you eat a hearty noon meal, let this period of rest immediately follow. If you eat breakfast and omit luncheon, you cannot better employ the luncheon hour than by taking a brisk walk or some other form of exercise, and then reserving fifteen or twenty minutes for this period of perfect rest and mental and physical relaxation. The Spaniard takes his siesta (afternoon nap) quite regularly, but owing to the climatic conditions and methods of doing business in the tropical countries, he prolongs that nap from two to four hours. In our northern climate (or even semi-tropical), fifteen minutes a day will suffice to produce almost marvelous results.

"Whenever mind, body or nerves are in need of rest, this simple remedy will prove very efficacious. The time given to it, though very short, may seem too precious to the average business man, but it will be more than compensated for by the better mental and bodily condition that follows. If a teacher cannot take this relaxation at noon, then she (I may say, because she, as a teacher, is in the majority,) should take it at the close of her day's work before eating her six o'clock dinner (never eat when tired.) By giving but fifteen minutes at this time and for this purpose she will renew her strength, will be in better condition, mentally and physically, for her dinner, not only for its enjoyment but to get the needed nourishment therefrom.

"The modus operandi: Do not lie down to take this rest cure. Sit in a reclining chair or rocker. Tip the chair to a comfortable angle for the body (not enough to have the weight of the body on the back,) then rest the head in a comfortable position also. Place the feet on a chair as high as the one on which you are sitting, or a trifle higher. Cross the limbs at the ankle joints (this closes one end of the circuit,) then put the hands together by interlacing the fingers (this closes the other end of the circuit.) Close the eyes. Let go. Relieve yourself of all nervous and muscular tension. Relax body and mind. Think of nothing. If you find the mind wandering in strange and forbidden paths, bring it back and quietly concentrate it on deep, slow, rhythmic breathing and the desire for restful sleep.

"If you desire to awaken in fifteen minutes—or at whatever time—charge your mind, your subjective mind (which never sleeps,) to arouse you to consciousness at the desired time. It will do it to the minute.

"To sleep at night: When you retire you must also relax—let go, mentally and physically. But do not try to hold the bed up, but let it hold you up. If there is undigested food in the stomach, lie on your right side when you go to sleep. A lawyer can lie on either side.

"Insomnia: This is a self-inflicted curse through the

violation of nature's laws. The cause may be vanity, thinking and planning for the morrow, looking over the yesterday and today. My advice is command yourself. If you fail to do this and resort to opiate, there is something wrong above the nose in the vicinity of the will. No opiate can remove the cause, even though it may produce sleep. A good, solid whack on the head with a club will do the same. Opiate never brings the restful, refreshing sleep of course.

"Rising on the toes forty or fifty times will draw excessive blood from the brain. Then jump low to shut your peepers, shut your mouth, shut your ears, lock it up and put the key under your pillow.

"If you are averse to exercising, then sip—sip—sip—a bowl of very hot milk—but eat not a morsel with it. This is a better sleep-producer than any opiate known to materia medica. It will cause an increased supply of the blood vessels of the stomach—a harmonic circulatory congestion which relieves the blood vessels of the brain.

"For very obstinate cases I submit, herewith, a native but somewhat strenuous remedy which I gave some years ago in the Ladies' Home Journal:

"To be taken in bed, just after retiring. Lie upon the back. Remove the pillow if the bed is hard. Practice each exercise slowly:

"(1.) Raise the head and lower it fifty times.
(2.) Grasp the large shoulder muscle (right) with left hand. Swell and relax it fifty times.

"(3.) Same for left shoulder muscle, fifty times.
(4.) Grasp the large muscle (triceps) on back of upper arm (right.) Swell and relax it fifty times.
(5.) Same for left arm, fifty times.

"(6.) Grasp the large muscle (biceps) on front of upper arm (right.) Swell and relax it fifty times.
(7.) Same for left arm, fifty times.

"(8.) Grasp the forearm muscles (right) with left hand. Open and close hand forcibly fifty times.
(9.) Same for left arm, fifty times.

"(10.) Grasp the large flat muscle (right side of neck.) Swell and relax it fifty times.
(11.) Same for left side, fifty times.

"(12.) Grasp the large under-thigh muscle (right.) Swell and relax it fifty times.

"(13.) Same for left thigh, fifty times.

"(14.) Grasp the large upper-thigh muscle (right.) Swell and relax it fifty times.

"(15.) Same for left thigh, fifty times.

"Note.—The last two (13-15) may be taken out of the grasping; just contracting and relaxing at will.

"(16.) Exercise calf muscles (right) by stretching foot, then heel (ankle movement,) fifty times.

"(17.) Same with left calf, fifty times. Do not use the leg.

"(18.) Stretch the big toe (right) back and forth ten times.

"(19.) Same way with left big toe.

"(20.) If by this time sleep has not come to you, put yourself in your favorite position and raise your left thumb easily and relax it fifty times; then the same with each finger, then the thumb and fingers of the hand fifty times.

"While practicing the foregoing you cannot worry over any business or other cares and, in addition, the muscular development as a result, you will be drawing the blood from the overfilled brain. For this reason I advise the stronger muscular movements to begin the head, working downward."

Los Angeles Drinking Water.

THIS following item is from the Graphic of this city:

"Dr. J. H. Davison, who speaks with authority having for many years served on the city and state boards of health, and in that capacity having made innumerable tests of Los Angeles city water, completely punctures the popular delusion that it is not safe to drink city water. On the contrary, he maintains in ordinary cases, especially for growing children, it is far healthier to use the honest faucet than the fountain of distilled water. He is satisfied that the real distilled water is not only a needless expense, but a stupid hygienic mistake. His experience and studies have convinced him that no germ disease has ever been traceable to the use of city water. This is distinctly reassuring, but in strange contrast to the counsel of one tenth of Dr. Davison's brother physicians, who constantly urge the use of distilled waters and forbid the use of city water unless boiled."

While it is true that there is no particular reason in cutery or anxiety regarding the municipal water supply of Los Angeles, so far as its purity is concerned—even if an occasional wriggler does come out of a nest, and the health officer is kept busy in waging war on ranchers against permitting their cattle to wander in the river bed—yet the water is objectionable for the reason that it is hard, containing more than a dozen percentage of alkali. Such hard water tends to clog the arteries and thus bring on old age. It is for this reason that such a large quantity of distilled and spring water is sold and consumed in this city. The Santa Fe Railroad Company has put up plants at several points in the desert to soften the water by chemical means so as to save the lining of the boilers of their engines. Why would it not be a good idea for the city to put up a plant of this kind in Los Angeles, so as to save the lining of the boilers of the citizens? That is my say, if the process referred to is not injurious to health. Perhaps, some day, when we get a public-spirited

overriding City Council, the members of which can rise their eyes above petty jobs, we shall take steps to obtain an ample supply of soft pure water from a distance, such, for instance, as that found in such abundance near Long Beach. Until then, distilled water will continue popular with our people.

Kidney Disease.

KIDNEY disease, in its various forms, is a favoriteologic man with unscrupulous speculative doctors; firstly, because it is very common, and secondly, because the symptoms are often obscure. Here is an extract from an advertisement of a well-known kidney cure, so-called. It is given as a "simple uric-acid test":

"From time to time let a little morning urine stand in a glass or bottle twenty-four hours. If it becomes cloudy, a sediment forms, or if minute particles float around in it, your kidneys have been diseased for months. At any moment you may be attacked by convulsions, Bright's disease, blood poisoning and death, unless you at once arrest the inflammation and purify the kidneys with —'s Cure, which is the only remedy that will safely and effectively restore the kidneys, liver, bladder and urinary organs to their original healthy condition, and keep them in shape to do the work God has given them to do."

This is both untrue and cruel. It is as untrue and cruel as the statement that "every lump in a woman's breast is a cancer."

As a fact, there is very little morning urine that will not show some cloudiness or sediment if allowed to stand for twenty-four hours, especially if the temperature of the air is at all high. On the other hand, there are some forms of kidney disease which are attended by a copious discharge of clear and almost colorless urine. Of course, it is unnecessary to tell any regular reader of this department that neither this nor any other drug will cure a case of kidney disease. The only possible cure for this, as for any other disease, is a close, conscientious and persistent attention to the laws of health. It is true that there are some vegetable foods that more directly affect the kidneys than others, and some claim that the juice of the mesquite plant—when taken fresh—is of great value in cases of Bright's disease. However, neither this nor anything else will work a permanent cure unless the patient has the will and the power to be master of himself, and to avoid dietetic and other errors.

Quantity It would be well if there was some law to prevent unscrupulous people from publishing such misleading statements as that above quoted, and thereby terrifying many nervous people almost to death, producing misery in many homes, all for the sake of selling an alcoholic compound, whatever effects are produced by which are due to the stimulus of the whisky it contains.

What a Young Man Ought to Know.

A NEW, revised edition of this excellent book, one of the "Self and Sex" series, has been issued. It should be placed in the hands of all young men. Some people may object to the liberal injection of religion into these volumes, but they are at liberty to ignore that part of the question if they please. In the preface to his book, Rev. Sylvanus Stall, referring to the false morality that leads many people to keep silent on an important subject when they should speak out, says: "Under the Old Testament dispensation every divine provision was made for the intelligent regulation of the moral system, both in men and women, and when Israel was statutedly assembled for the reading of the law, silent omission and without reserve, no one rose up to rebuke those divine utterances either immodest or unnecessary, but men, women and children listened reverently while the law was read aloud to the assembled multitude. They were nurtured in these divine precepts from childhood, so that young and old alike might be in the ways of understanding. These teachings have been expunged from our catechisms, but God does not account justify either our ignorance or our indifference upon these subjects, for the violation of the law of our sexual nature is signalized by punishment as prompt and even more severe than that which follows the ignorant or willful violation of other laws of being. Yea, when we look upon the pale faces, the eyes and emaciated forms of boys; when we see the unmistakable evidences of the lusts and diseases that mean death to the moral character and to the physical and intellectual powers of our young men; when we hear the moans of unsuspecting wives and innocent children who are the victims of inconsiderate, brutal and vicious men—I say, when we comprehend these things, then we must also clearly understand how God, as in other matters, 'God has ordained that every man shall know how to possess his vessel in sanctification and honor.'"

The book is published by the Vir Publishing Company, 221 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.

Some Facts.

THIS is the funniest fast yet. This is from the London Express:

"Next month a well-known medical man will undertake to fast for a fortnight at Exeter Hall in order to demonstrate the sustaining power of tea, of which he will be allowed unlimited quantities, his sole diet otherwise being half a pound of biscuits and half a pint of milk daily."

This means about eight ounces of solid, water-free nourishment, or sufficient to keep a person, doing ordinary physical or mental work, in a thoroughly healthy condition for an indefinite time—supposing the biscuits are "crackers" as we should call them—to be made of biscuit.

Not funny ideas some people have about fasting. This is almost as bad as the wealthy Catholic

who fasts once a week on a ten-course meal, including fish and eggs.

Here is another. A Los Angeles correspondent sends a copy of a letter and a clipping received from a friend in Unionville, Mo., describing a "fast" of fifty-eight days. H. R. Brasfield, a merchant of that place, had been afflicted for many years with an obscure disease, which thirty-eight physicians, whom he consulted, had not been able to diagnose. Nearly all of them advised an operation for gall stone. Finally he consulted a Kansas City physician who, after careful study and deliberation, diagnosed the case as "ulcer of the duodenum and pyloric end of the stomach," and prescribed what the paper calls a "record-breaking fast." According to the report, during the first fifteen days nothing passed Mr. Brasfield's mouth but water, although injections of peptonized milk were made. After that he drank from six to eight ounces of peptonized milk every three hours up to the end of the fifty-eight days. The result was that he was completely cured, losing thirty-five pounds during the fast, which weight he regained, with fifteen pounds additional, soon after, and reduced his waist measure from fifty to thirty-two inches. In his letter Mr. Brasfield says:

"I used packages, bottles and loads of medicine without result, and when I commenced my fast dropped all except bismuth, which was the only medicine whatever I took during that time, and nature did the rest. If a person will study his own case and leave doctors alone, people in America will live longer, live easier, and when they die will die happier."

Six to eight ounces of milk—peptonized or otherwise—every three hours, is sufficient to keep any man in good physical and mental condition and enable him to do his full share of the world's work. If Mr. Brasfield had fasted absolutely it would probably have been sufficient for him to refrain from food for half the period during which he fasted.

What Jesus Would do.

A REVEREND doctor attached to the Chicago University is quoted as saying: "If Christ were on earth today he would attend football games, but he would not bet on them, as students do today." How many people, nowadays, claim to speak with authority in regard to what Jesus of Nazareth would or would not do. And how many of them know anything at all about it?

Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League.

D. C. S. CARR, editor of Medical Talk, Columbus, O., writes to ask the editor for the address of somebody connected with an "Anti-compulsory Vaccination League," recently referred to by a writer in the San Francisco Call as having been formed up that way. Dr. Carr says he has an excellent pamphlet which would be of service to them, and would be glad to send some of them to assist in the work. Should this meet the eye of any reader of this department who has the desired information, will he please send it to Dr. Carr?

Olive Oil—Enemas—Apples.

M. B. P. sends the following inquiries from Imperial:

(1) Is it a wholesome way to take olive oil well beaten with the yolk of eggs?

(2) Can one use olive oil with meat at the same meal? In fact, is there any article of diet which olive oil should not be used with?

(3) What is the correct position to assume while taking an enema?

(4) Is it wholesome to eat raw apples just before retiring at night, say, for instance, if one eats an evening supper of rice and fruit, or bread and butter and fruit, at six o'clock p.m. can one then eat one or more raw apples at nine o'clock p.m. and go at once to bed?

Replies: (1) No; the yolk of eggs is composed of oil.

(2) You may use olive oil with almost everything, but there are some things that it goes much better with than others; such, for instance, as salads of all kinds, vegetables and baked beans, also especially with tomatoes.

(3) Lying on the left side.

(4) Yes; a sweet, juicy raw apple is a good thing to eat just before retiring if you masticate it thoroughly.

Criminal Mal-practices.

A LOS ANGELES correspondent sends the following: "Wish you could have seen a case of criminal treatment on part of an old-school doctor. The patient was in the desert, disease, rheumatic pain in the back and hip. Dr. C., assistant of Dr. H. in Los Angeles, who runs a hospital in the desert, gave patient a liniment to rub in every two hours. Liniment blistered and burned holes in the flesh one inch deep and five to six inches large. Still, Dr. H. in Los Angeles laughed and said: 'He gave you a good dose, didn't he? Well, you soon will be better.' But the man had to come to me, nearly crazed with pain."

Diet of Japanese Soldiers.

THE following is from a St. Louis dispatch. The Japanese war certainly furnishes a strong argument in favor of a vegetarian form of diet, for the Japanese diet is largely vegetarian:

"Before the International Congress of Military Surgeons today, Maj. Louis Livingstone Seaman, U.S.V.E., who has just returned from the scene of the Russo-Japanese war, delivered an address.

"Maj. Seaman's paper gives high praise to the Japanese hospitals and to the medical officers, but it is of the soldiers' diet that he speaks most in approbation, although he said that the present Japanese army ration has proved somewhat defective under the exhaustive conditions of the present campaign, in that it has not

sufficient nitrogen. As a result, when he left Newchwang late in August, beriberi had begun to develop. Referring to the medical wards of the hospitals, he said that of all the thousands gathered in these institutions scarcely a baker's dozen came under the head of diseases of the digestive system.

"Conspicuous by their absence," he continued, "were cases requiring operations for appendicitis, hernias, floating kidneys, cholecystitis, etc. Indeed, during the entire summer I have not seen a single hernia or le-

(CONTINUED ON 38TH PAGE.)

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In addition to their classes and Club work Mr. Flynn and Mrs. McIntyre will devote a few hours each day to office practice.

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Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 5TH PAGE.)

Anatomy. The Japanese soldier has been taught how to treat his intestines, and consequently his intestines are now treating him with equal consideration.

"His plain, rational diet is digested, metabolized and assimilated. It is not an irritating, indigestible, fermenting mass, acting as a local irritant and producing gastritis, enteritis, colitis, hepatitis and the long list of inflammatory intestinal processes with which we were all so familiar in the hospital wards at Camp Alger, Chitancanoa, Tampa, Cuba, Porto Rico, Montauk Point, etc., in 1898.

"Therein," he said, lies one of the greatest secrets of the Japanese success. The soldier is supplied with a plain, palatable, easily-prepared and easily-digested ration, that can be thoroughly metabolized and converted into the health and energy that makes its owner the ideal fighting machine of the world today."

Continuing, Maj. Seaman strongly criticized the administration of the American War Department which has permitted our soldier boys to be fed largely on emulsified beef, at which a self-respecting dog would turn up its nose. He said:

"But what can be expected of a government that, after such terrible lessons as those of 1898-99, still insisted, especially in the tropics, on subsisting its army on a ration so rich and elastic (lovely term, that—elastic)—so elastic that when, in the emergency of war its elasticity is tested, it bursts its bands and is found to consist of pork and beans and fermenting canned rubbish that in six weeks prostrated 50 per cent. of its 250,000 units with intestinal diseases, and sends 3000 to their last homes, to say nothing of the enormous number invalidated and the 75,000 pension claims."

A recent dispatch announced that the Japanese government had purchased 2,000,000 cheeses in Holland for the use of the army.

No Time to Rest.

HERE died a couple of weeks ago in Los Angeles a prominent citizen whose untimely demise, in the prime of life, furnishes another striking object lesson of the folly of those who say they have no time to take a vacation. For a year past the friends of this man urged him to go off for a holiday, but he always replied that he "could not spare the time." Then, after a brief illness, he died of some kidney complication.

As the editor has frequently remarked, men who talk this way are fools. If they haven't time to take an occasional vacation, for a couple of weeks or months, the undertaker will assuredly take them for a long vacation, and they will have no chance to refuse the invitation. Or else they may be confined to a bed, or to a sanatorium or hospital, for half a year.

Where then, is the economy of sticking close to your desk or shop when you can be certain that you will have to pay for it, not only in much longer time taken from your business, but also in ruined health, and consequently lessened earning capacity?

Surely, Americans are in some respects great fools. They know how to earn money, but they don't know how to enjoy it.

Corns and Bunions.

HERE seems to be much interest taken by readers of this department in the subject of corns and bunions. It is no wonder, when one observes how cruelly men and women—especially women—maltreat their feet. Just now, high heels are "coming in" again. Some are advertised that are two and a half inches in height. Those who are foolish enough to wear such monstrosities may be prepared not only for corns and bunions, but also for a general wrecking of the nervous system, and really one can only say that it serves them right. Why is it that apparently intelligent women will rush to adopt some absurd fashion that in many cases has originated with a Paris prostitute?

L. T. Moore writes again from San Diego county to recommend very highly fitted rubber pads, which his wife obtained from a chiropodist or physician, as a remedy for bunions, by means of which pads he says she was entirely cured. Mrs. C. G. Y. sends the following suggestions on this subject:

"Speaking of corns and bunions, I was told of a cure that I believe would save lots of suffering. Everyone who has them should get adhesive plaster, which comes by the yard (the inch wide, I prefer) such as doctors and nurses use for wounds. Bind it around the toe over the corn, and around the foot over the bunion so as to lap on itself. Wear till cured. You can change as often as neatness requires, and then it will be cheaper than the so-called corn cures. I had a pot corn for over thirty years. Nothing would give more than temporary relief till this, which has cured it. Others who have tried it report a like result. It keeps them soft and free from friction, so answers as well as going barefoot or wading in water. I should think."

Are We All Hypnotized?

An interesting lecture on this subject was recently delivered in Los Angeles by Dr. J. McIvor-Tyndall. In the course of his remarks he made the following true statements:

"There are many kinds and many stages of the hypnotized condition, the most common being that in which the subject is perfectly aware of all that is transpiring about him, but cannot resist the influence exerted by the suggestion given him. It is of this form of hypnotic influence that I am about to speak, and I claim that in this form and degree of hypnotic control, the world as a whole is hypnotized. We are hypnotized by customs, by traditions, by false ideals and wrong stand-

ards of living. It is a self-evident fact that the world has been built up of ideas and mortal beliefs that have become absorbed into the minds of the masses until we no longer think of them.

"It is no uncommon thing to see a man who has served his country well, and courageously perhaps, through inherent qualities of honor and justice, swell with pride and weep with joy because some simple-minded weakling who bears the name of king, or emperor or ruler, condescends to pin a piece of metal to his breast. And yet such a man would say that he could not be hypnotized. We are under a spell whenever we pay homage to anything that is not deserving in itself. Wealth, position, title, social customs, are hypnotic suggestions that control and sway the multitude until we lose sight of the real, the lasting, which is the inner life, the character of the individual, or the principle of the thing represented."

Once more the editor would say to all the many intelligent readers of this department: Learn to think for yourselves. Don't accept any statements simply because some man says so, or because some people have been saying so for thousands of years, but investigate, prove and stick to that which you believe to be true—until you are convinced that you are wrong.

Deadly Heaters.

ANOTHER citizen of Los Angeles—this time a prominent man—has narrowly escaped death from suffocation from the fumes caused by an instantaneus heater in his bathroom. Some of these heaters, which were denounced a few months ago by a correspondent in the real estate department of The Times, seem to be as dangerous as the gasoline stove, or the gun that isn't loaded.

Fakers and Fools.

A WOMAN correspondent writes to criticize an advertising quack, who has been running advertisements a column long in a number of papers, making ridiculous and impossible claims to restore the dead, heal hopeless invalids and so forth. The advertisement makes the preposterous statement that this "philanthropist" has abandoned private practice and offers his service free of charge to the sick and afflicted. He further offers a course of home treatment "absolutely free of charge," and winds up his "ad" as follows:

"While I am not a millionaire, and I appreciate the expense this may mean, I look upon the restoration to health of my fellow-men not as a question of money, but as a duty I owe to humanity. I will have my reward in proving my power to the world, and in showing the uselessness of wasting money on doctors and medicines when it is not necessary."

Surely, it might be supposed that, in this age of widely diffused education, there would be found very few persons, outside of an insane asylum, to believe that anybody is going to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly to advertise the fact that he is willing to give away something free of charge. Yet it must be so, or these fellows would not be able to keep up their large expenditures.

The woman correspondent referred to says that people who have availed themselves of the supposed generosity of this pretender have received through the mail drugs, although he claims strictly drugless healing. The questions he asks are foolish, and the most important point with him, according to the correspondent, is: "How much can you pay a month?"

Well, the editor is unable to work up any considerable amount of sympathy for fools who will nibble at such an exceedingly transparent bait as this. If they are not taken in this way, then they will be sold a gold brick or something of that kind, so they might as well throw their money away on this fraud as any other confidence game. When will the people learn sense? When the millennium arrives, probably.

Fake Medical Concerns.

A WRITER in the Healthy Home gives the following instance of the manner in which many of these fake medical concerns, which appeal to the public through advertising columns of the daily papers, succeed in obtaining their public endorsements:

"A poor woman in the last stages of consumption came to me seeking advice. When asked for the name of her former attendant she confessed that she had been treated for a number of weeks by a quack concern, and now, her means being exhausted, she was made to understand that they would not continue to treat her unless she would give them a certified testimonial that she had been thoroughly cured of her disease, which had been pronounced an advanced case of consumption by prominent physicians. This poor sufferer had not derived any benefit whatsoever from the treatment, and as a result her conscience would not permit her to become a party to such a fraudulent procedure."

About Miracles.

A SAN FRANCISCO Sunday paper recently published a sensational illustrated article headed "Are Miracles Done in This Day?" telling the story of a little girl, apparently a hopeless cripple, who was cured in a day by Mormon priests. Possibly some explanation of this—as of other so-called miracles—may be found in the statement that the healing was accompanied by a day of prayer and of anointing and of massaging of the weakling's back."

Many ailments that are regarded as incurable may be cured by thorough scientific massage and innunction, and there is no need to refer to it as a miracle, either. It is simply the legitimate working of Nature's laws.

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No oil will stand this test. Try it. Cheaper than ever.

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Put up in quart cans at \$1.00.

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CURSE OF DRINK

Drinking Curd to Stay Curd by
WHITE RIBBON REMEDY

No acids. No salts. Any amount can give it in place of water, tea, coffee, or food without patient's knowledge.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the disease in all alcoholic drunkards. Whether the patient is a confirmed "Nipper," chronic drinker or drunkard, incapable or otherwise, it is safe to say that within hours after using White Ribbon Remedy, it has saved many thousands of permanent cases, and also restores the victim to normal health, increasing the will power and determination to resist temptation.

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Florence Nightingale.**ANNIVERSARY STORY OF HEROINE OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.***From the London Graphic.*

[London Graphic:] Readers of the Daily Graphic have already been reminded that this year has brought us to the fiftieth anniversary of the terrible contest in the Crimea. The last words of our article in Monday's issue were "Florence Nightingale"—a name that is revered and honored wherever English is spoken. Our readers will join us in our congratulations to this venerable lady today, when they remember that on October 21, 1854, Miss Nightingale started for Scutari on her noble mission. Miss Florence Nightingale is the younger of two daughters of the late Mr. William Shore Nightingale of Henbury Park, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, and was born in 1820. Very early in life she gave evidence of her philanthropic instincts. Though she was the daughter of a wealthy man, and had no need to work, and might have spent a life of ease, she went deeply into the study of the working of hospitals and similar institutions at home and abroad. There was little thought then of what incalculable value her knowledge of nursing and power of organization were to be. Our troops landed in the Crimea on September 14, 1854, and it needed but a few weeks' campaigning to show how ill-equipped they were for the work that was before them. Very soon there came the most appalling descriptions of the ghastly sufferings of our soldiers. Men who were wounded in the Crimea had to be sent across the Black Sea to the hospital at Scutari. The food, clothing, and medicine that might have saved many a life were at Varna, or lost on the Black Sea. The mismanagement was criminal. Sir William Russell, the veteran war correspondent, wrote, in describing one of the hospitals: "The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness; the stench is appalling; the polluted air can barely struggle out to taint the atmosphere save through the chinks in the walls and roofs; and, for all I can observe, these men die without the least effort being made to save them. There they lie, just as they were let gently down on the ground, by the poor fellows, their comrades, who brought them on their backs from camp with the greatest tenderness, but who are not allowed to remain with them. The sick appear to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying."

The Horror of the Reality.

Reports of this kind from the seat of war awoke a burst of indignation in this country. Then it was that Miss Florence Nightingale volunteered to go out to the East and organize the hospitals. Her offer was at once accepted—indeed, a letter from Mr. Sidney Herbert, asking Miss Nightingale to go, crossed hers volunteering her services. Within a week Miss Nightingale, with considerable difficulty, got together a band of thirty-eight devoted women, and on October 21, 1854, they sailed for Scutari, which was reached on November 5, the date of the battle of Inkermann. Four thousand sick and wounded were packed in the hospital, and the sight met the gaze of these noble women when they arrived at the building must have made them almost shrink from the task before them. Miss Stanley, one of the ladies with Miss Nightingale, wrote as follows: "For those who read the harrowing accounts in the press and elsewhere could not have imagined the full horror of the reality. As we passed the corridors we said ourselves if it was not a terrible dream. When we who in the morning our hearts sank at the thought of it we must witness that day. At night we lay worn beyond expression, but not so much from mental fatigue, though that was great, as from the sense of heart from living amid that mass of hopeless suffering. On all sides prevailed the utmost confusion, and the fault it was I cannot tell. Clear heads have to discover in vain; probably the blame should be shared by all the departments of the hospital." Miss Nightingale was not disheartened by the gravity of the task before her. She worked unceasingly, sometimes for twenty hours at a stretch; and very but surely her influence made itself felt. At first she was only tolerated by the army surgeons, but in herself by her wonderful tact removed this prejudice, and very soon one and all were loud in her praise. In the poor wounded soldiers the change that gradually came over the hospitals was remarkable. Now they lay down clean instead of filthy rags; good food instead of badly cooked rations; tender treatment instead of the clumsy efforts of untrained hospital orderlies. That the men well nigh worshiped the gentle lady who had wrought the change is not surprising. One of them, in a letter describing her nightly visits to the wards, wrote: "See her pass in happiness. She would speak to one, and nod and smile to many more, but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay here by hundreds, but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow content again."

Later, more nurses were sent out, and gradually the British hospitals in the Crimea became models of good management. At length her task was done, and in the autumn of 1856 she returned quietly to her home in Derbyshire, avoiding the public welcome that was intended for her. Queen Victoria sent her a jeweled ornament bearing the words, "Blessed are the merciful," and a general testimonial was talked of. Miss Nightingale refused to receive any personal reward, so a fund was raised to be devoted to "an institute for the training, maintenance, and protection of nurses and hospital attendants." Miss Nightingale herself undertook to direct

the undertaking. Subscriptions poured in, and £50,000 was soon raised, of which £4000 came from soldiers in the Crimea. As a result the Nightingale Home at St. Thomas's Hospital was founded as a perpetual memorial to the heroine whose name it bears. In the hall of the Home is a full-length statue of Florence Nightingale, clad in the dress of a nurse, bearing in her hand a small lamp.

It is not generally known that the heroine of the Crimea is living in London, a quiet, invalid old lady of eighty-four.

MAINWARING'S VISITOR.**A TOUCHING AND STARTLING STORY TOLD IN A FEW WORDS.**

[London Answer:] "So you have come at last!" said Herbert Mainwaring.

"As you see," said the visitor. Mainwaring raised himself on his elbow and scrutinized the newcomer. Then he laughed bitterly. "So you are quite an ordinary individual after all!" he said.

"Oh, quite!" said the visitor, and there was silence for awhile.

"I have been waiting for you—seeking for you for years," said Mainwaring at last, speaking deliberately now, evidently with increasing difficulty. "But I thought to find in you someone—well, someone rather imposing. I had a right to expect that, you know, for you parted Elsie and me. And, great Heaven! now that we meet you grin at me, and I—I am a sick man."

The visitor smiled complacently, despite the fact that the man in bed had lashed himself into a fury. "I may not be much to look at," he said; "still, there is something irresistible about me."

"Pah!"

The invalid made a movement as if he would have struck at the visitor; but the nerveless arm fell impotently at his side. He was very weak.

He lay quite still for some time, his burning eyes fixed on the cold, impassive face of the other occupant of the sickroom.

"Shall I tell you what you are?" Mainwaring asked at last.

"As you please."

"Well, then, you're a most infernal coward. We were happy enough, Elsie and I, until you came between us. She was all the world to me. I was everything to her. We were content to live simply and solely for each other. Then your accursed shadow fell on our path. I saved her from you once, you remember, when you were with her in the carriage and the horses ran away? But you triumphed in the end, with your schemes and your craven persistence. And she—she went away with you!"

Mainwaring's manhood left him for a moment; his voice broke in a sob. But still his visitor smiled sarcastically, as, indeed, he had done all through the interview.

"When that happened," the weak voice of the sick man continued, "I swore I would never rest till I found you—the cause of my ruined happiness. Life had no savor left for me without Elsie. There was but one thing left for me to do—to find you. And oh! I have searched for you for so many weary years, but I was always disappointed. You seemed to escape me by hair's-breadth."

"When you were away at the war I followed you, and cut there I even saw you; but you always managed to avoid me."

"How I longed to get at you, then! I wanted to meet you face to face, while I was yet a strong and healthy man. The conflict would, perhaps, have been more equal then. But no, the crowning infamy is mine. I meet my enemy and am powerless!"

The weak voice dragged itself into silence at the end of a sobbing sigh.

Then Mainwaring turned almost fiercely on his visitor.

"It was like you," he said bitterly. "to force yourself upon such a man as I am now. Why did you come? Was it to gloat over your triumph? Was it that you might enjoy your joke to the full? If so, the laugh is with you. Oh, yes; the laugh is with you!"

"It always is," said the visitor, bending over the bed now; "but I did not come to gloat. I came to fetch you, for it is time, and Elsie awaits you."

A beautiful smile lit up the face of Herbert Mainwaring, and he and his visitor passed out of the chamber together.

For the name of the visitor was Death.

ALICE ROOSEVELT'S FRENCH.

In spite of the exodus from Newport there were enough people left for Mrs. "Neely" Vanderbilt to give some very chic dinners and lunches for Miss Alice Roosevelt, who ran up to visit her last week. It was the second visit this season Miss Roosevelt has paid Mrs. "Neely" and the two seem to be getting very chummy.

Alice Roosevelt has met the two princesses, Louis D'Orléans and Antoine D'Orléans, and has had a chance to air her French. But it cannot be said of the President's daughter that she can chatter in the Gallic tongue like her friend Marguerite Cassini. Miss Roosevelt's French has a decided American twang, and she doesn't speak it any oftener than she can help. As she has not been abroad, it was learned in the schools here or picked up in the diplomatic set since she has been in Washington, but, as I said, it is not the expressive "parlez-vous" of the real foreigner. However, Alice got on famously with the two young princesses, for Mrs. "Neely" did most of the talking.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

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All the natural qualities remain intact; no attempt has been made to improve them in order that they may look better in the leaf.

LIPTON'S CEYLON TEAS

Are always associated with the phrase "Finest the world produces." The rich flavor and full body make them distinctive teas.

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REMARKS

one neighbor makes to another about the success she had with her coffee that morning. You will also hear that

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Hawaiian Blend Coffee is the reason for this success every morning of the year. A rich, aromatic, delicious coffee that pleases the man of the house.

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for the finest preserved and crystallized fruits comes to California—not a simple gold medal, which at the St. Louis Exposition is about the same as a silver medal was at Chicago, but THE GRAND PRIZE, the only one awarded on this class of goods, which sustains the claim we have always made that

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